

GIRLS IN THE HIGH SIERRAS



KATHARINE
ELLIS
BARRETT.

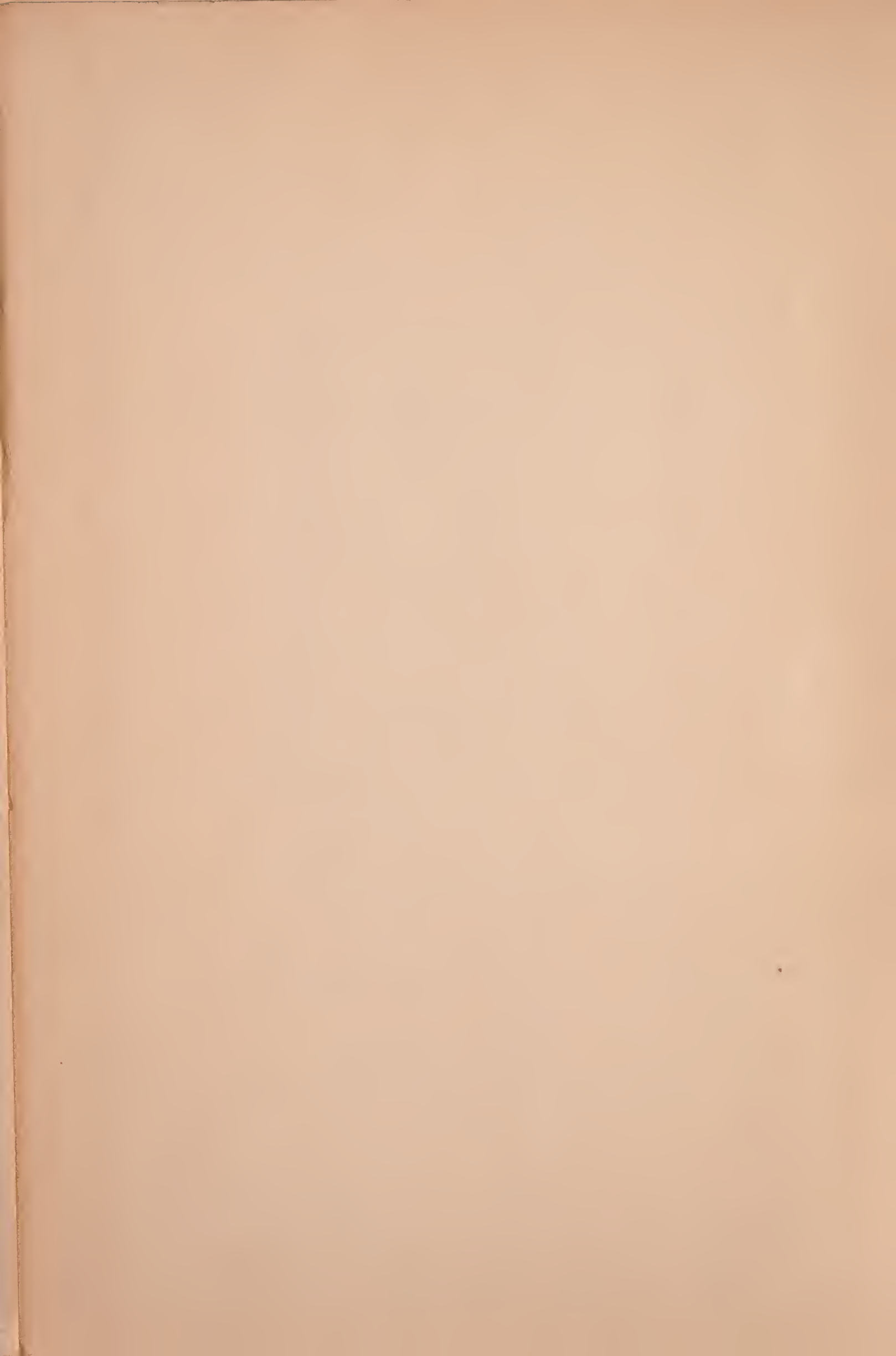


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GIRLS IN THE HIGH SIERRAS

Books by Katharine Ellis Barrett

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WIDE AWAKE GIRLS AT COLLEGE
WIDE AWARE GIRLS IN WINSTED
GIRLS IN THE HIGH SIERRAS



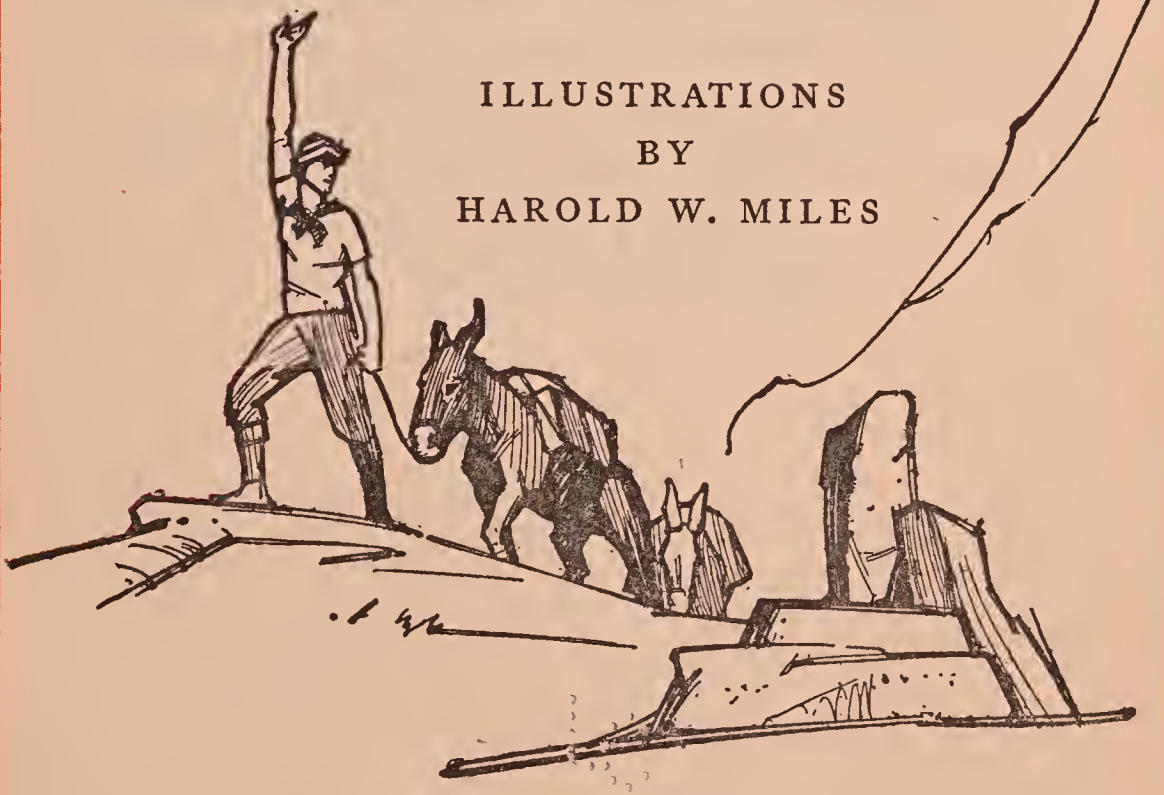
“So you have come! And at a heavenly hour!”

GIRLS IN THE HIGH SIERRAS

A TALE OF THE SIERRA NEVADA
WITH
HIMALAYAN ECHOES

BY
KATHARINE ELLIS BARRETT

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
HAROLD W. MILES



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TO
FRED AND MABEL LEONARD

WHO IN TOWN REMEMBER HILLS
WHOSE HEARTH HAS A CAMP-FIRE'S SPIRIT
WHOSE HOSPITALITY AND KINDNESS ARE THOSE
OF MOUNTAIN-DWELLERS
THIS LITTLE TALE IS, IN THE NAME OF THE REAL
THREE-CORNER ROUND,
MOST GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED

AUTHORS QUOTED

I have quoted on pages 1, 2, and 38 from Tagore; on 34 from Rossetti and Mackaye; on 36 from Noyes; on 59 from Stevenson, on 74 from Lanier; on 81 from Emerson; on 83 and 231 from Kipling; on 108 from Dickinson; on 139 from Moody; on 168 from Stephens; on 176 and 198 from Shakespeare; on 178 from Thomson; on 66 and 177 and 178 from Arnold; on 231 from Baker; on 231 from Chaucer; on 238 from Davis; on 243 from Milton; 247 from Æschylus on 248 from Carmen Sylva's translation of Roumanian folk song; as well as from old runes and ballads on many pages, and St. Francis throughout, as key note.

The scientific statements have been culled, by a most unscientific reader, from the pages of men of high renown. Chapter and verse could be given for each. They have been chosen for their imagination-compelling quality. I have faithfully endeavored to avoid wresting anything from its meaning, in taking it from its context, or in rendering it into language intelligible to girls.

The pictures for this tale have been made by Mr. Miles according to cablegrams sent from Central Asia to the Western United States and then to Paris.

Now, the author never having seen the pictures nor the artist the story, there may be discrepancies, but as Mr. Miles knows Sierras, burros, and girls quite as well as the author does, if text and pictures do not agree, the reader may believe whichever she likes.

K. R. E. B.

Tsam Skang, Ladak, High Himalayas,
Year of the Wood Mouse.

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PRELIMINARIES

PLACE OF THE NARRATIVE:

The Sierra Nevada Mountains, in California, from the west slope near Tollhouse, up and across the Range, to Mt. Humphreys, and south to Taboose Pass.

TIME OF THE NARRATIVE:

A time that never was, but sometime might be.

CHARACTERS OF THE NARRATIVE: (in the order of their indispensability)

Forty Odd Donkeys

Blackfoot Joe

Chieftaine Ruth

The Girls: Emily, Phebe, Perdita

Santa Clara

Manuel and José

The Three-Corner Round Old Boys

COSTUMES:

Male: Nondescript.

Female: In camp: short buckskin dresses, bead head-bands, necklaces of wampum, moccasins.

On the march: golden-green wool middies and knickers, with big gold  on sleeve

and breast; tams with gold  brooch at side; low, straight-last, low-heeled shoes, and long brown stockings; big capes. (Santa Clara wears blue-gray tweed).

SCENERY:

Forests that meet the sky; broad meadows over which long shadows creep; lakes of jade and emerald; cliffs and peaks, tawny, purple, ashen-pale; passes where blow "winds austere and pure"; dawns of "incredible clarity," hot, blazing noons; "wonderful, clear nights of stars."

LICENSE:

As a painter takes color-notes in the field, and comes home to his studio to paint a scene, not precisely as he saw it, but as he dreams of it afterwards, so these pages, written in the Himalayas, from mental notes taken in four Sierran years, may contain inaccuracies of spot or season, but are, I do aver, true in their essence.

Great, beautiful phrases which now belong to the world, have been strewn throughout, that whoever reads may find something precious.

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“So you have come! And at a heavenly hour!”

(See Chapter I)

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Triplicate” 193

THE CAMP PRAYER

THE CANTICLE OF THE SUN

Oh most high, almighty, good Lord God, to thee belong praise, glory, honour, and all blessing.

Praised be my Lord God with all his creatures, and especially our brother the sun, who brings us the day and who brings us the light; fair is he and shines with a very great splendour: O Lord, he signifies to us thee.

Praised be my Lord for our sister the moon, and for the stars, the which he has set clear and lovely in heaven.

Praised be my Lord for our brother the wind, and for air and cloud, calms and all weather by the which thou upholdest life in all creatures.

Praised be my Lord for our sister water, who is very serviceable unto us, and humble, and precious, and clean.

Praised be my Lord for our brother fire, through whom thou givest us light in the darkness; and he is bright and pleasant and very mighty and strong.

Praised be my Lord for our mother the earth, the which doth sustain us and keep us, and bringeth forth divers fruits, and flowers of many colors, and grass.

Praised be my Lord for all those who pardon one another for his love's sake, and who endure weakness and tribulation; blessed are they who peaceably shall endure, for thou, O most Highest, shalt give them a crown.

Praised be my Lord for our sister, the death of the body, from which no man escapeth. Woe to him who dieth in mortal sin; Blessed are they who are found walking by thy most holy will. . . .

Praise ye and bless the Lord, and give thanks unto him and serve him with great humility.

— ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

(Translated by Matthew Arnold)

GIRLS IN THE HIGH SIERRAS

GIRLS IN THE HIGH SIERRAS

CHAPTER I

THE PEOPLE

HER tepee flung wide to the east, where the twilight arch rose slowly on the sky above the near-by peaks, Chieftaine Ruth sat alone by a small camp-fire.

She was a thrilling person to look at, Clara Lyndsay thought, approaching the tepee across the little grassy flat, flower-decked. The dark eyes were fixed upon the rising rosy "wreath of beauty." The short, dark hair swung forward on the cheeks in a bold curve. As her guests' approach broke the spell of her absorbed attention, she sprang to her feet with a swift gesture of welcome and interest, looking, in her short buckskin dress, like a true descendant of an Indian royal line.

"So you have come! And at a heavenly hour! 'There cometh Evening, o'er lonely meadows, deserted of the herds, by trackless ways'—But you are tired and hungry. Perdita, the other girls are up the hill there. They came yesterday. Run off and find them. Sit down here by the fire, Miss Lyndsay. You shall have tea at once."

"I'm not tired at all, really. It is restful just to be here. And I'm not needing tea nearly so much as poetry just now. That was Tagore?"

"Oh, yes, the twilight arch always makes me think of him. He surely meant it: 'Morning cometh there, bearing in her golden basket the wreath of beauty, silently to crown the earth.' I never get over the utter thrill of watching that rosy edge of the Earth's shadow, when we slip into it at night, or out of it at dawn. I shall show you some wondrous camps, where you can see it at both times and the shadows of the peaks themselves stretching out upon space."

Clara dropped to the ground beside the tepee door. In silence the two women watched the fading of the rosy flush and the first shining of the stars. Clara drew her rough blue tweed cape about her shoulders, and as if in answer to the gesture, a dark hand laid small sticks upon the smouldering coals, and Blackfoot Joe said softly: "De little ladies is comin' down, mum. Supper'll be ready in a minute."

Ruth's hostess spirit woke to life, and as the three girls drew near, she spread scarlet and white Navajo rugs for them, out of the wind, and near the fire, and laid out a coarse crash table-cloth, and dishes so quaint that the new arrivals exclaimed in delight.

"Camping de luxe, you are quite right. But if camping is one's life, and if one has a godmother in the Himalayas, one can't help being luxurious. Yes, each of you has her own little bowl made of a wooden

knot and lined with beaten silver. You'll find your initials on them: P. O.: Perdita Osgood; E: Emily; P. W.: Phebe Webster. Miss Lyndsay's and mine are more distinctive, so there's no danger of mistaking them. And the plates are silver, too, on copper. See that beautiful great mixing-bowl Joe is making your chipattis in? He doesn't like it quite so well as the old miner's gold-pan he used to use—still uses, now and then. There! The tea is ready, Miss Lyndsay. American tea this time, in this huge, this stately Ladaki tea-pot—intended for folk who drink twenty cups a day. Some day we shall make their kind of tea in a wooden churn, with butter and salt and no sugar. Manuel, serve the frijoles while the chipattis are baking. Joe had these all done in the Dutch oven before he went to meet you. I have persuaded him to boil them in the steam-pressure to save himself hours of fire-tending, but into the Dutch they go for baking and browning. José, get the fruit out of the fireless cooker. This is Joe's specialty, too, apples with a few raisins and a few prunes, and oodles of cinnamon. Emily, it falls to you to serve the butter—a good pat of it on each hot chipatti. Aren't these little broad-bladed army knives just the thing for spreading butter? I am starving. These June days are so long, and it is an absolute crime to eat at sunset."

When the supper had been served, the two Indian boys, under Joe's quiet orders, got the men's camp-fire and evening meal going, and placed the girls'

sleeping-bags in cozy flat spots, far enough away from digger pines so that huge falling cones might not brain the sleepers in the night. When the last spicy drop of apple juice was gone, three sleepy, sleepy maidens slipped out of their clothes in the tepee, drew on warm blanket pajamas, gratefully, shoe-horned themselves, under Ruth's direction, into their tarpaulin and blanket bags, out under the stars, and were asleep almost before Ruth had rejoined Miss Lyndsay by the fire.

"Perdita's real name appears to be Coppertop," said Ruth. "She's attractive and full of vigor. I'm not surprised that you chose her to kidnap, if it was youth you were seeking. What a lark that was! Your Dr. Helen must be a person of real inspiration, to give prescriptions like that. And I am so glad you had heard of the Three-Corner Round! Emily and Phebe I have known for two years. They live in Southern California, but the mountains, from the Three-Corner Round point of view, are quite unknown to them. I do so hope it will be a wonderful summer, Miss Lyndsay!"

Ruth clasped her hands about her knees and looked up into the older woman's face with such intensity that Clara laughed.

"It's sure to be, Chieftaine. But you must not call me 'Miss Lyndsay' if I am to forget that imminent Forty that I am fleeing from. The girls have two names for me already, I notice. Perdita always calls me 'Tante Clara,' though I'm aunt only by affection.

And the little Californians, hearing it, have made it 'Santa Clara!'"

"Perfect!" breathed Ruth, her eyes resting on the golden halo the firelight made about the other's head. "Why, St. Francis of Assisi is our camp-fire saint. There couldn't be a better omen than to find his friend in our midst. What a night!" She turned to the starry skies. "I can't bear to turn in, but to-morrow there will be no end to do. There always is just before we start, no matter how long ahead I come to Base Camp. I shall keep you all busy. You look to me like a person who could be trusted to tie a paraffined cloth food-bag really tight, for example. Usually I have to do all that kind of thing at first, myself, till the girls quiet down, and develop responsibility-senses. I hope you won't shed yours in the elixir of youth till they have attained unto theirs!"

CHAPTER II

THE DONKEYS

OH THE *darling* little colties! They're like fawns!"

"Let me help feed them, Joe?"

"They're all exactly alike! How can you ever tell one from another?"

"This fellow's mine. Does he buck? Ow! It's no fair—kicking after!"

Forty-six little asses, gray, brown, black, white, red, and spotted, driven into camp from a night in the corral, scampering in, bells ringing, heads tossing, heels flying, the three colts frisking like kittens! Joe and his two boys rounding them up, sorting them out, hobbling each by one frisky forefoot to the long picket lines laid out in a square near the tepee.

But in the midst of the hubbub Joe did not forget his manners, and answered all the questions. "Sure thing, Miss Phebe. You can help José fill de nose-bags. One cup barley for each, and half a cup for dem little colties. No, Miss Emily, no two's alike. You'll soon learn better. Look out, Coppertop! Red's a real buckner. Stop her, mum. Dat's twice she's got kicked dis mornin'."

"Pshaw, Joe. I don't care. I'm going to ride every donkey in the whole darned outfit before I

finish. I like Red awfully well. His tail's so twitchy. Oh! Hear them!"

Hear them, indeed! And see them! At the sight of the first full nose-bag approaching, forty-six pairs of ears laid back, forty-six pairs of nostrils distended, forty-six mouths wide open, forty-six fearful brays in chorus, high brays, deep brays, brays of the middle register. The Indian boys flew down the lines, tying bell-clappers, and popping nose-bags on as extinguishers. Gradually peace developed, and when Santa Clara arrived from a stroll on the hillside, she found a most orderly array of little beasts, quietly munching.

"What proper little creatures! Introduce me to them, Ruth, before I settle down to your food-bags again. I'll jot their names down in my note-book. Each one has a number on this little brass tag? What system! Riding-beasts in this line, I suppose. Coupe Oreille for me? He's very vast."

"He's very famous. There's a French nursery rhyme about him, sung up and down Owens Valley by the sheep men:

'Coup Oreille,
Oreille-Coupée
Houp-la, mon âne,
Allez, allez!'

He's as safe as Gibraltar, and so slow that when you go down steep places on his back, you feel as a drop of molasses must when it is about to leave the tip of the spoon. In bad places he rehearses each step, putting

each foot tentatively forward, selecting a place for it, and then withdrawing it. When all four have been planned out, he takes the step properly. And besides that peculiarity, he declines to travel anywhere except in the rear. The old prospector, Scotty, who owned him before, used to get comfortably drunk when he came to town, and then ride back to his hill camp, leaving Coupe to drive the other donkeys safely in. Nothing can persuade him to pass another donkey. They simply must move on when he comes up."

"Funny old Coupe! I think I shall like him, but I also think I shall occasionally walk. What a very pretty little chap this one is, with his head coquettishly on one side when we talk of him!"

"Chicken Little, Emily's mount. The original Chicken was carried home by one of the boys of the old Three-Corner Round, but since then we have given the name to any little ass worthy of it. You'll have to be careful, in mounting, Emily, with those long legs of yours. You could easily step all the way over him. I hope you'll like Frère Jacques, Phebe. He was a very high-priced burro. A perfect hold-up. There's a French song about him, too."

"I know it," sang Phebe, throwing her arms about Frère Jacques' fat neck:

"Frère Jacques,
Frère Jacques,
Dormez-vous,
Dormez-vous.



The Donkeys

Sonnez la mattina,
Sonnez la mattina.
Din, don, don!

He *could* 'sonnez la mattina'—what a whopping big bell he has!"

"It's a Basque sheep-bell. You know where the Basque folk come from, the mountains between Spain and France? Many of them come over here and drift into sheep-herding in our mountains, a job that Americans find too slow and too lonely. And they insist on having these queer bells from home. The clapper is always a burro-bone, they say. It doesn't sound particularly loud when you are near by, but a long way off it carries very well. You'll meet the sheep men and their flocks in very wild places this summer. Your donkey has a beautiful bell, Perdita. It's a Swiss mountain one. Look up, Johnny Harvard, and show Perdita your bell."

Perdita made a naughty face. "I don't *want* Johnny Harvard. He looks like an old gray owl. I want a donkey with some spunk in him."

"We obey orders in the Three-Corner Round, Perdita," Ruth remarked casually. "Johnny will do very well to carry your saddle-bags. You'll usually walk. I always do. My little Nunatak is for emergency only. Where are the saddle-bags, Manuel? You may choose which you like among those, Coppertop."

Followed a delighted scramble among gaudy carpet-bags from Lhasa or Yarkhand or Knotan, each big

enough to hold lunch-bag, extra wraps, ablution-kit, and each locking with a most wonderful hand-wrought lock and key.

Santa Clara, intent on learning the names of her little new friends, went on down the lines with Joe, entering the pack-donkey's names and numbers in her middle-aged note-book:

1 Applesauce Cake	20 Balaam
2 Black	21 Carlos
3 Red	22 Jimbo
4 Jacob	23 Tomasino
5 Pinyon	24 Canary Bird Samson
6 Frisky	25 Xcalibur
7 Jiffy	26 Pegasus
8 Luella (colt: chota)	27 Pinto
9 Nigger	28 'Op-it (colt: Hemet)
10 Pat	29 Beast
11 Harlequin	30 Cocklebur
12 Piute	31 Gossoon
13 Shrimp (colt: Acrobat)	32 Buck
14 Etta	33 Outlaw
15 Dagobert	34 Akbos
16 Buster	35 Cap'n Kidd
17 Chubby	36 Davy Jones
18 Java	37 Right-Hip
19 Geronimo	38 Jo Jo Gla

"Ruth, Ruth, what names!"

"Aren't they absurd? I'll tell you about them at breakfast," Ruth called across the square. "Just look at the saddles while these crazy children are washing

their dirty hands and faces. Yours is an Andijiani one. See—painted wood, ivory inlays on the edges, and silver fittings. Wild West Perdita chose a carved Mexican leather with a hair-bridle. Emily has the harness with the blue and silver enamel on it, and Phebe has a gorgeous King Arthur's Knights sort of camel's hair skirt to go under her second-hand army McClellan. I think every one has something romantic now. Ready, girls? Joe, we'll all have some of your coffee for breakfast to celebrate. And now for the names!

“Of course, a lot of them are just the ordinary Tom, Dick, and Harry, or Jack and Jenny kind. By the way, you know, the Western America ass is always Jack and the English one is always Neddy. Curious. Applesauce Cake earned his name by getting loose from the picket line one night in base camp, and eating two thirds of a delicious cake nice old Mrs. Ramsay had made for us to take on the first march. Java got his by being so dear to Joe's heart. Clever beast that. One night he bit his picket-rope through on one side, and finding that inadequate, bit it through on the other, found a full grain bag, dragged it over to Joe's bed, and whacked him on the head with it. I need another chipatti, Phebe, to finish up this honey with. White-faced Harlequin looks like a clown, and commemorates two old 'boys,' Har, and Leifkin. Xcalibur's original name we forgot, so we called him 'X', and naturally the rest followed. C. B. Samson has

a particularly harrowing bray, coupled with legendary strength. Cocklebur is a nuisance, and Pegasus has a star on his forehead and carries the books, suggesting a classical atmosphere. Gossoon came out of *Lavengro*—rather, his name did. Pinyon himself came from Pinyon Flats, away down in the San Jacinto country. You see for yourself how they happen. And when we have to retire one for old age or for bad character—like the dreadful wooden-legged Pinocchio who ruined several human tempers before his retirement—we usually give the name to his successor. Nice little beasties!

“Do you want to help Joe with saddle-fitting, Perdita? Emily and Phebe are going to hang everybody’s blankets out in the sun, and make the tepee tidy, while Santa Clara and I go on with our food-packing. We did the last of the butter and cheese before you or the sun were up. Away with you all, this minute!”

CHAPTER III

A NIGHT MARCH

THREE-CORNER ROUND tradition made the first march a night one, always, begun near midnight of a June full moon. The dust of the road on which the first march must be made was less oppressive at night, the heat less trying, and there was less danger of meeting trucks (most undesirable of encounters from a packer's point of view, not because the burros fear the snorting creatures, but rather because they don't, and will pause to browse a choice thistle by the roadside, fairly under the wheels!). Besides these negative reasons, the forest itself was far more lovely at night, in the magical moonlight, and, somehow, getting ready by lantern-light, and driving the softly stepping little beasts between the few houses of Tollhouse while their occupants slept was in itself highly romantic.

Up through the forest the long road climbed, leaving the region of the digger pine, with its un-pine-like branching trunk, and its great bunches of shimmering long needles, passing through a belt of massive yellow pines, huge-trunked, huge-boughed, bark in great thick scales, up to the first of the sugar-pines, slim, graceful, horizontal arms outstretched, long, long, slender cones

hanging from the very tips, all dripping with moonlight. The moon, glimpsed through the trees, casting sharp shadows, making abysses of hollows, black deeps of shallow glades. In the darkness the sound of running water was loud and insistent in the deep ravines bridged by the road. Drowsy birds, disturbed by the soft padding of the passing animals, fluttered, chirped, and were still.

As the dawn whitened, the flowers appeared, wayside weeds tall and sturdy, more delicate ones in their midst. Even the two thousand feet of difference in altitude had made a difference in the flowers as it had in the trees. If Ruth had been brought to the spot on a magic carpet, she could, after one swift glance about, have fairly well gauged its altitude and the season.

Ruth was in high feather. She led the little caravan with free, swinging step, her head held high greeting the day. She saw the last star dwindle out, the first sun touch on a rugged crag. She saw high clouds and low clouds racing in different directions. She heard a rock slip high on a steep face, and bound down, down, down. She stooped to dip her hands in the cool, swift water of a brook, murmuring the while: "Praised be my Lord for our sister Water, who is very serviceable unto us, and humble and precious and clean." She caressed the mauve and tawny bark of an aged white fir as she passed it. She hung the leader donkey's bell-collar with long sugar-cones. She tossed a pebble at a squirrel, peering at her from behind a tree-trunk, and

laughed to see him whisk out of sight, all but his plummy tail. She knelt to kiss a wee "meadow-gold" blossom, not picking it. She danced after butterflies. She squatted by a baby chipmunk in silence till he forgot his suspicions and crept to her, nestling his head in her breast.

Santa Clara, who had dismounted from great Coupe when the sun came over the ridge, followed Ruth, or attempted to do so, watching the freedom of her movement and her swift changes of expression, marvelling that such pure, uncumbered joy could be. Through her own mind, much against her will, drifted thoughts of correspondence neglected, accounts unbalanced, committee-meetings and conferences scheduled months ahead, problems awaiting solution, faint anxieties as to weather or health or comfort or the like. Only by abstracting her mind resolutely from all things earthly, and communing with pure divine spirit, could she escape from the bondage of humiliating trifles. Even the shortness of her breath, as she climbed at the unwonted altitude, could hinder her appreciation of the beauties of the Earth, air, and water, to which Ruth seemed to have unhindered access.

She gave up at last, and waited on a rock for the little train to pass her, and bring her faithful Coupe within reach. As she did so, she comforted herself with the sage reflection: "It's old Joe that makes that glorious pagan freedom possible. Dorothy Wordsworth in that tiny little kitchen of hers, or with her ready

pencil jotting down Brother William's inspired thoughts, had a lot to do with Wordsworth's serene poetry. And I've always heard that the culture of Athens rested on a secure foundation of plentiful slaves. Ruth is Chieftaine, but she always knows Joe will stand by. She *can* play with chipmunks!"

And, full of a slightly unworthy satisfaction, she settled into the gorgeous coziness of her saddle, and allowed Coupe Oreille's easy gait to lull her mind into pleasant vacancy, like that in which the girls, on their mounts, appeared to be passing the last hour of the journey, almost nodding, seeing nothing till "Camp!" was announced in a grassy dell, in the depths of a great stand of sugar-pine, a mile or more from the high-road.

CHAPTER IV

THE LOOKOUT

THEY had reached the dizzy height of seven thousand feet above the sea at the end of their fourth march. Higher than the highest mountain behind Los Angeles, thought the Websters. Higher than Mt. Washington, thought New England Santa Clara. "A whole mile vertically above Tollhouse, and, think of it! only half as high as we shall get before the summer is over and we come down to sea-level again!" was Ruth's comment.

They camped in a small, open space, surrounded by magnificent red firs, *magnifica* in name and reality, so tall they seemed to have no tops, deep, grooved bark of a red verging on purple. A funny little mole, seeing the arrangements for camping, hurriedly began to pull in all the loose dirt he could find about, to shut his hole, and doubtless, sat below, waiting and wondering. It was far from the beaten trails, this camp. Perhaps no hunter or traveller had ever chosen that spot before. "Dot little animal maybe never seein' mans or booroes," said Joe.

"That's the wonderful part of it," Ruth exclaimed. "A few yards away from the trails, with their green

sign-posts, and their polite requests to be careful with cigarettes and matches, you can feel as though you were really exploring. We were glad when we could leave the road, and now we shall be as glad to leave the trails. From now on, only Three-Corner Round tradition, and 'ducks'—you know, three small stones piled on high rocks, pointing the way, for signs. And I like to get a different camp every year in this part of the way. *I've* never been here before, anyhow."

"Well, somebody has," put in Perdita, heartlessly. "And a woman. Here's a rusty hairpin, and here's a chocolate wrapper."

"Why, Per-ditt-a Osgood," exclaimed Phebe, in deepest reproach. "I saw you pick up that hairpin before we left the main trail, and there's chocolate in the corners of your mouth!"

"Gosh," sighed Perdita, going off to help Joe build a fireplace. "I do miss Peter. Girls, 'specially girls who haven't brothers, are awfully poor sports. They don't know a joke when they hear one."

The next day Joe took the boys off in the morning to reconnoiter the trail and patch up any places too difficult for the burros. Perdita was under orders for a rest day—the long, sweet, irresponsible day of dozing and waking, which was a Three-Corner Round institution for its girls, periodically. Ruth had planned to visit the fire-lookout on Bald Mountain, not far distant, and the lot fell to Emily to mind camp.

The lookout's station was, of course, on the highest

point in the region, a great, bare ledge. There was a stilt-legged glass house for his observings, and a cozy stone hut for dwelling. As they climbed, Ruth said to the others: "I don't expect to find the same man who was here last autumn. He was nearly, if not quite, off his head. He hated being alone up here. He spent all his time, walking, walking up and down. He made a groove in the ledge doing it, actually. He never looked off for fires, even, poor man. I glanced into his hut—the door was half off the hinges. It was a filthy hole. Most of the rangers and foresters are bad enough about leaving tin cans and the like around outside their stations, but this place looked like a pig-pen. I'd hate to be his successor."

"There's a man!" cried Phebe. "He's walking up and down, too. Is he the same one? What is he doing? Watching his feet all the time."

They came close to the stone hut before the walking man discovered them. He was concentratedly counting his own paces, and regarding now a watch he held in his hand, now a fluff of paper which was blown along the ledge beside him by the breeze. As he saw his guests, he made a note in a pocket-book, and then came to greet them, carefully picking up his paper fluff, and stowing it.

"Is he really crazy?" whispered Phebe, getting behind her two elders, but peering out between them.

"Good mornin', ladies! Delighted to see you, I'm sure. You'll have breakfast with me, certain. I was

just goin' to cook me some hot cakes, and I'd admire to have your company. I breakfast a little late because I have so much to do in the mornin'. This is a busy job, ladies."

Ruth and Clara attempted at first to answer politely, but the little man's flow of speech was unintermittent as a well-fed brook, and they presently subsided to listening, with soft, un interrupting sounds of acquiescence, and appropriate action.

"You see, I wake up very early. The birds make such a racket. They're all my friends, and I feed them. They're too lazy to hunt any grub for themselves now, I reckon. There's one or two little fellows'll perch on my finger and eat out of my hand. Out of my mouth, even. Then I get up, light my stove (I have the fire all laid night before, proper), and run up to the lookout for a good look 'round for fires. I've reported four this season a'ready. Got one report in before headquarters was up, one morning. I ain't goin' to let none get by me, not if I can help it. I usually get up once or twice in the night for a look. Uncle Sam don't expect me to work nights, o' course, but you can see flames real well in the dark, and I don't mind a little extra. It's real pretty these moonlight nights, up here. It's a pleasant berth here. Last man didn't take to it, someway. Queer in his head, I guess. Let everything run down. Dirty place. Kept me busy first two weeks cleanin' up. Ain't got it done real thorough yet. Have chairs, ladies." He swept off the already dust-

less seats of two chairs, one made from a barrel, then turned a wooden box upside-down for Phebe.

It was an immaculate little hut. The floor was scoured. The long deal table was white. The little stove was shining black. "I had to take a knife and a piece of broken window-glass to that table-top. And the stove was a mess o' rust. A lady I know down in the valley, she sent me up some stove-polish. The oven ain't quite perfect yet. I'm tinkerin' at it.

"That fella let his grub set around on the floor for the rats to run over, but I soon put a stop to that. I made me those cupboards with wire over 'em. And I set in to trap. Got 'em cleaned out by keepin' at it steady. Sorry to kill 'em, but that bunch'd got into bad habits. Habits is dangerous things, Miss."

"Not yours, I'm sure," Ruth managed to get in, noticing that as he mixed his batter, he put flour-tin, salt-tin, milk-tin, each, carefully back into its precise nook on the shelf, after using it.

A chipmunk hopped to the threshold, and looked in, his head on one side, questioningly.

"Not now, Clarence. Company. Come back later." Clarence vanished.

The hot cakes were good! There weren't eating-tools enough to go around, unless a knife were accepted in the capacity of fork. Ruth adaptably followed her host's example in that, leaving the one fork and the one spoon to Clara and Phebe.

"What were you doing when we first saw you?" asked

Phebe, when a small "stack o' hots" had temporarily closed the little man's mouth. He gulped once, and began:

"Measurin' the winds. Uncle Sam don't provide the station with instruments, and the blanks I have to fill out call for items I ain't quite certain about. Now I know my own pace of walkin', about how fast I go when I'm doin' four miles an hour, f'r instance. So I just put this light ball of paper down beside me on the ledge and pace along beside it, countin'. 'Bout three miles an hour this mornin', 'twas. That pinwheel out there I made me out o' old coffee cans. It's pretty good to help guessin' the wind's speed, and it shows the direction perfect. I set the pointer with the North Star, same's a sailor. Pretty place for stars this is. I'm goin' to make me a better pinwheel soon, but I got to get some tools made first. I've made me a saw—here it is—out of a knife-blade. Filed the edge with a old file they was here. And I've made me a good stout wooden hammer. Plenty o' wood hereabouts. There! I was so excited, havin' company, I clean forgot to put on the dishwater. That's bad management." He seized a bucket, filled a kettle and repaired his oversight instantly.

"Now, while it's heatin', we'll just go up to the station and have a look around. I look 'round careful every hour, anyway. Well, I swan! There's smoke this minute!"

He was out of the hut like a flash, the others pelting

after. Up the wooden stairs to the little glass-walled room they dashed, to find him sighting across his big map, to an almost imperceptible curl of blue on a wooded slope miles away.

"Two miles east o' Shalers', half a mile north o' Three Sisters, about three in a bee-line from here. That's a val'able stand of sugar pine over there. I'll 'phone headquarters."

The telephone was in the hut. They followed him back there. They heard him answering headquarters' questions, quickly, clearly. Then he hung up the receiver, and turned to them with a smile of pride: "They're sendin' a gang out. One more fire saved. Gosh! This is a busy life! I sometimes wisht I was twins. Must you go, ladies? I'd admire to have you set and visit a while. They's days and days when I don't hear the sound o' my own voice, let alone anybody else's. It's been a real treat to have some conversation. I'll have a free hour as soon as I've swep' an' washed up."

"We really must go," said Ruth, "at least I must. But perhaps Phebe would like to stay and help you."

"O, I'd love it," cried Phebe. "I'd hate to leave before the fire's entirely out. And I'd like to see him feed Clarence."

"All right. Can you find your way back to camp?"

"I'll fetch her. Four to five-thirty I always walk for my health. I'd admire to see your camp. Down by the spring, I presume, ain't you?"

"O, dear no. We're away up on the ridge. But if you'll take Phebe as far as the spring, I'll meet you there at four-thirty. Good-bye, sir, and good luck. It's a pleasure to see this station alive again. What is it, honey?"

Phebe had run after the others as they started, and now whispered:

"But, Chieftaine, if I stay, past dinner, won't I eat too much of his provisions? I couldn't earn my keep just washing dishes and sweeping, could I?"

"You darling! I'll tell you what. When I get back to camp I'll pack up a basket for him, as much food as you could eat in two or three meals. If Emily wants to come over, I'll send it by her. If not, I'll bring it to the spring this afternoon. Now, run along, sweetheart. Don't let any fires get by you!"

Phebe flew off, then ran back, and whispered: "Put in a bar of chocolate, do please, and two oranges. I'll go without mine for two days. I'm sure he'd love them."

"Girls are a never-failing interest to me," Ruth remarked to Clara as they went on, and Phebe danced happily back to the hut. "They are so unexpected. I thought Phebe would be shy and homesick at the idea of staying here all day, and she's thrilled. Now, I predict that Perdita has disobeyed orders—not that she wouldn't enjoy a rest day, but merely out of perversity because it was ordered. We shall probably find her in a fir-top, and Emily will have gone to sleep and let the goats over-run the camp."

“Unexpected?” Clara remarked, as they mounted to the ridge. A sound of scuffling came first, then, just outside the camp, a puzzling sight: a great, writhing, horned creature seemed to be rolling down the hillside. It suddenly snapped itself upright, and resolved itself into component parts—of the naughtiest of the nanny-goats, and Emily!

Emily, hot, panting, fierce passion in her usually dreamy eyes, gripping one of Omelet’s crooked horns furiously with one hand, twisting this way and that to dodge its mate, and all the while laying on, with her quirt, whenever she could get near enough to the little goat’s rump or legs!

Ruth flew to her aid, but could not make her let go till Omelet suddenly surrendered, all along her backbone. Then Emily released her and breathing, quickly, watched her run off to the woods.

“It may make her milk bad to-night. But I had to do it. She doesn’t know the meaning of the word discipline. I kept calling: ‘Out-of-camp!’ every five minutes, but she wouldn’t pay any attention. I chased her away from the kitchen, and she ran right through it. And I chased her away from Perdita’s bed and she ran right over Perdita. And I knew you wouldn’t want such goings-on, so I just had to take her in hand, and *train* her. She’s smart enough to know the pack-lines are boundaries. I’ve had to lick her on all four sides of the camp. The first time it took twenty minutes. I had to stop for breath some-

times. The second side she gave up in about ten, and these last two sides were both short fights. She got her horn into my side once, and I twisted my wrist a good deal. It's swelling a little. *But*, she won't try to get ahead of me again, that's one comfort. Hush!" Emily stopped and put her finger on her lip. "We must go softly. Perdita has been sleeping almost all day. I had to drag Omelet a good way out of camp to lick her, so as not to disturb her. She looks so pretty when she's asleep. Look! Aren't her lashes lovely?"

CHAPTER V

CAMP WORK AND FOOD

“‘I can’t get ’em up,
I can’t get ’em up,
I can’t get ’em up in the *morning!*’”

RUTH’S bugle rang faithfully out on the still cold air, in that early morning darkness which no inexperienced camper can ever believe has any relation to dawn.

As that bugle had long ago rung farmer girls to activity in war-time, so now it knew no mercy. To Emily, shrinking under warm Hudson Bays, it seemed each morn a cruel Judgment Day trumpet. Phebe managed to sleep too soundly to hear it, until it was blown above her very head, a moccasined toe poking her sides the while. Perdita, after having once been drawn out of her chrysalis by her ruddy locks, forestalled disaster ever after by leaping out of bed, and if there were a little lake or stream near camp, racing herself to it, for a tooth-chattering dip, such as Joe took in the morning, and then strolling back to camp with the virtuous air of the voluntary early-riser.

The outfit was organized by now. No lady-visitors, no parlor-boarders, were on its rolls. If Joe and his helpers did do all the wood-chopping, that was the only

exclusive privilege they claimed, and that was in the interest of the ax-edges, Ruth said, not out of deference to the sex.

Gathering second-size dry twigs over-night, preparing first-size shavings, covering the third-size wood-pile against possible rain in the night, then, in the morning, starting the fire within the Boy Scout limit of matches, keeping it going, even on baking-days, was one girl's particular job each week. To another fell the duty of supplying water: not an arduous task in the Sierras, if one's Chieftaine were not so obsessed with a passion for high, dry camps, and the wide views from them. As it was, the water-carrier had often to find, catch, and saddle a donkey, lift to his back the kyacks carrying sixteen one-gallon water-cans, lead, coax, or otherwise induce the subtly resistant beast to some swift-running stream or clear spring (none ever, more than once, fell to the temptation of a near-by, shallow, mud-bottomed lake!) and there patiently rinse, fill, and cork all those cans, and transport them home again.

Perdita liked these jobs better than that of "tidying-up," which fell every third week to her lot. Perdita never could keep buttons on, or ribbons tied, or stockings whole, or knickers buckled. She considered Ruth's insistence on an immaculate camp unreasonable. Picking up scraps of paper or ends of string was a bore. She did, however, rather like digging, with a little South African War shovel, one trench for garbage,

and one for indestructibles, though she saw no sense in doing it. She was always interested, herself, in finding a tomato-tin in a fair spot, and failed to understand Ruth's and Clara's horror at any sign of human visitation.

("Do you know, Tante Clara," she had remarked, one marching-day when she had been peremptorily summoned down from a scramble up a cliff to pile more effective rocks on her indestructible pit, "you and Chieftaine seem to love every creature on this earth except just only Humans! You like tracks, and feathers, and different kinds of dung, even, because you know that some animal has been there. But you just naturally have a fit if you see one sign of a Person. And he *might* be Abraham Lincoln, and the rabbit might be a nasty, dishonest, sneaking-character rabbit!") And Clara had replied: "The Buddhists believe there is a special hell for people who leave refuse about, my darling!")

The cooking was Joe's particular responsibility. He regarded it as a solemn rite. He indulgently allowed the others to help him, but he never surrendered his post as chief cook to any one. Santa Clara loved to help him. She always liked to feed people. She felt her feet on solid rock when she was doing that. Speculations and sorrows and mystical visions all fled before the immediate necessariness of cooking beans and rice and bacon and fruit for the hungry folk, far from any other kitchen. The girls served her and

Joe as rapt acolytes. "At home you take food for granted," Perdita commented one day, "but here it's *important*."

Three-Corner Round camp cookery was no mere reheating of the contents of tins. The indestructible pit never received a tin, save Joe's coffee one or a cocoa one, or, twice a season, perhaps, the smallest size that ever contains baking-powder. The coffee was only for the men. Joe's beloved "Java" was always on the men's fire, its odor forming a thread of continuity from camp to camp, mingling with varying odors of sage, manzanita, mahogany, juniper, and pine. Santa Clara, complying with camp customs, fought for a while with the desire to taste the brew, as earlier saints may have fought with visions of hooped devils, but presently she was rewarded with a serene indifference which reminded her of her youth's lack of concern with coffee.

Phebe envied the men their potatoes. Without potatoes no man-body would "hire out" in the mountains. Heavy with water, transitory in nutritive power, they had been ruled out of Three-Corner Round tradition from the beginning. Brown, nutty rice, and bread of the fine flour of the entire wheat stayed the stomachs of the more enlightened members of the party, and when Phebe found herself more slender than was her wont, she became reconciled to the lack of potatoes.

Everybody liked bread, liked it more than at home where it was merely an adjunct to a meal bounteous without it. "The 'wheaten bread,'" Emily said it was,

“that the grave dame always bare in a basket, at the feasts in Homer.” “The bread of Life,” to Clara took on a deeper significance for all her days, for that camp experience. Ruth made them all laugh, telling them how at a theatre in town, she had seen the pale, little wife in “Liliom” draw a sharp knife through a great brown loaf, and Ruth, after the play, had visited the stage-door and bought the rest of the loaf from the property-man, and taken it to her room for joyous consumption. “I was sorely tempted to go around every night after the play, but I was afraid I’d be run in as a vagrant. But think of it! The play ran for months, and every night a new loaf and only one crusty slice cut!”

The making of the bread, twice a week, was fraught with seriousness. The fireless cookers insured even temperature for the risings, no matter how capricious the weather. Kneeling before three great dish-pans, the three girls would knead, each a loaf (one with raisins). As naturally as sailors heave and haul to chanteys, so they sang as they kneaded, random sentimental or comic-opera ditties.

Clara came up to them one day with a message summoning Phebe to Ruth, and took the vacated place. She at once began singing lustily:

“Have you any bread and wine?
For we are the Romans!”

The girls had caught the air and refrain before she had finished, and at the end of the song and the kneading,

they hopped about with her, in mimicry of badly wounded armies, each side with only one eye, only one arm and only one leg.

Perdita expressed emphatic approval of the song as a spirited one "with pep," and as they all scraped the dough from the pans, and from their bared arms, Clara told them a story.

"Once three lovely English girls came to America to seek their fortunes. Their names were Dorothy and Rosalind, and Cynthia. They had lived all their lives in a little moss-and-vine-covered vicarage, with a haunted chamber walled off at one end of it. There was a very tiny hole in the wall, and if you put your finger through the hole, the ghost within would seize you and never let you go. From the time they were very little girls they used to make up plays and act them out, with their mother for stage-manager, costumer, and, finally, audience. And all the time they sang—old songs that had been sung in England for two and three hundred years, perhaps longer. Their mother's head was full of those old songs, and she filled the heads of Dorothy, Rosalind, and Cynthia with them. You've heard Ruth singing: 'My Man John' and 'The Keeper' ——"

"I know," shouted Emily, "you mean those pretty broadsides in Pegasus' pack, with the darling colored woodcuts at the top. I've been picking out the one about 'Mowing the Barley!'"

"Yes, Dorothy made those broadsides, and Rosalind



They Sang as They Kneaded

did the square notes, and Cynthia colored the figures. Well, when they came to America, they had no fortune, except their little green Irish harp and three quaint, old, crinoline costumes, with brooches, and little slippers with long, narrow black velvet ribbons crossing on their white stockings. O yes, and like the milkmaids of the old songs, they had their faces, and besides, they had their voices, and they had their dramatic skill, and they had their very charming selves, and they had their old-time songs.

“It was like a fairy-tale, their coming to America. Poor old America! Or rather poor young America, who had so many things to look after, and was in such a whirl and stir all the time, that she hadn’t any time to be young, or to play, or to dream. And suddenly right in the midst of her busy, noisy swirl, she found on her engagement books: ‘Folk-Song Concert Friday evening, 8:15,’ and she hurried off to it, just as she hurried off to committee-meetings and board meetings, and afternoon teas and woman’s clubs, and bargain sales and caucuses. And when she got there, and got her hat unpinned, and her program unfolded, she rubbed her eyes, and was just as much enchanted as any princess by any witch in any fairy-tale. There were three lovely girls ‘with names like symphonies’ or, better, like ballads, and there were quaint old costumes, and there was the little Irish harp, and there were three clear, sweet, English voices, and there were the old songs, the real, true songs, that were never ‘written,’

never 'composed,' and sold and advertised, and 'featured,' but the old songs that just naturally grew up—you know that line: 'Once words sprang up all wild, like April flowers'? That was the way those old songs sprang up, and because each of them had something vital in it, some tragic undertone, or some hearty old joke, or some shrewd observation, it didn't die, as the rubbish you girls usually sing will die, in a dozen years at the outside. Those old songs are just as much alive to-day as they ever were. And the way poor, hustled, nervous America drank them in showed the girls who sang to her that it was America who was in danger of dying, not their old folk-songs, and that it was only by such enchantments as theirs that poor young America could be kept alive long enough to have a chance to get her bearings on the whirling Earth. In England, you see, you don't think so much about the Earth whirling. There are usually clouds to hide the stars, and you get to feeling that the Earth is a quiet old body. And there is so much time in England that people don't have to hurry. They *know* there is a lot of time, because in everybody's back yard is an old barrow of prehistoric times, or a bit of Roman road, or some relic of the Normans. They know there is enough time, because they can never forget what a prodigious lot England has already had. America's skies are so clear that she is aware of the mile-posts spinning by, out in the stellar system, and it makes her feel that she must try to spin, too. And as for

time, she is afraid it will stop any minute, for to her time has really only just begun!

“What she needed was the old, old songs, sung to the little old harp, by the girls, who had had time to sing and to play when they were little.

“But singing and playing enchantments to a whole nervous nation, is a wee bit wearing, and once, while they were here, Dorothy and Rosalind and Cynthia ran away and did something different. Up in the New Hampshire hills they found a countryside without a trolley car, or an electric light or a single stretch of pavement. And up there they found people living in lonely farmhouses at the foot of high hills, whose forebears had come from England in the days when the old songs were still sung by every one, not just by mothers and children in vine-covered vicarages. And Dorothy and Rosalind and Cynthia let themselves be stolen by gypsies, and taken there for a whole week, as calendars measure time, but really forever, as time should be measured, for those, who have eyes to see and ears to hear, can still see and hear them on those hills!

“In a big blue-wheeled wagon they sat on the straw, and two big horses drew them about the steep, narrow roads. At little country school-houses they stopped and taught the children singing games: ‘There came three dukes a-riding,’ and ‘Jenny Jones’ and ‘The King of the Barbaries’—there’s a game for you, Perdita! I’ll teach you it to-morrow—and ‘The Roman

Soldiers'! And sometimes they stopped at a field where men were haying, and got out, and a fiddler produced a fiddle from somewhere, and they danced old reels. And sometimes they did the Morris down the leafy lanes, like the maid who danced a mile in Noyes's poem. 'Who will dance a mile with me?' you know.

"And at evening they stopped at one hospitable old house after another, and the neighbors gathered, and they all sang together. And the last night of the week everybody came to the dreary old Town House where people usually gather only for battles of politics. This time fairies had made it bright with flowers, and the lanterns were brought in from under the farm wagons, and put about the walls, and then everybody sang and danced and played singing games, and nobody who was there will ever forget it! That was what Dorothy, Rosalind, and Cynthia wanted to feel: that somewhere the old songs should take root; that even if, on the whole, nervous America should rub her eyes and say: 'What a lovely dream! But I must get right on with my schedule! There's a Civil Service Reform League Executive Board meeting to-morrow at 3:30'; there should be one place where the engagement-book would not turn another page, and the old songs would always be at home."

"Were you there, Santa Clara?" Phebe had arrived in time for most of the story, and her eyes were shining.

"No," laughed Clara, "I wasn't, but that's just one proof of the fact that the songs did take root, because

my telling you this story three thousand miles away is like my giving you a cutting, a 'slip,' as old ladies call it, from my folk-song plant, and mine grew from a cutting from that one in the Cornish hills."

"Stones is hot for de bread, little ladies. Cake's done, too, ready to take out," said Joe's soft voice, and everybody flew to action, getting the loaves into the coolers, a most delicate and engrossing task.

It would not be ready till morning, staying all night in that modern version of the old brick oven, baking slowly and thoroughly, its starch and its sugar turning into brown caramel-like sweetness, its crust forming thick and toothsome. But so fundamentally important was The Bread to every one, that it was not till the last blanket had been tucked around the cookers, that any one took time to look at the cake.

And the cake deserves a capital, too, really. A most delectable cake, made of butter, brown sugar, whole-wheat flour, eggs, fruit, nuts, and spices. The appearance of it on the table-cloth—for when the cake was done it was straightway eaten, without regard to meal-hours, one of Ruth's most human notions—brown and hot and crusty, its warm spicy fragrance when it was solemnly broken—no knife ever allowed to cut it—made poets of them all.

"Spice," wrote Clara in her middle-aged diary the night after the folk-song story, "is akin to youth. To youth spice is the essential ingredient in a dish, as peril or romance is essential in any enterprise. Im-

portant as bread is here, when we have no meat but bacon—(Ruth would let us starve before she would have a deer shot in her mountains, I verily believe. She says: ‘Never, O never is the arrow meant to pierce the tender body of a deer, even as fire is not for the burning of flowers!’) I don’t believe the girls would care half so much for it if it were not for the one loaf with the raisins. Emily has a kind of ballad refrain which she loves to sing to herself when she is seasoning soup, or at other times, too:

“ ‘ Marjoram, sage and thyme, O!
Marjoram, sage and thyme!’

“One of the traditions of the outfit, is that when caught on a windswept pass for all night, with no fire and only half the animals and packs up, small David said, comfortably: ‘Anyhow, we have the spices!, And one of the black weeks in Three-Corner Round annals is known as: When the Cinnamon Gave Out. I wonder, is the Elixir of Youth distilled from cloves and nutmeg?’”

And meanwhile, Perdita, by the light of a dim mica-faced candle-lantern was writing the weekly page Clara required her to write her mother for midsummer posting:

Dear Mother, the most tiresome things in this camp are Vittamuns. Chieftaine and Santa Clara eat onions to get ’em. I hate onions. And I almost hate comb honey, because they say they’re in that. I don’t know what they look like, do you? I don’t believe anybody

does, but I can feel them squirming inside me. Even eggs have them. And oranges. Ruth says that's why she brings so many oranges. And she says they are in that nice, clean, goat's milk, and you can't strain them out. I do think grown-up people are silly, not you, of course, Mother or Daddy. But most grownuppers.

Your loving daughter, Perdy.

CHAPTER VI

TRADITION

MARCH day, camp day, baking day, march day, camp day, baking day. The little caravan moved on over the high country, dipping into valleys, climbing up to passes, crossing swift waters, camping always, always in individual and delightful places.

It seemed that those mountains, narrow though they really were, were all the world: that their little group of humans, goats, and donkeys was the whole population of the Earth, a little nomadic tribe seeking some valley too fair to leave.

Watches had permanently run down. Dawn and high sun and dusk were sufficient divisions of the day. Days of the week were long since forgotten. Occasionally Ruth or Santa Clara would lead the girls in reciting the camp prayer, St. Francis's Canticle of the Sun, but every day in such surroundings was a Lord's Day. Worship was inevitable in those austere and lovely presences. Our brother the Sun was often greeted in St. Francis's words as the serrated sky-line dipped into his luminous regions. Phebe never crossed a brook without murmuring praise to our sister Water. Clara, waking by night, found her lips forming the phrase: "the stars, the



Marching Day

which he hath set clear and lovely in heaven" before she quite knew she had waked. Ruth, whose religion was as inarticulate, yet as real, as the rocks and trees about her, sometimes found herself praying with the old saint for strength "peaceably to endure," when stupid girls or stubborn donkeys, or lazy Indian boys forced themselves too strongly on her consciousness. Rest days were taken for the sake of men and animals when needed, not by any convention of calendars. Recreation and play were never thought of, in a life whose every function was natural and unstrained. Days of the month Ruth figured out spasmodically now and then, in order to orient herself with the planets, and when Phebe's birthday was imminent, every one tried to keep track, some by notched sticks, and some by "total recall" conversations: "The day we met the cowboy was Sunday, I'm sure, but was that the 14th or the 15th?" "Well, Mother's birthday was the 10th and that was Tuesday. I figured it out all the way back from Tollhouse." "The day it rained so on the march Joe said it was Friday luck. That was just a week after I washed my middie, and Emily said I needn't wash it again, it got so soaking because I couldn't remember which top-pack my rain cape was in." And so on.

All they were really aware of, was their slow, certain progress from the low western side of the range, up over passes, down across valleys, by the trail the Three-Corner Round boys had made for their own, to the distant eastern crest, where, they knew, the great scarp

dropped sheer ten thousand feet to the desert valley floor. To achieve that crest was their first object. Each day's march, with its busy packing, its difficulties of trail or weather or animal temper, seemed utterly important, engrossing, and when camp was reached and made, the lines down, the fireplace built, the wood in, the dinner cooking, the donkeys unpacked and turned out for the night, every one felt a sense of vast and valuable accomplishment.

They knew, too, that when the crest was reached, their summer's work would simply begin a new phase. Then they would turn southward, a long trek of six weeks or so, close to the crest, over trails chosen, marked and made, by the boys who had preceded them.

So much touch they had with their own outfit's history. To add their own initials to the boys' when they found one of the modest little brass match-boxes, left under a cairn on an interesting pass, thrilled them far more than to inscribe themselves inside the Sierra Club's copper cylinders. They pressed Joe for his memories of the outfit.

"You must remember, Joe dear," pleaded Emily. "You were out with them the very first year, before they called themselves Three-Corner Rounders. Please tell us a story about it. The first boys were Jim and——"

"O dot Chimmie! Always losin' his gloves, he was. And no good on de trail. Watchin' de little birds, dot Chimmie!"

"What was Bill like?"

"Dot Billie, he leavin' de fence down one time, losin' all de boorroes."

"The fence? There aren't any fences in the mountains. You're stringing us, Joe," declared Perdita, disgustedly.

"We was over in de Santa Inez dot time, little lady. It was winter-time, and dese mountains deep in snow. Snow where we was, too, plenty. And dot cook, he go queer in his head like. Dot cook! Muss'n milk! Nodin' else he cookin'! Boss he fire him."

"O dear," sighed Perdita. "I should have loved to see him fire the cook. I never saw anybody fire anybody. They always do it when you are at school or somewhere."

"But what did you do without a cook, Joe?" worried Phebe.

"Nobody hungry in my camp, Miss. Nor in the Boss's." But nothing more could they get out of him. He would show them his little pack of treasures, and tell them stories of his little boyhood among the Blackfeet in Canada, of the pair of tiny buckskin breeches he wore, and of the horses he used to ride, but tales of their beloved institution were not to be had from him.

Ruth was not much more helpful. She had inherited the outfit from her gypsy godmother and her husband when they had left America for Central Asia, and had made up little parties of girls, somewhat as they, before her, had done with boys. She found with

amusement that these three were not at all interested in the doings of the girls who had gone before them, —only in those mysterious boys.

The donkeys, some of them, could have given much light, had the girls and they had a common language. A shrewd sketch could each leader have given of the characters of the boys to whom his "line" had fallen. There is nothing more certain than that a donkey tries out a new boy, in a real tug-of-war of character to see what stuff there is in him. As little Elmer said: "Jacob can't come, Quarter-Mistress. He said to me: 'Elmer, I'm sick. I *can't* come, Elmer.'" But he came, for some one less gullible than Elmer, without hesitation. And Pinyon broke four halters in one day to see whether he or the gangling youth were master. Each of them had memories like that tucked away in his wise brain, but never a hint of them could the girls extract, for all they petted the little fellows, smoothed their silken ears, and bestowed loaf sugar whenever they were allowed to do so, fed orange peel, and passed bricks of salt for their eager licking. Only wise looks and an occasional snuggling were their reward.

There was an old camp cook-book in the kitchen, with a long dedicatory page, in which names of boys, asses, and goats were inextricably woven together. They puzzled over that when they should have been emptying out the cook-boxes, and tidying their contents of cooking-utensils, soap, matches, spices, and oddments.

Clara cheered them greatly by telling them that she

had been promised in the midsummer mail a copy of an old typescript diary kept by Ruth's godmother one season, under the title of *Letters to Nine Mothers*.

"It is curious," she wrote in that middle-aged notebook, where the entries grew steadily shorter and less frequent, "how this interest in the Old Boys persists. They scarcely mention their schools or their homes. Girl friends they seem to have forgotten. The impossibility of getting mail, and the improbability of having a chance to send letters out before midsummer seem to check their natural tendency to write letters. They live absorbed in the present, keenly interested in the donkeys, in the food, in the flowers, in their collections, happy just breathing and climbing and looking and feeling. They like cooking and sketching, and learning splicing and saddling, and all the rest of it. But each one of them is acutely conscious all the time, apparently, of carrying on a mystical Three-Corner Round tradition, which seems to bind her to a group of unrelated, unknown, possibly quite uncongenial boys, all, even the youngest, several years older than herself. It is analogous to a college spirit, or a fraternity loyalty. It is not that they are in the least boy-struck, any of them, in the usual way. Perdita, twin to Peter, and boon companion of the limb o' Satan, Elsmere, has plumbed the so-called-deeps of masculinity, and regards those deeps with the contempt of familiarity. Her mother says, when she was eight, she announced: 'This marrying business is all

nonsense. I'm never going to marry, nor let my daughter!' Emily and Phebe have never known boys at all, and seem as little concerned with the sex as with the phoenix or the unicorn. But to all three, 'to do it the way the boys used to' is a cardinal article of their creed. Ruth tried to improve the method of folding blankets the other day, but the reproach in Phebe's eyes was too much for her. She abandoned the attempt. And they all three balked when I suggested that as we had plenty of raisins, we might make all the loaves with raisins, once. 'It's not so in the cook-book' was final. I wonder what motive of thrift, or somebody's personal idiosyncrasy, limited the number of raisins in the first place? Very likely, it was merely an intuition on Quarter-Mistress' part due to knowledge that a treat is much more appreciated than daily luxury. I find myself most hampered, in the process of rejuvenation, by my maturer independence, my revolt against the conservatism of the Young. Yet even I like the traditions after all, and would hate to see the outfit adopt chairs and tables and beds instead of the Earth and lap-trays, and tarp rolls!"

CHAPTER VII

A QUARREL

HIGH altitudes make edgy tempers. The Mount Everest climbers were chosen partly for their equable dispositions. I doubt whether any one of them has had red hair.

High altitudes affect digestion. And Emily liked eating. In spite of warnings, she was inclined to eat as much as she would have eaten in her sea-level home. Joe saved her special tid-bits, because he knew she liked them. She had a little hoard of sweet chocolate and hard candies which she had prudently laid in, in advance, and which she thought no one else knew about.

Add the above two paragraphs and the answer is:
A Quarrel.

Not a blazing, fight-it-out-and-get-it-over boy scrap, but a polite, lady-like, prolonged sulk.

“May I trouble you to move your feet? I *should* like to pass, if I could, without inconveniencing you.”

“I beg your pardon. I wouldn’t be in your way for the world.”

And so on. Instead of gay, teasing nonsense, and warm, intimate chatter, icy, stiff, sneering nastiness unpleasant to every one. When Clara remonstrated

with Coppertop, Coppertop's big brown eyes opened wide with innocent surprise. And when Ruth said sharply to Emily: "Quit this silliness!" Emily's blue eyes looked pained, and Emily's society voice murmured: "I beg your pardon?"

Camp was getting to be quite intolerable. Poor little Phebe, who had no more idea what the quarrel was about than the principals had, went off by herself or played with the donkeys, making them garlands of pink pentstemon and yellow monkey-flower, and tearing long strips of red flannel to wind their bell-collars and make rosettes for her favorites. Joe was worried, and once forgot and said: "Hell!" instead of "Heaving!" the substitute he had schooled himself into using in the presence of ladies.

The third day dawned, and the Quarrel dawned afresh with it.

After breakfast, Chieftaine Ruth took Emily by the right arm, and Perdita by the left, and led them, embarrassed and annoyed, to a quiet glade, hidden from the camp by two huge boulders dumped there by a glacier some thousands of years ago.

"If you were in a story-book," said Ruth, "one of you would fall over a precipice, and the other would, by some hair-raising effort, save her life, and this silly quarrel would be over. And if you were my daughters, I should spank you both soundly this minute. But you're not in a story-book, and you're not my daughters (thank Heaven!) so we've got to clear the air in some

other way. As chief of this camp, I command you two to fight each other now, with your fists, like a pair of sensible boys. I mean it. If you wish to stay in my camp one day longer—one, two, three! *Hit!*”

Astonished, ashamed, frightened, but compelled by that firm voice, Emily and Perdita, half crying, stumblingly, awkwardly hit. Emily's fist landed feebly in Perdita's eye. Suddenly Perdita, instinct peeling off the thin veneer laid by generations of repressive training, began to pummel furiously.

Emily, thus pressed, responded in kind.

Ruth, watching, felt the smothered intensity of days giving way, and with a satisfied expression on her face, turned back to camp. As she left the glade she heard a thud, and looking over her shoulder saw the two rolling on the ground like puppies, then sitting up, staring at each other. And the next minute out rang shrieks of laughter, jolly, heartfelt laughter, echoing from the solemn peaks, and she heard Perdita say merrily:

“You've made my nose bleed, you outrageous pirate! Got a handkerchief to lend me?”

CHAPTER VIII

“THE BIG RED RUBY”

PERDITA had been pining for adventure. She found life in the Sierras uneventful. No wild beasts had come her way. A dreary coyote chorus now and then failed to thrill her. “If it were wolves, now——” A marmot was only a woodchuck. Stalking a deer merely to watch it was not very exciting sport. There had been no dramatic plunges over precipices. Pat, rolling down a long, steep slope distributing his top-pack of lanterns, glittering, as he rolled, but Pat himself, landing five hundred feet below on his four tidy hoofs, and calmly beginning to graze as though he had only paused to yawn between mouthfuls—that was only comedy, not adventure. Losing the goats bade fair to be interesting, with coyotes near enough to have devoured them, but Ruth’s glass soon picked them out peacefully ruminating on a ledge above camp.

Perdita had expected to meet wild men in the mountains, bandits, fierce-eyed refugees from justice. There had been only a mild-mannered shepherd, whose Basque tongue was unintelligible to Ruth’s Spanish ear as to Clara’s French—a shy, gentle little man, following his two thousand sheep about all day nervously, lest they

come to grief, rounding them up for roll-call so often they had barely time to feed. He had given Joe wine from a goatskin bottle, and some of the famous sour-dough bread, the "starter" for which Queen Isabella was said to have given Columbus when he set out from Spain in 1492. But Perdita had only heard about it, had not shared in the tasting. There had been a wrinkled little old man, who told them he was "a half-man" and asked in a whisper: "Find anything?" From his pocket he took some bits of rock and a glass, and showed them eagerly, telling them a rambling tale of a rich find and a partner who had done him out of his rights.

"He was a little interesting, but not very," complained Perdita. "Honestly, Chieftaine, don't you think one rather needs people? I thought coming out west would be thrilling all the time, but there hasn't been the least sign of an Adventure since the kidnapping. That was fun!" Perdita sighed deeply.

"Tell me about it, honey." Ruth looked up sympathetically, and Perdita squatted alongside her and began.

"Well, you see, one day, Tante Clara asked me if I would like to go out west with her. Of course, I jumped at the chance. Then she said she would make all the arrangements after we got out here, but she would leave all the arrangements at home to me. So I thought of being kidnapped."

"Of course," murmured Ruth.

"It was a lot of fun. Tante Clara is a perfect peach. It was a real kidnapping. Nobody knew, and I put some clothes in a bundle and climbed down over the porch roof in the middle of the night and met her down a back alley, and whistled——"

"Three times?"

"Yes, and she was there, all wrapped up, close, like I told her to, and she had a car she had hired from Floyd waiting at the cross-roads, and we drove about thirty miles to a junction and bought tickets to a place we weren't going to. Golly! It was a ripper!"

"How about your parents?"

"O, I left a note pinned to my pillow. I pricked my arm and wrote it in blood. Bad spelling, you know, like really kidnappers. I told them they'd hear again in a few days by telegram. And they did. We telegraphed them from Chicago. 'All safe. Be back in October.' Bet they were excited!"

"Did Miss Lyndsay mystify her friends, too?"

"Yes, she did. She honestly did. She just went to bed that night, and the next day she wasn't there. But she let Dr. Helen go and see her family and tell them she had prescribed her off somewhere."

"And then, when you had got all the way out here, you didn't find her part of the plan as good as your own?"

"O, it's good enough. I like it, but you see, I did hope there'd be something doing."

"I see. I like adventure, too, Perdita. I don't think I could live without it. But there are different kinds of it. I suppose a baby gets a thrill out of crawling over to the table and pulling off the table-cloth with all the dishes on it. And I suppose a movie-fed chicken like yourself must find a 'West' without a revolver or a pink-shirted cowboy in it pretty tame. And Joe and José and Manuel are such peaceful Indians! But though I usually spend my winters in towns full of hold-up men and thugs, do you know, I always come back to the mountains, feeling that I shall find my real adventures there. The kind of adventure I like best is best found here. If you'll put each of us up a lunch to-night, and be ready early, I'll take you into one of my fields of adventure, to-morrow, if you like."

Perdita agreed, but went off without much hope, and the next morning plodded along behind Ruth up a long, long talus slope above the camp, with more politeness than enthusiasm, thinking:

"It can't be glacier signs she's going to show me, because this isn't a cirque or a corrie, or whatever she calls those things, and there's not a muttong rock anywhere about. But I'll bet it is something stupid like that. Who cares whether there was a glacier here a thousand years ago or not?"

Ruth stopped a long way up the slope, and from the sharp-edged bits of rock among which they had been picking their way, chose two, one an ordinary bit of

granite, the other a piece of fine-grained, hard, clinky, dark rock.

"That's enough to give me a thrill," she said. "I could keep awake longer, thinking about those two bits of rock, than over the wildest detective story your Peter and his pals pass around unbeknownst, the kind you can't find at the public library, and nobody ever gives you for birthdays."

Perdita grinned. "'Bright-Eyed Bert, the Boy Detective, Robbing the Big Red Ruby.' There's something doing in those, all right!"

"So there is in these rocks of mine. Want to hear?"

"Sure thing." And Perdita plumped herself down on a fairly comfortable flat rock and gave her attention cheerfully. Ruth began to speak in a low voice, as befitting one speaking of very great marvels.

"The Pacific Ocean was over here once, Perdita, away over here, and beyond, as far as that eastern scarp of the mountains we have been all these weeks trying so hard to reach, from the west. That's the first thing the black rock announces.

"The Pacific washed as long a line of coast then as it does now, and every stream that emptied into it brought gravel and sand and mud from the land, and dropped them on the bottom of the ocean, near the shore. And the tiny sea-creatures that always live in sea-water dropped their shells to the bottom. And the waves kept nibbling the rock shore, and carrying bits of it out, and dropping them.

“Now the ocean-bottom, near the shore, was shaped like the trough of a long, long wave, thousands of miles long, and perhaps two hundred miles wide——”

“O, Chieftaine, how can you know that?” interrupted Perdita reproachfully.

“I don’t know it. Nobody really knows. But finding out things like that has been the kind of adventure that has thrilled men ever since they began to think at all. And men, and women, too, have thought and thought, and studied, and travelled about over the earth, and looked and looked and looked, and have talked over what they have seen, and written books, and read books, and argued, and guessed at the meaning of what they have seen. And at last some of their guesses have seemed so nearly true, and have stood such hard tests that I dare tell them to you as if I really knew. Every year or so some one finds some new set of facts that either upsets the old ideas or makes them surer. You may as well learn, right now, that, while we know positively a great many facts about the earth, the explanations of the facts are just guesses, more or less good, and a lot of them are liable to be knocked galley-west day after to-morrow. It’s not true because a teacher tells you, or because you read it in a book. By the way, the books that try to explain everything under the sun, or above it, to children, are usually quite as full of lies as ‘Bright-Eyed Bert.’ ”

“I know,” Perdita nodded. “‘The All-About-It

Book' and that kind of rot. But people do give you those books for birthdays."

"The people who do should be put to the sword," said Ruth grimly. "But books are combustible, never forget that. A bad book should be burned as surely as a bad snake should be scotched. But to get back to our story.

"The ocean's floor at the continent's edge was shaped like a great wave-trough, they tell us. Most of the stuff brought by rivers and dropped by sea-creatures was inclined to stay in that part of the ocean-bottom, when it had once drifted or rolled there, and there it made smooth, smooth layers, more and more of them, the mass getting steadily thicker and thicker.

"As the mass of layers thickened, the layers themselves gradually changed, stopped being mud and sand and clay and lime, the weight of the upper layers on the lower ones pressing them into solid rock, sandstone and pudding-stone, and shale and limestone."

"Pudding-stone! What a funny name! I didn't know puddings ever had stones in them!"

"It's called that because there are rounded stones fastened together in a mass of finer stuff, like plums in a pudding, I suppose. The more dignified name is conglomerate. I'll show you a bit in my jewel-box when we get back to camp. But that's off the point.

"Those layers, that mass of layers, I mean, probably got to be several miles thick, and as they got heavier and heavier, the rock that had been the bottom to

begin with, the bottom of that wave-trough in the ocean-bottom that the first layer was laid on, began to sink a little, a little.

“Think of it! That whole, long, wide, thick mass of layers, solid rock below, not quite so solid rock farther up, shifting sand still farther up, on the top washed back and forth by waves—that whole mass getting forever thicker and thicker and thicker, and the bottom of it sinking deeper and deeper! And at the same time, if you please, the land itself at the ocean’s edge was all the while coming *up*, a little, a little——”

“‘*And* turn myself about, *O*, here we go, Looby Loo!’” sang Perdita. “‘I shake it a little, a little’—so that made the mountains—the land coming up!”

“No!” Ruth’s voice was sharp. “You may skip in your Big Red Ruby, or the Know-It-All Book, if you like, if you’re silly enough to read them. But my story you follow sincerely, or leave altogether.”

“Please go on. I’m truly sorry. What did make the mountains?”

“We’re coming to that. But first, that sinking of the bottom and that rising of the shore made a hard, hard, rock coast-line on the land, much harder than was there before, and under the water, along the coast, for miles and miles and miles, lay a thick mass of layers, miles wide, miles thick, miles long, heavy as heavy, and always getting heavier, over it all washing the big Pacific, as you saw it near San Francisco, quiet one day, blue in the sun, great white-crested breakers rolling

in, the next. You might have gone surf-bathing along here, along just *here*, Perdita, never dreaming of that long wave-shaped mass of layers below!”

Perdita threw out her arms in a swimming stroke and her eyes shone. “I wish I had! I wish I could!” she breathed.

“Perhaps, all those millions of years ago, you did bathe there, or here, rather. Maybe you were a mermaid. And a magic came along and put you to sleep for millions of years, and now you’ve waked up, in the same place, only two miles nearer the sky, and instead of roaring white surf, you find your tail lying dry on a crumbling old mountain side! Do you want to know what happened while you were sleeping?”

Eyes gave serious answer, with no hint of scoffing at the fairy-tale even, and Ruth continued:

“What happened was a Shove. A mighty, Titanic, beyond-imagination Shove. It came from the sea, they tell us. All along the seaward side of that long, thick, coastwise mass of rock layers came a Shove. Shoving that mass of layers up against that hard rock coast. Shoving that mass of layers eastward tremendously——”

“Gollee! What happened? Did it shove all the land east, too? Must have been worse’n an earthquake. Why, it might have shoved east and east all the way ’round the world——”

“Hold on! It wasn’t a big enough shove for that. It wasn’t a beyond-*your*-imagination shove, after all.

It wasn't a big enough shove to disturb that solid rock land edge at all. That stood fast, like the granite it was. Only the not-nearly-so-solid layers of sandstone and limestone gave way. And, what with the Shove behind them, and an absolutely solid wall in front of them, they could do only one thing—Perdita Osgood, what?”

“Crumple up!”

“Correct. Crumple *up*. A thousand miles long, and perhaps two hundred miles wide, got into a thousand miles long and eighty miles wide. And how about the thickness?”

“Let's see. Oh, thicker. Lots thicker. My word, how they must have stuck up!”

“Stuck up? I should say so! Layers tipped up on edge, layers slanted over, layers bent and snapped in the bending.

“If a mighty shove came on the side of your bed at home, and shoved it up against the wall till it was only half as wide as it was before, you can think how the springs and the mattress and the sheets and the blankets and the down-puff and the spread would first wrinkle, then crumple, and then fold all up——”

“With peaks and valleys and ridges,” cried Perdita. “It would make a mountain range of Counterpane, and joggle ‘the giant great and still’ right off his ‘peaceful pillow hill.’ I think this is fun, Chieftaine!”

“All right, but don't get to thinking of beds and bed-clothes and the like of that over much. Remember

this was the Earth, *here*, all the way south to Lower California, and all the way north to Alaska, years with a packtrain, to get your body all that distance. And the Ocean was the same old Ocean you saw at San Francisco. It's away over there now, beyond the mountains we have been crossing, beyond the great San Joaquin valley, beyond the Coast Range. But once it was here."

"How the water must have run back when those old sandstone layers crumpled up!" chuckled Perdita, quite taken with the idea. "I suppose the first crumple looked like an island? And by and by there was a row of sandstone hills all along the edge of the land. Just about as high as the land? Or else they'd have shoved clear over?"

"Perhaps. But the next guess is that that old land went down, plump! Faulted down, they call it."

"Mercy! And that left the crumpled thing sticking up in the air, with the astonished old Ocean on one side, and a low country on the other. So that's how the mountains got made. But I don't see what that black rock had to do with it."

"Good Lord, child! How you do jump! Stupidly, too. You know these mountains aren't sandstone and limestone, if you don't know anything else about them."

"Hm, yes—they're granite. Well, what did you tell me all that about the sandstone crumpling up for? Didn't it happen?"

"O Perdita. I did hope you'd ask the one question

that ought to be asked just here. Why didn't you ask: 'What made the Shove?'"

"Well, it's never any use to ask the bottom why. Nobody ever tells you. They say: 'Run along and don't bother.' I'd like to know why so many things happen, but it's no use."

"I couldn't have told you, in this case," said Ruth, "but you may always ask me anything real that you want to know, and I'll never say not to bother. Usually I'll have to say I don't know, and often that nobody knows, but that *is* the adventure I told you of, asking why, and trying to find out the answer. There's no hunting hidden treasure that could possibly compare with it for thrill and excitement. It might be a little bit interesting to get at something that was locked away from you, by using a burglar's jimmy on the lock, or blowing it open with your big army pistols, but imagine the excitement of finding a real hidden truth, with your own mind for the tool that opens the way to it! A truth, that has been a truth since the beginning of time, guessed at long ago, perhaps, by some of those far-sighted old Greeks, hoped to be a truth by generations, but never *known* to be a truth till you, in your laboratory, superbly imagining and then patiently experimenting, can finally say: 'I have found it! I have done the last tiny bit of work necessary to prove it beyond doubt!' That, I call Adventure, my dear. The 'why' I wanted you to ask just now is occupying the lives of many men: men in the mountains

all over the world, looking, looking, chipping rocks with hammers; men in laboratories looking at thin slices of rock with microscopes so powerful they make you tremble when you think what secrets they lay open; men in ships along the coasts, looking down at the seabottom, and looking off at the land's edge, making measurements, and drawings; men in offices making maps and charts, and doing no end of fearfully complicated 'arithmetic examples'—all in the hope of at last getting a really good guess. And when they have got it, they will go on working to prove it, and turn the guess into a certainty.

"But to leave that 'why' to the men who are working on it, we must get back to our mountains, if we are going to have any tiffin this day. Probably, for a long time after the Shove, and after the land had faulted down, there was a long range of mountains of folded sandstone and limestone here, and they wore away as you see these mountains wearing away to-day: rain falling on them, water freezing in cracks, ice melting and pushing, making cracks bigger, lightning splitting off bits, wind blowing off bits, sun scorching off bits, brooks all the time carrying the broken bits away; sometimes land-slides carrying off great chunks.

"And after a while the ordinary-looking sandstone and limestone, on the top and toward the top, was pretty well worn away, and there began to appear two new kinds of rock." Ruth tapped her black bit on the granite.

“You mean there was granite underneath, and that black thing? How in the world did the granite get there?”

“Granite underneath, yes, and had been all the time, going nobody knows how far down, hot granite, inconceivably hot, with all that heavy load of miles and miles of sandstone layers on top. I can’t make out myself what that very hot granite was like down there—is like, for, I suppose, there’s a lot like it down there below us now. We used to be told it was probably a good deal like boiling molasses, but that guess has been discarded. It must be different from the granite we see now, so tremendously hot. You can tell a liquid from a solid, but you know the same thing doesn’t stay the same way all the time.”

“You mean ice turns into water, and water into steam. What does granite turn into when it’s hotted up?”

“Something very terrible when it gets a chance to melt. Under all those heavy, heavy miles of rock it can’t really melt, however hot it is. It’s as solid, probably, as it is now, cold. When the folds crumpled up above it, that pressure was released somewhat. Those great layers that had been two miles *high* were on edge now, you know, miles thick from east to west. There must have been cracks here and there for the melted granite to get into, but that squeezing Shove had shoved the folds pretty tightly together, and there were probably no big empty spaces. The granite

was so fearfully hot that it made space for itself, when it got a tiny start, by melting some of the softer layers clean out of existence.

"Can you see it boiling along, melting some layer, baking others?"

"Baking! Soho, that's what made old black rock so hard and black? I'm glad to get him into the story at last. Why didn't he melt?"

"The baking made the hardness, not the blackness. Baked sandstone is more often light.

"I can't quite say *why* he didn't melt. Layers of rock are always uneven. You often see a layer left when others on either side of it have worn away. Anyhow it didn't melt. The granite went on, swelling and swelling, taking up the empty space it cleared for itself, as fast as it could, and such a huge force there was in it as it expanded——"

"I got awfully warm once at a party in a last summer's dress and it popped, simply popped!"

"That's the idea. So did some of the sandstone layers, with that granite expanding under them—popped and cracked, and the granite went on up, filling the cracks. Some didn't melt or pop, but that didn't stop the raging, molten mass. It simply went on, welling up, all about the resisting layers that wouldn't melt, or break off, or give way, and carried them up, embedded in hot granite—up, up, higher and higher."

"What made it ever stop? Did it get clear through to the top?"

“No, granite never does that. It would be lava if it did that. The heat must have been getting less all the time, of course, with all that work of expanding and carrying and melting and baking. You know what hot maple syrup does when it cools?”

“Sugars.”

“Yes, forms into crystals. So does hot granite when it cools. So did this particular mass we have been talking about. Formed into myriads of tiny crystals all interlocked into a solid mass, and thereby stopped rising, stopped carrying the baked sandstone that had not melted or popped, stopped, with a mile or so of unbaked sandstone and limestone above it. Here the granite and baked sandstone are now—on top—the upper layers worn away a couple of miles above sea-level. (Perhaps the sandstone was once as far below the sea-surface, and the granite much farther still.) Crumbling away together now, with sun and rain and wind and frost all working on them. These black bits all about us are the crumbings of a great long block of baked sandstone, in a vertical layer, baked by the granite, and carried up by the force of its expanding, carried off like a resisting slave by a conqueror, not really conquered!

“Just to see that black bit thrills me, Perdita. Think! It means the sea. It means that mighty thrust, perhaps two or three such. It means the old highland that afterward slumped down, over there to the east where Owens Valley lies. It means the freeing

of the pressure on the unimaginable hot solid below. It means the melting and upwelling of all that mass. It means the crystallizing. (If you were once to see through a big microscope those interlocking crystals in a shaving of rock!) It means the centuries of slow wearing away, tiny bit by tiny bit——”

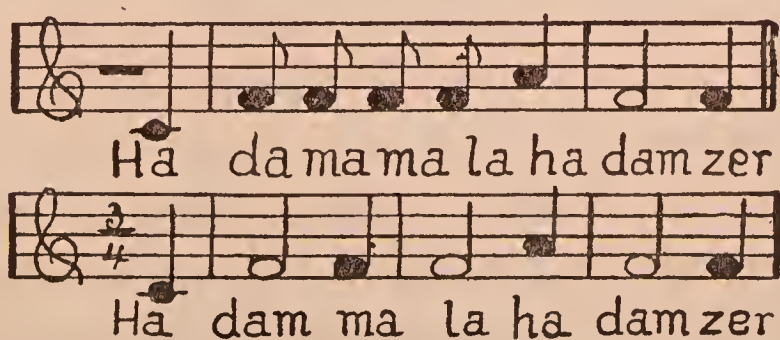
Ruth paused, her eyes half shut in a dream.

And Perdita—Perdita who scoffed at Phebe’s fairy fancies, and was bored when Emily’s awakening sense of beauty held her staring at sunset cloud or henna-colored lichen—Perdita felt something new stirring within her. With the sharp edge of the black baked sandstone gripped in her palm, fairly cutting it, she watched the surf of that ages-ago ocean, saw the “Wild, white horses foam and fret,” hearkened to the roar of incoming seas, tasted salt upon the air, saw a cormorant dip and dive. She felt the swish of waves on sands, caught a glimmer of the meaning of the pressure that made sand grains into rock, shivered at the great Thrust throwing up the layers on edge, gasped at the image that came next, of the upwelling, swelling, melting granite—though her image of it was somewhat like a cross between boiling fudge and a fire-spitting dragon!

Then the inner vision stopped abruptly. But still there was the black rock, part of the great layer lifted up, resistant to granite’s heat, wearing away now before rain and sun and wind and frost, never ceasing their tiny operations. And there was the granite all

about, wearing away, too, like the other. And there was the wide mountain country before her, peaks, talus slopes and valleys, cirques and lakes and cascades, stretching as far as she could see, north and south, already half its width, east to west, behind her, a month's plodding of her feet and the little burros', and as much more lay ahead.

And Perdita, always flippant and ready of tongue, said nothing. Ruth, rousing from her own dream, looked at the girl with sudden hope. The thrust had come late to Ruth's own heavily-bedded mind, but it had come, and an upwelling had come with it. She could never forget the fierceness of that crumpling of the layers of dullness and pettiness and apathy in her mind, nor the passionate ardency of the intellectual desire that followed. She rose now and, leading the way to a stretch of fine talus, leaped down it in long strides, Perdita following, joining lustily in the antiphonal song with which mountain folk in Central Asia descend such slopes:



CHAPTER IX

YEAST: AN INTERLUDE

WHILE Ruth and Perdita were adventuring on the mountainside that fair summer's day, Santa Clara, with sketch-book in hand, had wandered some distance out of camp, in search of the flowers that sprang up out of the débris of granite as freely as in an English garden's borders. She never plucked them, but, like the Japanese, visited them where they grew, loved them, sketched them, took the memory of them away with her against colorless hours that might come.

She had been drawn to a great overhanging cliff, under whose face she saw a mass of starry columbines, pale yellow and lucent white. But as she approached, she heard a sound of sobbing, and startled, turned aside. Behind a huge fallen block of scree she came upon a tumbled pile of golden-green tweed and dark hair.

"Emily, Emily darling, are you hurt? Did you fall? Tell me, instantly. Look up here!"

Poor Emily lifted swollen cheeks and buried them again in her arms, sobbing.

"No, no, I'm all right. What did you come for? I couldn't cry in camp, and I had to cry somewhere!"

"Can't you tell me about it, dear?"

"What's the use? You wouldn't understand."

Everybody loves you. And everybody loves Phebe. And Perdita doesn't care whether they love her or not. But nobody loves me, and I can't bear it!"

Clara sat down alongside, and waited.

"They call Phebe, darling, and they call Perdita Coppertop, but they just call me Emily. And when I begin talking, nobody listens, and nobody ever asks me to go for a walk——"

"There, child. That's enough. Can't you see yourself how foolish all this is? There is something the matter with you, but it's not what you think it is. Shall I diagnose your case for you?"

Emily nodded, and abated her sobs to listen. The storm had spent itself, anyhow.

"The deep-seated root of your trouble, my dear patient," Clara went on lightly, but with a tone of tenderness in her voice, "is chronic and incurable. It is that you are a woman. Dear, all that is the matter with you now, is nature stirring in you. You see, you were made to love and to be loved, not only to love your mother and Phebe and your girl chums, but some day, when everything is quite ready, to love your own man and your own children, and to be loved by them. You know how, when we put the yeast into the dough, it bubbles and bubbles and changes all the flour and water and salt into something very different. It's like that with you. Nature puts a yeast-cake into every woman-nature she makes and under certain conditions, it 'works' and makes her a power. But

we don't live simply, and with an eye only to nature's purposes, nowadays, so sometimes, instead of a peaceful rising of our bread we get a stormy fermenting that hurts. It does hurt, dear, I know. No girl ever grows to be a woman nowadays, probably, without knowing some of that restless hurt. But it doesn't hurt half so much when you know what it is. The worst pain comes when you don't know, and try to explain it. When you felt wretched to-day, if you had understood rightly, you would have said: 'O dear, that ferment of mine is working a bit to-day, ahead of time again. I must bottle it up, to wait till the right time comes. I'm glad it's there, for when my liege lord comes, and wants me, I'll be all ready to join with him, and make a fine loaf of bread in the world, tra la. Meanwhile, this uncomfortable feeling in my heart is no worse than a little headache or a burnt finger, or a stomach-ache. It doesn't mean that any one dislikes me, or anything silly like that. And if I go to work, and think about something else than my own self, it will pass off, and I'll feel just as jolly and full of nonsense as I did last night.'"

Emily was staring, full of interest. "What a funny way to talk, Santa Clara!" she exclaimed, in a natural voice, presently. "You are the queerest!"

"It's straight sense, young person," returned Clara. "You go about a good deal of the time, dreaming and thinking of Emily Webster. You don't hear what the rest of us say, and you don't wake up to your share

of the work, sometimes, not that you aren't willing to do it, I think, but only because you are so engrossed in your own thoughts that you don't see what there is to do. And occasionally that irritates the rest of us a little. And if we don't call you sweet names as we do Phebe, it's because you aren't always 'all there,' and she always is. She thinks of the rest of us, and you think of you. And there seems to be a law in life, that one person can be thought about only so much, and no more. If one undertakes to do the thinking about one's own self, other people will leave it all to one, and attend, either to themselves or to some one else. For instance, right now, you are so engaged in thinking about that fermenting yeast of yours, you've clean forgotten that I was out here to sketch flowers, not to relieve maidens in distress. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Wonderful columbines they were, too, quite hopeless to sketch, but all the more necessity for looking hard at them, and holding them in one's head. Did you notice them on the way here?"

Emily shook her head shamefacedly. "I just stumbled up here to cry. Where are the columbines? I do love them. I wish you'd show me."

And two minutes later, two worshippers were on their knees before that great, starry clump of quivering, honey-colored blossoms, the ferment of woman in their respective breasts recognized, and gently set aside until its hour, their whole natures meanwhile drinking deep of the beauty before which they knelt.

CHAPTER X

HIGH CAMP

AT THE edge of the sky. Just at dawn the pack-train crawled up the last, long slope, past a great cornice of perpetual snow, to a blackened cliff where a stout stone fireplace and an array of dry sticks stood on end, with even a little hoard of shavings in a cranny, greeted them in the name of Three-Corner Round.

East and west, north and south, they looked, without obstruction. They paused to gaze, even before loosening the cinches of their tired riding animals, or kindling that hospitable fire.

The moon, full, was low in the west, and the jagged peaks in the east, going down over the earth's rim into daylight, were each, either fringed with light, or curiously diaphanous, almost translucent, buoyed up on a drift of purple haze, till they seemed rather to be descending from Heaven than to be part of earth.

"Come, chickens, choose your bed-sites. You'll find excellent ones smoothed off for you. Bess and Gretchen were wonderful workers with pick and shovel last year, and they left fine places. Now Joe will make us some good, hot, chocolate malted milk. Wasn't it good to have the little goats to stay us that

last hour? The boys will do the unpacking, and then straight to bed, all of you, the minute the sun is fully up."

"I'll bet the old boys slept all day after the twenty-four hour march."

"Not all. As I heard the tale, one at least was ready after an hour's nap to help the Sahib get wood and water. There had been nobody ahead of them to prepare, you know."

"Must have been fun, exploring. Was it really twenty-four hours, Chieftaine? Or was that just a figure of speech?"

"No, really. From dawn to dawn. With an hour's nap over there, just beyond where we camped last night, near where you peeped over the precipice to see the lake in the moonlight. They had to wait for the moon to come up, so that they could go on chopping the trail. There wasn't a spot fit for camping, or turning out the beasts, short of this. Imagine trying to make camp in that white-pine mat, or getting through it without the pretty trail we came by!"

"Weren't they starved?"

"Of course, though they stopped for tea and soup by the way (and Quarter-Mistress started sponge for bread while they chopped trail, and carried it into camp, still rising nicely. I've heard her tell of that). But starving was part of the interest. Not one of those boys, I'll wager, had ever had too little to eat for a whole day in his life, and most of them had often had

too much. Can you imagine anything more stupid, anyhow, than feeling obliged to fill your stomach three times a day, seven days a week, four weeks a month, twelve months a year, seventy years of life?"

"That's so," reflected Phebe, "but eating's fun, and you get into the habit of it. I suppose you wouldn't die in one day though, if you didn't have a single thing."

"Well, I know something stupider," put in Emily. "And that's spending all your precious nights in bed. Why, you might die without ever knowing what night was like. I used to think it was Dark, and I was afraid of it, but now I think it's friendly. It's like a kind of flower, it's so soft. And you can hear so much better in it, all sorts of little sounds. And the stars are much lovelier than the old sun, *I think.*"

"Hsh! There he comes! That was a wicked thing to say just now, Emily Webster," declared Perdita. "'Good Morrow, Lord Sun!'" And she bowed low to the ground as the great golden glory burst upon their sight in a gap between two of those jagged peaks.

"See the shadows! Our shadows now!" cried Phebe. "And O! do look at these lovely little flowers! The gravel's all full of them! Tiniest silver leaves, all folded, like little fairy sword-blades of steel. And the flowers are like little pea-blossoms, tiny blue and white bonnets!"

"It's your old friend lupine in its Alpine dress. You've seen it higher than your head down in the valley. And here see! Fairy phlox, and tiny asters

like little buttons fastened to the ground. Some day when you go to Florence," Clara added, "you'll see quaint old paintings of artists who were just learning to paint. Their mountains won't stay in the background, no matter how hard they try—you'll sympathize with them, Emily, won't you? I do! And in the foregrounds they often paint neat little flowers, very, very carefully. These make me think of those. Those will make you think of these. Look out, Cop-pertop! Don't go to sleep right in your chocolate cup. Drink it down, and get yourself inside your blankets quick, quick, quick!"

A wonderful place to dwell for a few days and nights, that great almost-flat mountain-top, with its full circle of horizon, Mount Humphrey and his peers showing on the eastern sky-line, Red and Three Sisters on the western; even, in clear hours, the Coast Range glimpsed surely. It was like riding the earth bare-back, camping there. Facing eastward at sunset, one could feel the rush of that unimaginable sweep, as the mountain left the sunlit space and rolled into the star-lit. Or one watched, facing westward, the sky-line rise across the face of the sun, and the rosy-bordered shadow spread itself upon the sky. No one resented the bugle in that camp: the miracle of the dawn up there, beyond the tree-line, was potent to reach the most sleep-besodden.

None but Three-Corner Rounders would have conceived the spot as a possible camping-site. Water for

drinking was hauled a long, long way up, on donkey-back. For abbreviated bathing and for cooking and dish-washing, they melted snow from that great cornice, in whose hollows tiny, rosy finches hopped about, gathering insects and wind-blown seeds. The girls descended with José and Manuel a long mile to the last wood, driving back a long train of donkeys with sticks of wood piled all over them, till the donkey was lost to view, all but his sturdy little legs, and perhaps a pointed ear somewhere. It was necessary to leave some wood for the next year, to carry on the outfit's tradition. They devised meals which should require little fuel, and instead of the nightly camp-fire which they had enjoyed hitherto, in their richly fuelled camps, they sat about the tiny fire, which Joe told them was the Indian's fire as opposed to the white man's. They tried to stay their appetites all one day with the Indians' food, parched corn put into the mouth along with a big drink of water. The camping manuals praised it highly, and the idea of economizing on labor and on wood appealed to them all, in theory, but alas! not at all in practice!

"It makes me feel ashamed," Perdita remarked, when she had fallen hungrily on a bag of emergency biscuit, "just to think how much more independent those donkeys are than I am. They sleep anywhere, out of the wind, without any bed-clothes, and I have to pick every darn stone and even a thick little plant like a lupine one, out of my bed-site, and then I have to

have three good thick blankets to keep me warm, and a tarp to keep me dry. Every donkey raises his own blanket on his own back, and it took I don't know how many camels or sheep to keep one of us from dying with cold."

"And they find their own food so easily," agreed Phebe. "Just climb around among the rocks and get one nibble here, and then walk about a mile and a quarter, seems to me, to get the next nibble. I should think they'd use up all the strength they get out of the food, climbing around, hunting for it. They don't seem to like the meadow-grass, where it's nice and thick and juicy, do they, Joe?"

"Bunch-grass, dey like, Missy, dat grows high up on de hills. Sweet it is and strong for 'em. Dey knows what dey wants, dem little booroos. Don't you go to worryin' about 'em."

The altitude of this camp was about twelve thousand. They all felt exhilarated. And besides, the summit sense was upon them. They felt epochal achievement in having thus got up, by long, slow stages, from the low, rounded foothills about Tollhouse, to this point, remote from any sign of man, in the very heart of the great, austere peaks. After days of marching with this camp as immediate objective, they settled down with a feeling of leisure, to occupations long-postponed. Emily tried golden pudding, a poetic concoction, with brown bread as a basis, raisins, dates, nuts, and spices applied freely, and a beautiful star of orange slices on top.

Ruth got out her jewel-box, with its trays of bright inch-square specimens of rocks and minerals. Phebe joined her in rapt admiration of the beauties of color and grain and lustre, and while Ruth identified her findings of the month, Phebe dreamed out a ball-gown for Cinderella, of azurite, with furry bands of soft, fibrous talc, transparent sleeves of pale pink tourmaline, and slippers of pure quartz crystal. Then she planned a court costume for the prince, of jasper velvet, slashed to show topaz satin, and tiny galena buckles to his shining hornblende shoes. "And when the clock struck twelve," she murmured, "all her pretty clothes turned into rusty old limonite, and the glass slippers into stupid, plain brown mud."

It was in those days of leisure, too, that Phebe dipped into that forbidding-looking book, Dana's *Mineralogy*, bringing up as a trophy a most beautiful series of color-words, which she learned by heart and chanted over her tasks:

"Emerald-green, bluish-green, mountain-green, apple-green, pistachio-green," or "ruby-red, cochineal-red, hyacinth-red, orange-red, crimson-red, scarlet, rose-red, pink."

Clara spent whole days sketching the wide skyline of peaks, fascinated by the momentary changes made by shifting lights and shadows, and the revelation of form and perspective as the day progressed. The middle-aged note-book, for some time dormant, was roused again, to receive such aphorisms as this:

“No dogmatist could sketch a mountain peak from day to day from different points of view, or from hour to hour from one viewpoint, and have left a shred of dogmatism about him.”

Perdita was less sedentary in her tastes. She got Manuel to hang her over the steepest cliff-face by a rope, the end of which she had first, under his tuition, crowned with a “Turk’s head.” It was she, prowling about the Three-Corner Round cairn on the high point where the boys had had their transit station, who found in a little tobacco-tin a pathetic half-sheet of paper, on which a Spanish shepherd had inscribed his name, and under it, a “List of Spanish Cityis, Madrid, Valladolid, Salamanca, Valencia, Vitoria,” beguiling a homesick hour, there in his lonely range, with only his sheep and two little pack-asses for company.

And it was Perdita who undertook, when Joe went out taking fifteen donkeys to meet the incoming pack-train, which was to bring midsummer mail and the next two months’ provisions, to call the roll of the others every day. She always impressed one of the other girls into this service. It was a most difficult thing to find all those mobile creatures. Their hoofs made tracks which Manuel and José, usually, and Joe always, could follow, but to the girls they were as meaningless as Urdu characters. Perdita privately believed that some at least could fly.

It was fun to stand on a high rock and watch the donkeys feeding. Amazing how hard it was to count

them. They say that famous mathematicians at high altitudes have been known to dispute the sum of two and two. That may have been why one girl would count 29 and another 31, and that no amount of checking, or adding and subtracting, could make the number tally with the known number of donkeys who should be present. The only safe way was to find each donkey in person, salute him, examine his tiny brass tag, even if you were "certain sure" who he was, and enter his number in a note-book. Pat and Dagobert looked a good deal alike, unless you had them side by side, and could see that Pat's hair on his back inclined to curl, and that Dagobert had a kind of fringe. And so on. As you came to know them better, each one revealed markings or habits or personality quite distinctive. Pinyon, of course, was the only black-nosed donkey ever seen in America. Gom, the old senator, always sided with the majority, and was never moved by anything to the point of lifting or drooping his century-old ears. Harlequin was as shy as a wild bird, and needed to be made love to, to get him to do anything at all novel, like crossing a brook, or climbing down a rock stairway. There was dainty Etta, the quitter, given, as generations of girls and boys had discovered, to lying down in critical places, with her pretty head hanging over a precipice, waiting for someone to unpack her and drag her bodily up. There was little Shrimp, who with her daughters, Luella, Jiffy, and Acrobat, and her grandson, Chota, would sweep down

anywhere, scramble up anywhere, without assistance from any one. There was faithful old Beast, who when his friend Black fell down a long, long trail, up which they had just been toilsomely urged, looked wistfully back, and then fell loyally down, too. And there was Jimbo whose hind legs were auburn, and Pegasus, who wore long black stockings, and had a white star on his forehead. And handsome Buck, and meek old Outlaw, so named because he had been sold to the outfit by a man with a price on his head. And meek, blue-eyed Nigger, who would endure so much, but whose bucking, when roused, was most effective.

Perdita loved to name them all, feel their fat necks judiciously, to see if those emergency larders were being kept full, and often, often, to repeat the never-failing pastime of drawing a pair of docile ears to the ground, seating herself on a stout neck, and then, letting herself be lifted as the head came to a normal position, sliding on to the broad back, and slipping off to the ground again, before or after the quivers that precede a bucking. And there were the furry little colts, gambolling like kittens, as much fun to watch as the little goats. There was even a possibility of pitting goat and colt against each other for a bit of excitement.

So, "to each after his will," the days of leisure on the mountain-top slipped away.

CHAPTER XI

MIDSUMMER MAIL

THREE full days had passed since Joe had departed. He had only to go, with his donkeys light, the length of the little valley below them, past Lake Rose, and another little strip of blue farther up the valley, not named on the map, and so over Seldon Pass. The packer, who was to bring in the supplies and post by Piute Pass from Owens Valley, was due two days before Joe started. His instructions were to cache the supplies if he could not wait. Joe should have been sighted, coming back over Seldon Pass, on the third day, surely.

Supplies every day grew visibly lower. The cocoa had run out before they reached High Camp. The cheese vanished the day of their arrival. Phebe lamented loudly over the last empty cinnamon-tin. Macaroni enough for one more baking, not au gratin this time; two glasses of Mrs. Webster's precious roselle jelly ("Fancy eating flowers! But Mrs. Webster puts a flower-touch into everything she says or does," said Ruth to Perdita and Clara. "You should see her adorable kitchen. It is like a dainty flax-flower itself"). There was plenty of bacon and a huge quantity

of flour ("I always calculate, and then double, on bacon and flour. It would be so terrible to run out!"). The butter had kept sweet all the two months, thanks to the dry, cool air, and the faithfulness with which it was watered, and exposed at night, but now it was all gone. Bread had to be eaten with honey, and only one comb of that was left. A few rather dubious eggs were lurking in the last layers of bran in their sea-weed-quilt-lined kyack, and the oranges, doled out one a day, would last for another week.

Ruth sang a dreary melody:

"First the food failed,
Then the wood failed,
Then the last water dried.
In the faith of little children
They lay down and died!"

Perdita organized the three girls into lookouts, with regular watches, and an elaborate system of signals, to be displayed from the top of the cairn.

The fourth day passed with nothing sighted. The fifth was well along. Perdita was on watch, looking very business-like, with the black case of the field glasses slung over her shoulder, the glasses firmly held to her eye.

Below, on a sunny rock, Emily basked, indolent utterly in a sun, which a native of England would avoid as a plague, hiding his fog-bred head under a great topi, but which to a true Californian is as sweet as a mother's

caress. Phebe beside her, humped over some writing, presently asked: "How do you spell 'kyack'?"

"'K-y-a-c-k', I suppose. What are you doing?" Emily rolled over on her side, and looked lazily at her sister.

"I'm making a dictionary of new words I've learned out here. Got most of 'em from Joe."

"Where'd you get the note-book?" Emily put out a hand and annexed the little index-edged book.

"Chieftaine. It's like the one she calls her brain. You know, she has everything put down in its proper place in the alphabet: Beans, Donkey No. 14, Butter, No. 20, Cocoa, 12, Candles, 12, Flour, 16—like that."

"Is that how she tells? I never noticed. She sends me for something sometimes, and I thought it was queer it was always where she said. What's an alforkis?"

"Read for yourself. It's a dictionary. Joe says our pack-bags and fibre boxes aren't kyacks at all. Kyacks are all in one piece, and go over the animal's back, and hang down on both sides. Our bags are alforkises. I think it's interesting to know the right names for things."

"Well," yawned Emily, tossing back the little book. "'Sweepings' isn't the right word for 'hash,' whatever Joe says. I think it's vulgar."

"It's funny," protested Phebe, "and so is 'getting deep enough' when you mean you're going to quit your job. And 'canary birds' for donkeys, 'cause they sing so sweetly. 'Canary birds of the desert'

Joe calls them, when he doesn't call them his 'little frien's.' O, Emily, what do you think I've found out?"

"Shoot!" Emily had rolled back on her back and was courting freckles on the bridge of her nose.

"I've found out how to stop the donkeys from braying!"

"A lot you have! Read it in Galton: *Art of Travel*. So did I. Tie a brick to their tails, so they can't lift 'em. They can't bray with their tails down."

"No, that would be cruel. I found this out myself. You know how fearfully they bray when they see the nose-bags coming. Well, one day when Santa Clara was having a rest-day, I knew she was almost asleep, and I did hate to have her wakened. So I watched very carefully, and I discovered that you could tell when they were going to begin. They don't start right off in a bray. They have to get ready. And if you get them at just the right point you can stop them. After a certain place they can't stop themselves, but before that, if I just run up to one and tap him on his nose, he stops like a shot. I've tried it privately each feeding-time, lately, and it always works. And now, if I just catch their eye, and shake my finger, they stop. I'm beginning to understand the magics Joe does with his long stick, when he runs down the line and makes them behave."

"I'd do a magic on them with a long stick, myself, if I had to drive them. That Pinto always holds back when they come to water, and breaks the halter between

him and the next donkey. He needs a licking, like I gave Omelet."

"But licking doesn't do any good," Phebe declared solemnly. "They don't even feel it. You could break a crow-bar on them without their knowing it, I'm certain. I saw José thrash Shrimp once till he was out of breath, and she just wiggled one ear a little and then stepped over to a nice bunch of grass and ate it as calmly as if he had been a butterfly. It takes magic, or something inside your character, *I* think, to make them mind. They don't like José, but they'll do anything for Joe or Ruth or Perdita or me."

"Come along *up!!!* They're coming!" shrieked Perdita, hopping wildly on her high place.

Emily sprang to her feet, and Phebe tucked her dictionary into her pocket and followed.

"Where? Why didn't you give the signal?"

"There, just coming over the pass. Look! That must be Red up against the sky, with his ears out straight and his big white tarp on. I forgot the signal. But no matter. Look, Santa Clara, that's Red."

"Looks like an Irish saint," commented Clara, "blessing the people. There, he's moving. Who's the next one, wise child?"

"Must be Buster or Chubby. What Joe sees in those old white donkeys is beyond me. They're always in the awkward squad, and yet he chose them for an important job like this. See! Chubby's balking now. Hit him, Joe!" She screamed as lustily as though Joe, several

miles away, could hear her. Immediately the Noah's Ark little figure moved forward, and another took his place against the sky. They watched till all fifteen had been brought over, and then a little later they saw the smoke of Joe's camp-fire at the foot of the pass. They turned in early, full of excited anticipation of the morrow.

Before Ruth had looked for her bugle, a loud braying and Joe's shout had them all awake:

"Grub and letters, little ladies! Bushels of letters!"

Only those who have lived two whole months away from post or telegraph can appreciate the intense eagerness prevailing as Ruth in her huge, gold-embroidered, Kabul sheepskin cloak went from bedside to bedside distributing the letters.

The whole day was a hectic one. Chores were done casually or forgotten entirely. Ruth and the boys found themselves left quite alone at the task of getting food out of commercial containers into paraffined bags, and then into evenly balanced kyacks: a task which would on another day have commanded keenest interest and most ardent assistance. Ruth's own feeling toward a mail-bag had come to be one of shyness rather than of eagerness: such a power of shattering mountain tranquillity lay therein, such a possibility of a jarring contact with the ephemeral and the worrisome. "Though," she confessed to Clara, wondering at the pile of unopened letters beside her as she swiftly labelled and indexed and tightly tied the food-bags, "anything of that sort is compensated for by the sweet-

ness of the letters one's real friends write to one out here. You escape all the little trivial notes which need immediate answers, and really don't matter at all. They only write to you of things that really count. When they think of you, they know they can't reach you inside of two or three months, and perhaps not then, and they know, too, that you are dwelling in high places, where values are clear. So when they do write, it is their hearts they dip their pens into, not their ink-pots. I never feel so close to my beloveds in their bodily presences as I do here, sometimes, reading a real spirit-to-spirit letter in some enchanted spot. That's another reason for leaving them till the food is packed. This bacon needs scraping, Manuel. You and José must do five or six sides every day till it's all clean, and be sure you keep excelsior between them in the kyacks. For instance, Santa Clara," Ruth went on, pushing the letters over with her elbow, her hands not ceasing their work, "I see a long, Indian, registered envelope sticking out there. That's from my god-mother. She and I get on each other's nerves in the flesh, but I know I shall love that letter, and that she loved writing it. I'll read it to you all after supper."

When the camp-fire was lighted (larger wood used this time, because day after to-morrow they should march, and there was enough and to spare), each read one letter aloud by the flickering flame. They began with Phebe who read, as seriously as if she were giving a declamation in public, a merry letter from her father

about a motor-trip across the Colorado desert in his Packard. Perdita shared with them a brief, bald note from her twin Peter, and Emily contributed a rather technical prophecy as to her High School's football prospects for the coming season.

Clara selected from her personal bushel a letter (which those of you who may have met any of these folk "somewhere in Story-books" before, may care to read, by others easily omitted).

"My dear One-Time Contemporary:

"I hardly know how to write you, now that you have escaped from Forty.

"As I write prescriptions day after day for poor frames, giving way at weak points before that fearsome foe's attacks, I am tempted to make them all like the one I gave you that May day:

For Mediaevalitis

Children	3 or 4 daily, at close quarters
Spirit of Adventure . . .	1 heartfelt
Distance from Home . . .	1000 miles at least
Open Skies	24 hours on end daily
Animals	Enough to know them
Physical Exertion	To sweating and aching point daily

Elimination of:

Duty	} Complete.
Routine	
Sense of Importance to Anyone Anywhere	
Mix well and prayerfully and take daily for three or four months.	

"Would any one else have had the courage and the wit, and the faith in God and a friend, to take it literally as you did, I wonder?"

"Since the first brief announcement of your kidnapping of Perdita I have had no news: a most hopeful symptom."

"I shall not intrude on that new atmosphere with elderly chit-chat, only give you a few scraps of news that even on Mars might interest you."

"Hannah Eldred's second baby girl is a joyous blue-eyed Stephanie."

"My Catherine's Karl has at last turned up after incredible adventures in German prisons, military and civil, a physical wreck, but so glad merely to be alive, and to be with his family again under non-Prussian skies, that life-long invalidism seems as naught either to Catherine or to himself. Both learned early, you know, to keep our brother the Body in his proper place."

"Alice Prescott is now Alice Evans, one of those mature marriages that you are always confident about. You can't distrust Alice's judgment."

"Frieda, Hannah writes, has returned to a sort of elegant almshouse, for decayed gentlewomen, and is devoting herself to reading Kant! I misdoubt it is a cloak for Red Bolshevism."

"Peter and Elsmere are disconsolate without Perdita. They feel condemned because she got herself kidnapped under their very noses. Without her to guide them they are like bombs without dynamite. They affect Western manners and clank about the streets in spurs, with sombreros and bandannas, but they lack spirit."

"Polly Osgood is running the Library this summer, making a charming place of it.

"Harlow's greetings with mine to you, dear one.

"Affectionately,

"HELEN SMITH."

"Now for the Himalayan letter," said Ruth, "to resolve us to our own dominant chord again. We shall sleep better if we get into mountains once more. That motor-trip of your dad's, Phebe, made my head spin, it was so much faster than our sober burro-pace.

"*Dear God-Daughter:*

"What time you dwell in the haunts of men I rarely feel moved to write to you.

"But now, from these Central Asian heights to your American Sierras, there seems to be an open channel for thoughts and emotions.

"We are encamped to-day on a little hill about as high as your most skyward peak. Gentle slopes, grassy and flowerful, and old valley-curves make the climbing so easy that one doubts one's boiling point thermometer. (Maps of these parts are inadequate.)

"Everything here is on so huge a scale that I turn in thought to your limited and lovely mountains as one might turn from a great fresco to a miniature, from a 360 degree sunset to a butterfly's wing, from the gardens of Paradise to a country wild-rose-tree!

"I have turned my back on Nanga Parbat this minute. For weeks we have stalked her. Moving like a nomad tribe, twenty-four pack-ponies, a dozen riding-ponies, a host of coolies and ghore-wale, a dzo, a Yarkandi dog (with clipped ears like Coupe-Oreille!)

a dozen sheep, little milch goats in sufficient number to yield milk for cocoa for three, twice daily (I leave you to calculate!) in the care of a little old black bakri-wala who says his prayers picturesquely among the rocks at sunset, hens in wicker crates, and a rooster who greets the dawn from our high camps as prosaically as he ever did from a lowland farmyard, our seven good Ladaki servants, sturdy, song-loving, willing, our tents of all descriptions, gypsy three-pole for sahibs, old American Sibley for caravan bashi, a Lhasa one with a slit for ridge for the cook-tent, an old British ridge for the men, and none at all for the coolies.

“Nanga Parbat has been worshipped for many years as the star in the jewelled crown of Kashmir. Poets have tried to express her; painters throw down their brushes before her in despair. Climbers have given their lives without getting more than a little way up her forbidding, beautiful sides. Summer colonies camp where a view, mists permitting, may now and then be had of her.

“And we set out to see her.

“The first glimpse was from a subsidiary camp, 16,000 plus, above a pass to which a detachment from the main caravan carried bedding, cooking utensils, firewood and water. Snow fell in the first half-hour, and clouds were thick in the N. P. quarter. Huddled over a tiny fire close to a glacier we ate chipattis and pilao, and then got into all our blankets on a flat place at the edge of a precipice, down which stones leaped and bounded at intervals all night. Mists formed and dissipated, above us, below us, about us. In the pass, five hundred feet below, the varying air currents which always beset passes drove the mists in three or four different directions at once, one of the directions being

straight up. Near-by peaks became remote and magical. Commonplace slopes were touched with utter beauty, the half-glimpsed fascinating as it always is in any field of observation. No sign of Nanga Parbat, but the beauty of the mists repaid us for effort and discomfort.

"Night was broken into by involuntary sleep, but we were awake to see the full moon burning its way through a cloud, as the eastern ridge turned swiftly down into its realm of light. And at the earliest crack of dawn, we caught our breath with rapture, for in the quarter which had been thick with cloud ever since our coming, there was visible on the sky, far above the cloud, a tiny, infinitely remote triangle, which we knew must be Nanga Parbat's summit.

"With teeth chattering and toes numb, we beat our breasts and waited and waited and waited, for dawn to catch that 'hat of mountain' before the cloud should again envelop it.

"At last! It came! The light upon it, sheer burning radiance, over that wide sea of dull, gray cloud. Nothing else on earth touched yet by light. Below the cloud, vertical white walls showed now, presently themselves sunlit.

"We could not, for long, behold it. The gray cloud gradually stole up and gradually crept down, till the whole quarter was once more as dull as yesterday. But we *had* seen it, and nothing could alter that most glorifying fact. So, breakfasted and cheerful, we struck camp and made off, by slow stages, to the next point, miles away, down a tributary and up the Shingo Valley.

"A 'bundobust' camp had to be made here, on a wide river-terrace, near patches of peas and barley (at more than 14,000, dear!) with a wee mud village which

exuded scores of dirt-colored humans with bright, dark eyes, good features, and most raucous voices.

"While Ibrahim made 'bundobust,' bargained for wood, eggs, goats and carriers, we absented ourselves from the gaping populace (I must not omit to say that the evil eye, *kharab ankh*, was cast upon my gorgeously caparisoned, my jewel horse, Tomar, in that valley!) and climbed straight up through groves of tiny, white birch trees, over moraine to crags, and suddenly lifted, over the valley walls, Nanga—sharp-cut, defined, snow clinging to her terrific precipices, a long jagged arrête showing to the west of her.

"We watched her for hours in full sunlight, new spurs developing as the light changed. We lay down and looked at her. We tipped our heads upside down and looked at her that way, steepening her pitch and removing her to greater distances (you know that trick, of course?). We went to sleep in her presence and woke to find her still there. Such of us as had wind and muscle devoted the night to watching her from the ridge itself, by sunset, moonlight, and dawn again.

"Then—off, all bundobusted, for a nearer view.

"This was vouchsafed only to the hardiest, from a camp on a very summit. All that I got of that camp was the joy of watching Khalik and Samat come leaping down the talus slope to the pass, singing 'the song that makes heavy loads light'—

("We know," breathed Perdita, rapturous.)

"while the caravan coming up from the main camp in the valley below, responded in antiphonal fashion, the way they love to sing in all these regions. The wind from the pass made the effect more interesting. Sketch-book notes of that night's vigil hint at 'white-gold,' 'red-gold,' 'burning gold.'

"Now, where I write, we are for two days encamped full in the face of the glorious mountain. On the march here, over the queer, stony plateaus and grassy valleys of the Deosai, we had first a flashing view, in which we got an effect of great, flowing white folds like the garments Giotto painted; then, a most perfectly composed view, framed in long slopes, seen over a little pass (as high as Whitney!) and a round sapphire lake, the tall hooded larkspur (possibly aconite?) bluer still, thick in the green grass beside it.

"When we had reached camp, mists had begun to form on the mountain's sides, and by the time the tribe was all established, she was blotted out completely, for all day, as it proved.

"We made our beds where we could watch for her. The sky was clear and starful, but though the low, dark hills between us and Nanga showed plainly every time I looked, I could see nothing of Nanga herself. In fact, I thought I saw Vega and some minor stars actually in the place where she must be, and I began to think of magics.

"We waited for the moon, an old moon by now. It came up over the serrated wall behind us, most weirdly, a shrunken, dim, old thing, till suddenly two shiny gold horns appeared, and then the rest of the crescent holding up the old moon.

"Even this brightness could not bring Nanga onto real visibility. Little by little a dimness appeared where she should be, and then the dawn twilight made her, little by little, define herself.

"Cloudless, perfect, she waited for the sun. The twilight shadow formed gradually behind her, above her, its rosy edge spanning the heavens above the mountain, and above the valley down which we gazed

at her. No Giottesque robes now; sharp angular faces, snow-beaten, not snow-heaped. And the eastern face, into which we now looked full, appeared a cirque, black-shadowed.

"The sun's first burning touch! Only music could interpret that. Color came and went before a painter could have turned to his palette: faintest mauve, a sudden gold like the gold into which I had breathed last night's white ashes for a moment. At one instant a long, even line was drawn along the whole ten miles of face, with a purplish shadow below. This, says my lord, was the shadow of the outer rim of the Deosai flung there.

"For the emotions of such a watching (this time from sufficient blankets, and in a merciful temperature!), I can turn to you, my mountain child, for sympathy.

"Think! You have, from far out in the desert, seen San Jacinto's vertical eleven thousand feet. Imagine the whole region lifted up until your station in the desert was a thousand feet higher than the top of Split—and then all the desert between you and San Jacinto dropped five or six thousand feet!

"This sight, which we would have willingly given a year of our joyous lives to see, is seen by no one. Only marmots inhabit these plains. The few passers on the trail march with eyes directed to the dust. From the village of four houses a couple of miles below our camp, the mountain is entirely invisible.

"'What is man that Thou art mindful of him, Lord God Jehovah, Dweller in the High Places?'

"YOUR GODMOTHER.

"P.S. Sunset. The mountain kept the light long after we had lost it. The whole mass became transluc-

ent, lifted, buoyed up to immense remote heights, a body of cloud separating it from the dark, near hills, so that it seemed to be in another sphere than ours. Its outlines now are clear, with a halo—of blowing snow? Of mist? perhaps of sheer light. It is a Mount of Transfiguration. And to-morrow there will be another dawn.”

CHAPTER XII

TO THE WHITE POLEMONIUM

UP, WHILE the stars were still in the sky, "at five o'clock in the night" as a marvelling late-riser had once said of Three-Corner Round awakenings. All packers must rise early on the day of the march, but to some dull souls that privilege is no privilege. All Three-Corner Rounders, once acclimatized, love the dawn for its own sake. Naps in the middle of the day, or bed as soon as the sun's last touch has left the sky, give hours a-plenty for sleeping. There is an enchantment in the hour before the dawn, and in the dawn itself, which no other hour of the whole circuit possesses. That is, of course, when one is speaking to dwellers "*à la belle étoile*," not to housebodies, who see overhead when they wake only papered ceilings!

Breakfasting, bringing in the little burros, frisky after a whole week's running, saddling, packing, cleaning the camp so that only the blackened fireplace and the tidy wood-pile should show that any one had ever camped there, putting up a big lunch, for the march was to be a long one—and they were off when the sun had only just come over the eastern *arrête*!

Down the long, steep talus to where the first trees (or

the last, as you look at it!) grew, white-bark pine again, here, for this was a true above-timber-line camp. The great yellow pines with boughs big enough for an ordinary tree-trunk, the tall sugar-pines with graceful lines and long, slender cones, the fine old firs, the white with its bark of most exquisite shades, and the red, with its great, deep purple shafts, were all left behind now, at lower altitudes. From now on they were to see more and more the uninteresting little lodge-pole pine, with its needles in bunches of two, and the white-bark, whose first, thick, impenetrable mats they had met just before High Camp. An occasional fir or juniper was still to be found on their marches, and when they were to get high enough they were to find the loveliest of all the Pacific conifers, the mountain hemlock, dainty as a larch. They had been studying "the tree book" in those days of leisure, and were keen to identify the trees as they came to them.

The trail led down through that first little grove to the side of Rosamund Lake, blue and sparkling. There they paused for a bath. The cold, shivering dawn, however poetic, is not a fit time for extended ablutions, and old, experienced travellers are inclined to bathe toward noonday. Even at midday, High Sierran lakes are most uninvitingly cold. And the breeze has a most impish tendency to spring up just as the bather emerges from the waters into the sun-lighted but deceptive air!

On again, through taller woods, in the dark depths of which Phebe rejoiced over her first sight of the red

cousin of Indian pipe, absurdly known as "snow-flower." A most uncanny plant, leafless, blood-red, starting up in the shadows of the forest, tall, close-packed bracts and blossoms all red on a red stem.

"I think somebody was murdered here," declared Perdita solemnly, "and this is a sign. I wouldn't touch it for anything."

"Just as well you feel that way," laughed Ruth. "It's protected by law nowadays, so many vandals and goths and huns have rooted it up to carry it home and show."

"Amazing," sighed Clara. "You wonder that such folk don't nip off the heads of pretty children they see on their walks in the parks, for souvenirs. Hark! What was that?"

The sound of horses' hoofs came to them. It was startling, for in all those weeks they had met not one pack-train, and had seen only one horse-man, a cowboy, they conjectured, at a long distance. Their own little unmarked trail just here crossed one of the Forest Service trails, and, just as they reached the crossing, three riders and a pack-horse or two came up.

The excitement on both sides was intense. The girls were thrilled to their toes at the sight of three men, one obviously a packer, the other two city-dwellers, unshaven and disreputable-looking. And the men, on their part, who had congratulated themselves on getting away from civilization entirely at last, after crossing Seldon Pass, were smitten speechless by the sight of five

women strolling through the woods, without knapsacks or escort.

Ruth tossed a careless "Good Morning!" to them, and went serenely on. She knew they might be delightful folk, whom she would find most congenial in town, but she was sure that now they had nothing to interest her, and that she could not interest them.

The men stared, and replied, with automatic gestures toward their hats. The girls, following Ruth's lead, went silently by, in spite of their suppressed excitement. As the last figure crossed the road one of the men shouted: "Where are you from? Where are you going?"

The silence of the wood answered him, as the last golden-green cape lost itself in the shadowy spaces, but from the direction from which the marvel had appeared, there now emerged an apparently endless string of little asses, tidily packed, following neatly. The travellers watched, intensely curious. At the end of the train came a tall, dark-faced man with a long stick in his hand. The inquisitive one shouted this question again: "Where you from? Where you going?"

Unsmiling, Joe pointed back over his shoulder. Then as gravely pointed ahead. And passed on.

And those travellers went their way, mystified entirely, not quite certain, as they tore open parcels of sweet chocolate and strewed the papers on the holy forest paths, whether they had seen with their earthly eyes, or with some new sense of the forest.

The girls, in spite of their momentary thrill, almost immediately forgot the little episode. The spell of the wood was upon them. After the sheer, bare sun of their high granite camp, the darkness, and the softness of the loam underfoot, the soft stirrings in the leaves, the fragrances, the scurrying of little creatures, the song and sudden flight of birds—wren and bluebird, suggestive of home verandas, at these great altitudes!—the crossing of streams on stepping-stones, everywhere the flowers, larkspur and wild cyclamen by the stream-side, a tall pink forget-me-not-like thing in an open glade, compositae of all sorts springing everywhere—the slow pace, the sense of peace and serenity: who can put into words a march like that, or a spell like that?

Clara, who had shared the excitement of the girls at seeing “humans,” was interested to see how naturally even Perdita had accepted Ruth’s manner of treating the incident as if it had not existed.

“I’m afraid I should have felt obliged to stop and chat with them,” she meditated, “and they might have given us a newspaper full of headlines, and they would have asked stupid, impertinent questions, not because they were stupid or impertinent necessarily, but because all first human contact seems to develop such qualities in any of us. Now Ruth wished them a ‘Good Morning,’ but she did not stay to let them spoil her morning, nor to spoil theirs. I no more feel that I know her than I feel that I know a tree, but I admire her, and love to observe her as I love to observe trees

and their ilk. I wonder if she's not really a dryad? Imagine! A dryad in 19—something or other. One's not even sure of the year out here."

The trail led out of the wood, through which it had climbed for an hour or more, into an open region, and presently zigzagged down a series of rather exciting ledges to the side of a swift river. The girls waited on the ledges to help with the donkeys if need were. There were one or two rather ticklish points, and the little creatures had to be coaxed or driven, one by one, around a nose which appeared to them to be the probable end of everything, into a safe recess where, received by friends, they had once again to be stimulated downward.

The river-side reached, there was a long, slow climb up along its edge in thinner timber.

They came out at last into a wide valley, in which their stream, which had just been so swift, took to meandering. Huge, glaciated boulders loomed ahead, and Ruth led the way into a nook surrounded by them on all sides, a grassy nook, which would have served for a bower for Lorna Doone, or for a robbers' stronghold.

The sun, which had shone for twelve hours every day all summer, suddenly disappeared behind huge, black thunder-clouds, which roared as with triumph at having thus engulfed him, flashing long, jagged banners.

Every one flew into action, roused thoroughly out of the walking dream of the past few hours. Stretching the picket-lines, hobbling donkeys, whipping off packs,

covering them with tarpaulins, gathering wood, mending the fallen-down fireplace, rushing up the seldom-used big tents, hurrying egg and butter packs to the refrigerator, the snowbank which was always to be found on a north slope near camp.

The first big drops were falling before the work was done, and the girls welcomed the big tents, which had scarcely been put up once in the whole course of the summer. In towns, Thunder seems like an outsider, rumbling threats, which are probably meaningless, but in the high mountains, Thunder and Lightning are at home, and you are the outsider, feeling very small and unimportant.

"If we all got killed, it wouldn't matter very much to the mountains," Phebe phrased this, squeezing herself into the tent gladly.

After the first slow drops came the deluge. Joe's fire kept going in spite of it, getting a bit low at moments, but coming up again in spurts, the flames from the resinous pine-wood refusing to be quenched.

It was cozy inside the green linen gypsy tent. Emergency rations of sweet chocolate, biscuit, and pickles, an old college combination of Clara's, were served. There was a fine floor of green turf and, fortunately, the boys had finished ditching around it before the flood started. The pounding on the canvas was deafening, but they all liked it. They liked the dimness, and the sense of waiting for something strange and sinister to pass.

Joe and the boys, with coat-collars turned up and hat-brims turned down, loosened bell-clappers, and turned the wretched little donkeys out. They didn't want to go. Instead of scampering gayly out, or rolling, with the glee of release, as was their custom, they slunk near the tents, to the peril of the guy-ropes, or simply stood, patient and dejected, ears drooping, tails between their legs.

Ruth, in full rain-rig, sloshed about the camp, enjoying the storm to the full. Presently she stuck her sou'westered head in at the tent-door.

"Come on out, you scared-kittens! It's clearing. The sunset lights on the breaking storm-clouds will be something to describe to your grandchildren."

They crawled out, stiff in unaccustomed slickers and rubber boots, and stared with delight at the great ragged cloud banks, like tattered banners of an army after battle, turning dark blue, lapis lazuli, then for an instant blazing gold, then a faint shell pink, deepening into rose, and fading altogether into colorlessness as Venus, very bright, shone suddenly out in a clear space above where the sun had set.

"We're likely to have a swift sharp shower like this every day now for a week or two," said Ruth. "We'll have to make earlier starts to try to make camp easily before the shower begins. Often they come about mid-day, and then the sun shines out and dries everything instantly. None of your sodden New England rains, all day and all night and the next two days."

"Look!" cried Clara, "that can't be moonlight up there on that high peak over there, the one that looks like a ship's prow? Where is the moon?"

"No, it's snow gleaming. Up there the rain was snow. That's Seven Gables, where I'm going tomorrow to look for white polemonium. Godmother wants me to send her some seeds for the Himalayas. I've planted her edelweiss up there, too, and a lovely little blue star flower she sent me, and I must see how they are getting on."

"What is white polemonium like?"

"Well, polemonium is the most beautiful flower of the Sierras, *selon moi*. It's usually blue, a most exquisite, delicate shade. It never grows under twelve thousand feet, but there it's often quite abundant, when nothing else is in sight, even above the ledges where the Sierra pink primrose grows. It grows in a tall spike like a hyacinth, but every flower of it is dainty and poised, not like a solid old hyacinth. The leaves are a tiny close spiral of green, like John Muir's hor-*kelia* you found, Emily. I've not seen the white one except on Seven Gables. Its white is as lovely as the other's blue. It has a pearly lustre—O beautiful! I can hardly wait till morning to climb up and find it again."

"O, see, see!" and "O see, see!" came simultaneously from Emily and Perdita, but they were pointing in opposite directions. Emily had turned back toward the great rocks behind the camp and was pointing out on

the very top of the loftiest, outlined against the evening sky, the whole little goat tribe, Omelet, Mary Louise, Evelyn, and Sugar-Plum, their neat little horns, straight, curled, or crumpled, and their funny little pollarded tails, showing so plainly that "you could cut them out like paper-dolls," Phebe declared. "And how will we ever catch them to milk them?" moaned Emily.

Perdita's tamasha was in the opposite direction: an apparently infinite number of sheep swarming down the mountain-side across the valley, leaping down slopes which seemed to the onlookers to be vertical. The deep boom of the Basque bell was heard now and then, and the light of the shepherd's fire flared up presently.

"We'll call on him to-morrow, if he's still there," said Ruth. "He may be the lonely chap who made the list of 'Spanish Cityis.'"

They did call on him the next day, and Ruth's gentle Spanish won from him a half sheep, in exchange for which he accepted a bag of oranges and dates—the sweet, melting Khadrawi which the wealthy Arab gives to honored guests, and the plainer dry date. He twirled his moustaches and smiled bravely under the surprising impact of such a visit. He was driving his many sheep down valley that day, having kept them above as long as the Forest Service will allow any band of "hoofed locusts" to stay in one spot. The girls enjoyed seeing his U-shaped fire-iron, and the one pot which did all his cooking. His bread, he told Ruth,

was baked by the *padron* in a great stone oven, just over the pass, and loaves of it were brought him two or three times a season.

They climbed up Seven Gables slowly, evenly, as Ruth had by this time trained all her little band, even impetuous Perdita, to climb; Ruth leading and making long gradual zigzags, stepping on the side of the foot, instead of pointing the toe upward, never hastening, never stopping for breath. They reached the top unspent, keen to look about them, from the greatest height, yet, of their travels.

Perdita walked straight out on the very edge of the cliff, with a sheer fall of two thousand feet below her. Phebe and Emily crept close to the edge and peered over, seeing far, far below, a tiny hidden lake, behind a moraine, a little lake seen usually by none but the eagle flying over. But Ruth and Clara paid heed to nothing save their quest of polemonium. Among the bare rocks they found it, first the blue, then the white. There on the shattered top of the peak, among the great blocks which looked as though Titans had broken them in idle play, were the beautiful pearly spikes, worth climbing far to see, unforgettable when once gravely regarded. The lack of fragrance, common to Alpine flowers, disappointed Clara at first, but when she heard a whirring over her head and saw her first high-altitude humming-bird, "a whir of evanescence" disregarding human presences, hover above the flower, thrusting its long bill deep into each slim vase for the Alpine honey,

sweeter and more abundant than is ever found by his lowland brother, she forgot her regret.

Most of the Himalayan seeds, planted carefully the year before in locations approximating as closely as possible to those in which they had been found, had survived the winter, and had something to show for themselves, to Gardener Ruth's deep satisfaction. The girls left their dizzy edges to admire them, to help Ruth collect seeds of the precious polemonium, and then to eat with gusto the lunch which had made their knapsacks a trifle heavy on the climb up.

The shower Ruth had predicted as a daily occurrence announced itself long enough ahead to permit of their reaching camp before it broke.

Coming home to a camp is an entirely different matter from coming into a new camp, even though it be but a night that has already been spent there. Ruth and Joe had agreed that a day of rest all around was desirable, before starting up the valley to Odo's Pass. That Pass was one of the annual critical points of the expedition, and Ruth wanted no girls, stiff or weary from unwonted climbing, when she faced it. So they came into camp, feeling that they had been brought up in that rocky bower, and were like to spend long years there. They always arranged their belongings with as much care as though the canvas walls were stone and plaster, and their two or three day tenure were a ninety-nine year lease. The camp was most homelike—but:

"It's the gypsy feet we're growing," sighed Clara,

getting out of her hobnailed boots and into soft moccasins. "Ruth, my dear, I'm so in love with this camp that I could write lyrics about it, if it weren't so near to supper-time. But honestly, if I didn't know that we should move on in a day or so, I should feel a restless tingling! Each camp is so perfect that you immediately conceive, after having apprehended its perfections, a passionate desire to behold the next!"

CHAPTER XIII

THE CREST AND A STORY

TWO days after the white polemonium climb, the outfit moved on, up the valley. A wild, glaciated valley it was, with two or three lakes behind moraines, besides that hidden one revealed from Seven Gables. There was no proper trail here. The shepherds had put a few "ducks" here and there, and the Three-Corner Round had a traditional way of winding among the great *roches moutonnées* up to the lake at the head of the valley. Here, if rain had threatened, they must have camped, but the sky was clear and they undertook to push on.

They turned east, climbing a series of great, bare ledges, sloping rather steeply. This was the way to one of their very own passes. A pass is usually indicated on a map, and, besides, shows itself on the skyline, from afar, as a pass, a reasonable, natural way over a wall, or rather through a wall, an unmistakable gap. But this pass none but this particular outfit would have recognized as such. Above those sloping ledges, above fallen blocks as big as churches, came steep scree, then a slope too steep for scree to lie on, practically vertical, rearing its head in a defiant attitude. There was the pass.

There had been flower-gathering, elephant's heads like fairy favors, pink and white-striped, and yellow violets, and loitering, in the early part of the march, but as the climb up the ledges began, all hands were impressed into service. Ruth ordered the opening of two of the precious bottles of grape-juice, and advised the cramming of hard-tack into pockets, because crossing this pass was serious business, and there might be no more food that day. She sent José and Emily up ahead, to be ready to receive the donkeys when they should be got over. Joe took the steepest stretch for his particular charge. Manuel and Perdita and Ruth and Clara drove, coaxed, and enticed the donkeys up over the ledges into the region of the great scree. There was danger there, from the sliding rocks above, for any one below, so Phebe and Clara were stationed to guard the back trail at this point, and Manuel and Ruth and Perdita took turns leading the donkeys, one at a time, up to the point where Joe could take them in hand, dodging behind a great block to wait till it was safe to dash back for another. No one but Joe could persuade the more timid donkeys up that steep scree which moved down under the ascending hoofs like a treadmill. But Joe's patience, quietness, sympathy, and firmness always prevailed and in the end little nervous Harlequin, and faint-heart, wishful Pat came along almost as calmly as reckless Shrimp and her family, or blasé old Tom and Applesauce Cake.

Still, it was a matter for personal and individual at-

tention, and a slow business at the best. The dainty little nannies ran lightly, noiselessly up, exuberantly going on to the top of the cliff above the pass, looking calmly down, on sweating humans and straining asses.

As each donkey was squeezed over the top, José and Emily received him and fastened him into his proper place in the lines, which they had stretched. Their troubles were not all over. They must camp in their tracks, with a day of work ahead, for on the farther side of the pass was a wicked drop over a ledge, which could be safely negotiated only by the use of block and tackle. Most of the Three-Corner Round trails had been so ameliorated by dynamite since Ruth had feminized the outfit, that the block and tackle, constant stand-by in the early days, source of legend throughout the mountains, was now necessary nowhere but here. But for tradition's sake, and the thrill of the thing, a heavy top-pack was carried year after year, ready for this one descent.

The wind blew a gale, but Clara made a kitchen in a sheltered spot, made coffee for Joe and herself, and chocolate for the rest, and served huge sandwiches of brown bread and fresh Holland cheese, all around. Then in the faint light of Venus, beds were unrolled, on bedsites preserved from year to year, and with feet into the wind, and heads (even Ruth's) fairly well under cover, they slept the sleep of the adventurous.

Next morning was as absorbing as any circus could ever hope to be. To assist at the rigging of the ropes, to bring a donkey up, fasten the harness about him,

then start him down over that wicked ledge, watch him, if clever, get himself tidily down without drawing the rope taut in Joe's strong grasp, watch him, if average, hesitate, draw back, prick up ears, creep gingerly out to the edge, and then scramble more or less clumsily down, leaning somewhat on the rope, watch him, if of the "awkward squad," lunge, plunge, turn upside down and wrong end to, with Joe holding for dear life, and the boys easing off, hauling in slack, making fast, and performing a lot of other nautical operations at once, was quite as good as any clown-and-spangled-rider-show that ever spread canvas.

There was camp in a lovely valley that night, in view of slender minarets and pinnacles unlike anything they had seen, by a blue, blue lake, which looked to be at the world's end, its waters leaving it at an edge which seemed to give on sheer space.

After that the way lay fair and easy by patches of scarlet painted cup, everlasting, and rose-like yellow cinquefoil up to that shoulder of Humphreys, great and red, which they had seen now from various points, and which should mark ultimate achievement for them—the Crest at last.

They were all very keen for that consummation. For two months and more they had been slowly, steadily climbing, always a little up, moving at the same time inchwise eastward. From high camps they had seen the long crest-line from afar, tiny saw-tooth peaks, made diaphanous and translucent in sunrise. In valley

camps they had forgotten for awhile the heights they could not see. But now no one was willing to stop an unnecessary night. They must push on to the ultimate camp of camps, whence they might look back and see the width of the Range behind them.

Late in the afternoon they did arrive. In the late light the Inyo Mountains, across the long, narrow valley at their feet, showed all the soft hues and contours of a dove's breast. A tiny green ribbon in the valley bottom marked the course of the invisible river, all the way down to the silver-shored, blue lake, miles away to the south.

It was cold, on the very edge of the crest, and they huddled cozily behind a great piece of "broken mountain," as Joe called it, eating their supper there by a little camp-fire of wood brought by the boys on the backs of a string of donkeys. For, having at last arrived, they would not quickly move on. This must be a camp of days.

"Tell us a story," begged Emily from a blanket cocoon in which she had rolled herself, when the after-dinner chocolate had been drunk. "We've been going to bed so early night after night, but now we're here, we could sleep late once, couldn't we? And have a real story, please, Chieftaine, Chieftaine dear?"

"A story," mused Ruth. "Those mountains over there set my head whirling with stories. They are ages older than ours, you see. Archaean rock you looked out on over there: none older showing on old

Earth's surface anywhere, as I understand it. And the valley is full of black lava stretches and red cinder cones, and there are marks of great faults. And the precious things that are hidden in the Inyos! The Sierras have gold, I know, but the Inyos have all sort of ores, silver, lead, tungsten. I'm always expecting to hear that some old prospector will turn up a great field of Carnotite in there some day and make radium as cheap as borax or other common, useful things they mine in there now.

"I never see the valley without a feeling of the romance and peril of the mining that goes on in those desert mountains. You get echoes of it in the valley itself. There! That's the story for here and now: The Story of My Prospector!"

Emily cooed with pleasure, and Phebe and Perdita made themselves more comfortable.

"That's wise. When the story was told to me, it took a whole night. I wish I could repeat it as I heard it, but you'll have to take a denatured translation, alas!

"I had to go down to Los one night suddenly, even though it was not the night when there is a sleeping-car on the train. I drove down to Lone Pine to take the train. (Lone Pine considers itself highly metropolitan because it has a broad-gauge line, and its trains run every day, instead of three times a week as the narrow-gauge trains do, up valley.)

"I expected to sit up all night, or to get what naps I could, curled up on a hard velvet seat. I was making

a good deal of fuss getting settled, turning about, the way a dog does, when I heard a rather pleasant voice say: 'Since I had my accident I ain't been able to sleep without a pillow. The place where my cheek-bone was broke has a hole in it yet, and it's tender.'

"That was startling enough. I looked across the aisle and saw a woman, plainly spoiling to talk. I had rather important work in town next day, and I didn't feel enthusiastic. Never do when people talk about ailments, but there was a cheerfulness in that remark about the hole in her cheek that made me think of the kind of little boy who asks you if you don't want to see his sore, instead of the people who tell you about their blood-pressures. But whether I looked encouraging or not didn't matter much. She had to talk. And no wonder, with a tale like that.

"In a half-hour I was not only sitting up, but leaning across the aisle, putting my ear fairly into her face to catch every word over the noise of that rattling, banging train. She had a bad cold and I caught it, and knew I was catching it, and it lasted a fortnight, but I never regretted it. I had to get that story.

"This is the wrong way to begin to repeat it, because, of course, I can't possibly make it sound a tenth part as thrilling as it really was. In the first place, she was giving it to me first-hand, and in the second place her language was part of the tale itself. I tried to learn phrases by heart, but they simply wouldn't stick. I gave up all my work the next day and tried to write it

down, but I failed: the words eluded me every time, and the ideas and facts translated themselves into stupid, ordinary English of my own.

“It’s only the facts I can give you, and I shall have to give them in the order of their happening, too, while she simply started in as though I knew them all, and I had to snatch and hold clues breathlessly, waiting to see what they sprang from or led to.

“She was born on a ranch in Montana; knew how to ride, and shoot, and butcher cattle. Married an assayer and together they prospected. They travelled up and down the mountains, following veins, her husband understanding the chemistry and mineralogy, but she appeared to develop a kind of instinct for it, seemed to smell the ores. They made lucky strikes. They were swindled by partners sometimes. Sometimes their finds proved too expensive to work—all that sort of thing happened, of course. But it was the fun of the game that they liked, I gathered.

“Once her husband was taken ill, and she set out alone across Death Valley in summer with the two tiny boys, one four and the other eight, driving a team of mules, to get to him. The mules were stolen the first night out by the man she had hired to drive them. He stole most of the food, too. She blamed herself for letting it happen, but he was supposed to be a friend of her husband’s, and she said she honestly did not think of his robbing babes!

“She went on, on foot—that place is a fiery furnace in

summer—you should hear city-bred people talk about the perils of Death Valley! On her back she carried a small frying-pan, a sack of flour, and a piece of bacon, all that the thief had left her. There was a one-gallon canteen, too. She cooked, three times a day—the frying-pan full of ‘dough-gods,’ a thick cake of flour with the smallest possible amount of water, three strips of bacon cooked into it on the under-side. The gallon of water she doled out in sips. She filled it every morning at the water-hole she had to get to each day before she could safely stop. In desert air your palate is feverish, you’ll find. It’s not true thirst. You feel as though you would die if you couldn’t drink. Your tongue seems to swell, and your mouth to be parched. I’ve seen town girls make perfect idiots of themselves over the misery of going without water for a few hours. If water is plentiful, one person can drink more than a gallon, without noticing it, in a day. For those children it must have been truly terrible to get on with sips of the tepid or even hot stuff. She said the smaller boy did cry once! They were a week getting across.

“Sometimes she had come up from Mojave, where the railroad ended in those days, by stage-coach. She said the driver used to wear gold double-eagles for coat-buttons, eagles on his vest, and five-dollar gold-pieces for sleeve-buttons. He drove eight horses at once, all but the two leaders broncos. When the passengers were all seated, the horses would be hooked in, and the

coach would reel off, quite as often on one wheel as on four. Once she was sitting on the box with her two babies in her lap. The driver was mad drunk, and the coach swayed so that she could barely hold on. Under the seat there was a box holding the mail-sacks, two big canvas sacks, not locked. She opened the box and thrust one baby into one bag, the other into the other. The drunken driver yelled at her: 'That's Uncle Sam's mail-bag!' And she yelled back: 'He's as much my uncle as he is yours!'

"After her husband died—she told me a weird tale of his lying deathly ill in a shack where rats ran over the floor, and of strange ghost noises that were heard in the night and frightened every one away, so that she had to take all the care of him herself: noises made by a rival claimant for his mine, probably—after he died, she went on prospecting. She located one very desirable mine on the very top of one of those dove-breast mountains over there. She staked out her claim to the mine, and included the one spring of water in those regions.

"According to law she had to do a certain amount of work on the claim each year to hold it. She had practically no capital, of course, and there were very few people she could trust. She used to camp up there part of each year and supervise the work herself. When she was ready to go down for the winter, she would bury all her camp equipment.

"The law had a most unreasonable requirement in

those days: on January first, or rather at midnight of December 31st, certain papers had to be filed on the claim itself, and also at the county-seat. I suppose some neat-minded legislator thought that meant posting the papers in the village post-office. He didn't reckon with mountain conditions. The snow, here where we are now, gets to be fifty feet deep in midwinter, and it is deep enough to be trying over there, though the altitudes aren't quite so great, and the air is drier.

"A big mining company had got wind of my prospector's claim. They staked out a claim completely surrounding hers, so that she could reach hers only by stepping on their land. They tried to buy her claim and when she refused to sell, set in cold-bloodedly to get her out of the way. She understood. There was nothing sinister possible that she didn't understand. She made my blood congeal with passing references of things she had known, when she served for a bit as 'Government woman' —Intelligence service, I gathered—it had to do with dictaphones and the like." (Here Phebe shuddered, delightedly.)

"Just about Christmas that year, she got word by mysterious, timid, but accurate channels, that the rival company had driven off the field the men she had sent up to file those papers. She set out at once for the mine. At the last village in the foothills, an old-timer got her secretly into an inner room without windows, and there whispered: 'Don't you go there. Don't you buck the company.' But she went, taking with

her an old half-breed. Not another man would go with her, though they all liked her, and had known her for years. It was plain that the company meant business, and whom they had not been able to hire they had frightened.

“She reached the top late in the afternoon of December 31st. There she found a large encampment of company men. They welcomed her cordially, and invited her to eat with them. She did so, and swapped yarns with them a bit after supper.

“Later on, she and her old man slipped quietly out, and made a long circuit of the mountain-top. They got to the place where the papers were to be filed—you mustn’t expect anything approaching accuracy from me: she assumed that I understood all the procedure, and I wouldn’t have broken the spell by a question for the world. The old man stationed her in a little hollow just over the edge of the hill from the company’s camp, the shortest way up. He built a fire a good way off, on the other side of the pillar-box which I conceive those papers to be filed in! He told her to keep an eye on him, and if he got up and began moving around the fire, to ‘watch out.’

“She lay there in the cold, waiting, keeping her eye on the fire. Presently she saw the old man get up and move about as though he were putting more wood on the fire. She turned instantly toward the camp. A man’s head appeared over the edge of the hollow. And her pistol stuck in the holster! His whole figure loomed

up. She was a little late, but he dropped behind the crest. After she had got her papers in properly at the stroke of midnight, she strolled over to the point at which her man had disappeared. She found a hat with some bloody hair sticking to it.

"Next day, as she passed through the company's camp, she saw one man with a bandage showing a wee bit below his cap. She studied his face, without appearing to notice him at all. She recognized him for a notorious gun-man of Los Angeles, often hired to do dirty work. I think one reason she was so determined to fight the thing through was that she despised the impersonal 'company' which never showed its own head or risked its own bones, but depended on hirelings to accomplish all its wicked ends. I really didn't believe such villainies were true——"

"Are you sure they are?" asked Perdita. "Honestly, Chieftaine, this tale of yours makes me think of the Big Red Ruby."

"It may be fiction for all I can prove," Ruth replied, "but I absolutely believe every word that woman told me. As dawn came on after that night of our talk, she lapsed into more ordinary talk, about her children's education, and recipes and religion, and she talked in just the same language and in just the same manner: it was wholly convincing. You can look the case up in the court-house when you go through Independence on your way home if you like, child, but if it's not true, don't tell me. I love this tale!"

"So do we!" declared the others in chorus. "Do go on! We haven't heard about her accident yet, and now you say there is a law-suit coming."

"Stick a lot more wood on that fire then, somebody. Well, the next year she went up again, the same filing thing to be done once more. This time she met with a great deal of discouragement in that foothill village. Friends gave warnings, and no one would go with her. Men and horses were all mysteriously engaged. The more they put difficulties in her way the more set she was on going, of course. At last she offered five hundred dollars a night for a man, and two big huskies agreed. She got a donkey from somebody at a ruinous price, but after all, she arrived too late. It was early in the morning of New Year's Day before she got to her claim. She had made a long detour to avoid the company's camp. From a sheltered spot, lying on her stomach, she reconnoitered. A cabin had been built on her property. She knew that the company papers were lying in the box, and that her own were not, and that without doubt messengers were on their way to Independence to file the copies there.

"She lay there feeling pretty sick and helpless. Presently one man came out of the cabin and went to the spring with two big buckets. Another came out and went to a wood-pile and began chopping. Now was her chance. She beckoned her huskies to follow and walked into the cabin.

"One man alone was there, cooking bacon. She

covered him with her pistol, and he threw both hands up, the bacon-grease running down his sleeve. She marched him to the side of the room, kept him covered, and waited for the water-man to enter. Her helpers took him in hand, and the wood-carrier a minute later. Then they made them go to the filing box, take out the papers, and burn them. She deposited her own. Then she and her supporters marched the three a long way down the road, and let them go with threats. She got to the village, got a man she could trust on the wire at Independence, intercepted the fraudulent papers, and then by train, motor, and horseback herself took the proper papers. She had two cups of coffee and a ham sandwich or two for food those three days, she said."

"An astonishing tale, certainly," Clara commented, uncurling a sleeping ankle.

"But only begun, my dear. This isn't the half of it! Are you game for more?"

"Rather-er!" "You bet!" "Good-ee!"

"You see, the property was very valuable and the company grew more and more ruthless. Their next nasty step was to put an armed guard on the spring, and not allow her workmen to get water. She got an injunction from the court to prevent that, but could not find any one with courage enough to serve the papers. She got herself appointed a deputy sheriff and served the papers, herself, but the company's representative only laughed at her.

"Her own lawyer could hardly believe that the situa-

tion was as bad as she represented it to him. At last she persuaded him to disguise himself, and go up with her to look it over. They found that the company manager had built a hut a few yards from hers. He taunted her, and said he should shortly be annexing her hut to his as a kitchen. She went into the house, and the old half-breed and his wife cooked her some food. The company allowed them only a gallon of water a day for all purposes. The lawyer slipped out the back way and got a good view of the armed guard around the spring.

“He had barely come back when a whistle sounded and the company’s men came running from their work. They gathered between the two huts. She went out on her little stoop and looked at them. They stared at her. The company manager began screaming to them that she was dangerous, and that the company’s orders were to kill her. She just stood still and waited. The men looked from the manager who was much excited, to her, standing calmly there. He stopped his screeching, and she said quietly: ‘Come on and fight two women and an old man if you like, but the first one to step this way won’t get very far.’ She told me: ‘I ain’t never really killed a man yet, and I don’t want to, but I meant business, and they knew it. I’m a crack shot, and I guess some of ’em knowed that, too.’

“Well, anyway, for whatever reason, one of the men told the manager they were hired to work the mine,

not to fight women, and they all scattered, the manager shaking his fist and swearing after them.

"She wasn't afraid of that coward, of course, and the lawyer and the old couple inside would be enough witnesses, so she went on down to the valley and started suit. The court stopped all operations at both mines, pending the trial.

"She went up again soon after, however, to see that the order was being enforced. She rode a donkey this time—how that woman loved donkeys! She said they were far more intelligent than horses, and as trusty as any dog ever was."

("Yea-a-a!" murmured Perdita, suppressed by Clara.)

"She had a man with her. A company man, apparently a caretaker, shouted suddenly to her man and he left her side and went to see what was wanted. She was just riding under a great steel cableway.

"The cableway slipped, dropped, pinning her down, cutting her horribly, face, shoulder, side. That plucky little donkey stood absolutely still. If he had run or dragged, she must have been torn apart.

"There were two men in the company office a few yards away. They remained indoors. The man who had called her escort away had vanished. Two tramps were going down the hill. They had been up there looking for work. They heard the crash, and came running to help her.

"She was conscious and full of rage. She and the two

tramps frightened the office men into calling up the village and demanding her own doctor. She refused to be carried indoors or to let herself be bandaged by the tramps. She said she was thinking about evidence, and she wanted her doctor to see her as she really was. Also, she wanted to be where she could keep an eye on the whole field. O, she was a fighter, my prospector!

“She got her evidence too. She got damages from the company for the injury. Her man confessed that he had been hired to lead her under the cableway and then leave her, and the tramps and the doctor were very clear and unshakable in their testimony, while the company’s men didn’t like their job any too well, and told their lies half-heartedly.

“She told me the story of her hospital experience. She would not take an anæsthetic even when the surgeon had to chip a bit off her cheek-bone, to free a nerve caught in a crack, or something incredible like that. She said she depended on her own mind, and as long as that was clear she could endure anything, and fight anything through, but if she were to lose consciousness she could not answer for the consequences——”

(“Heavens!” gasped Clara. “I heard a girl pleading with Doctor Helen to give her an anæsthetic when she vaccinated her! Go on, do.”)

“That night she was on her way down to Los Angeles for a consultation with her lawyer, for the main case was about to come up for trial, the water-rights question. I never saw her again after we had had a cup of

coffee and some doughnuts at the station lunch-counter the next morning."

"The same old story of fighting over jewels and gold," said Emily. "It makes you think of *The Jungle Book* and *The King's Ankus*. I don't believe I'd dare to own a mine or a diamond necklace."

Ruth was still staring into the coals. "Great old spirit, that woman," she went on. "I wish you could have seen her flirting with a rosy-cheeked old constable at Mohave. We had to wait there two or three hours in the middle of the night, and spent most of them walking up and down with that old villain, who was a friend of hers. In the wild days he used to be one of a gang to rob tenderfoot travellers, but now in his retired years the company had made him a constable. He knew all the tricks of the game, and left us once to stalk and catch two young thieves. He chuckled as he told us how the wind used to blow travellers' hats away, and the gang would find and keep them. They kept a little shop near the station where they sold each bare-headed traveller his predecessor's hat at a fancy figure.

"He was a cheery old bird, and much taken with himself and with our society. Several times he said: 'If I'd 'a' knowed I was a goin' to have such a pleasant time to-night, I'd 'a' shaved!'"

"Ruth, Ruth, Ruth!" Clara got up, laughing. "You've degenerated from a thriller to pure gossip. It's the corrupting influence of human-kind, even so far off."

Ruth protested: "No, high austerities and impersonalities aren't the whole of life, at least not for a human being. I liked that woman. We had a lot of ideas in common. About bring up children, for instance. She said: 'Spank 'em, *and* kiss 'em. Nowadays lots o' folks don't do either. They're afraid to spank 'em for fear they'll hit back, and they're afraid to kiss 'em for fear of givin' 'em germs.' One point we agreed on was that in a long life of discipline there should be an orgy occasionally. Emily, you may sleep with the bugle under your head to-night, and nobody dare stir till you blow it!"

CHAPTER XIV

ORDEALS AND POETRY

FROM the camp on Humphreys' shoulder their course turned to the south. Crossing the Piute trail, with no least desire to follow it down to the big valley, they ascended steeply to the last pass adopted by the Three-Corner Round boys. (It was on this trail that the marmot frightened Sugar Plum, five times his size, and horned!) On the farther side they dropped down into a basin, draining into Evolution Creek—and doing so with heartiness, for no less than five cascades were visible and audible from the series of ledges on which they pitched their camp; the camp of the Cascades, wildest of all so far. It seemed even wilder because of a crashing of thunder which greeted them on arrival.

The only tree was a great octopus-like white-bark, spreading on the ground in a circle, a hundred and twenty feet in diameter. The erect branchlets were only three feet high, but on penetrating into the centre, they found a hub-like trunk, and huge branches radiating from it in all directions. Covered by the thick snow mat of winter, the old tree must have survived three hundred years at least.

Up one of the little valleys which let its shining thread of water ripple past the camp, was a chain of lakes, and at its very head, a tiny glacier, only a "glacieret" really, but though the girls had all summer long seen signs of the great glacier dragons which had once dwelt in the mountains, scooping out basins for themselves, leaving rounded domes where sharp peaks had been, eating back into cliff walls, making cirques or corries, leaving glittering polish on bare ledge, transporting huge boulders vast distances, they had not yet seen "even a baby glacier," and were keen to do so.

Ruth promised an expedition in a day or two, when they should carry out the one tradition feminine of the Three-Corner Round, a little pageant in praise of "Our Sister Water."

Tradition had been even more than usual in their minds since the midsummer mail had brought that promised typescript of the *Letters to Nine Mothers*. A friend whose son had, some years before, spent a summer surveying in the Sierras with the original boy outfit, unearthing the old journal, had sent it on to Clara.

Of whatever interest its pages, chiefly full of food references, might or might not have been to Clara, the girls found them absorbing.

Emily, perusing them, observed with interest, that one Elmer Barth, "Eleven years old, but nine-year-old size," had on one occasion made twenty-one pounds of bread, single-handed, even providing his own fuel. The camp where the event took place was named in

honor thereof. The recounting of the achievement had stimulated all succeeding boys, so that each one in the years that followed, had, at least once, equalled that small one's record.

Emily, reading, aspired to carry on the tradition. In fact, she said several times that she should do so, a repetition which caused Perdita rather nastily to hint at scepticism. Emily thereupon sharply committed herself to the very next morning, and went to bed early, to be ready for "sponge at sunrise."

Phebe helped her wake, helped her locate her wandering garments, helped her, shivering, hunt the yeast-cakes, and would have made the fire had not Emily, now fully awake, refused further assistance.

And after breakfast Phebe forgot her sister in an acute alarm of her own. Manuel came in reporting that the donkeys had hit the Piute trail and were gone.

Those Three-Corner Round donkeys were kept in wild, rocky trailless parts so much of the season that a chance to go galloping off on a real, beaten trail, with horse-tracks and dung and an occasional tin can or green and white Forest Service sign-post on it, went to their heads like strong drink. They put down their ears and tossed up their tails, and made off at one mad frisking gallop, and overtaking them was a matter of hours. Joe started off at once, on receiving Manuel's report, and after an hour's swift walking, pausing for a moment to relieve his shoe of a pebble, was startled to find Phebe softly, eagerly following.

Phebe loved the donkeys, each individual darling and rascal of the lot. And she loved Joe, and liked to be with him. And it always worried her to have anything lost or mislaid. And, still more deeply working in the recesses of her mind and heart as a reason, those little gray and brown and black creatures represented Phebe's line of communication with Daddy and Mother and "Our Grandma." She simply could not stay in camp while Joe followed the donkeys, and she simply would not go home now, when Joe rather helplessly besought her to do so.

So Emily, hardly able to realize the fact, found herself launched on a great bread-making enterprise with no Joe to come to the rescue if ruin threatened, and no Phebe to jog her mind, in sweet, sisterly fashion, at important junctures.

Ruth carried Perdita off on a rock-studying expedition: the greatest help she could have given Emily, to take that naughty, exulting little wretch away, out of sight or hearing or smelling. The boys washed the dishes, and set to harness-mending. Clara retired to her little forester's tent, hanging out the red scarf that meant: "Don't disturb" instead of the blue one which meant "Latch-string's out. Come with joys or troubles or discoveries."

Troubles a-plenty beset that bread-making. How impish Perdita would have revelled in them! How faithful Phebe would have suffered! And how unlucky Emily wrestled with them!

The sponge, set first with cold water, because the fire wouldn't light quickly, simply remained unasimilated yeast in flourpaste. Then, hope failing, the fire having waked up, hot water was put in and the yeast was killed.

A fresh start, and the sun already high. Now seven cups of warmed flour were measured out into each of the three big dish-pans, raisins were set to fatten their sides in a bowl of water, oatmeal soaking in another bowl and plenty of tepid water was at hand; and Emily—took a book to read while she waited for the sponge to “bubble bravely.”

The insidiousness of the book habit! Temperance lecturers should make it a theme for fulminations. When Emily looked up after what she was sure was only a five-minute interval, that sponge had risen over the edge of its pan, and was spilling all over the Sierras!

Frantically rescued, the remainder was divided among the three waiting pans of flour, the raisins dumped in, and the mixing done hurriedly. Joe had a wonderful system of hand over hand mixing, like winding skeins of dough over swiftly moving reels. At first Emily tried this, but the dough seemed to attach itself to her fore arms so lovingly that she was alarmed lest there be no bread at all, and had recourse to less picturesque but more effective methods, losing considerable time in making the change. “Joe was right when he said it needed ‘experunce’,” she reflected, as she set the last of the three pans in as sunny a place as she could find,

and, having cleaned her arms with sticks and sharp edges of granite, walked up and down the camp, waiting for "double its bulk," and firmly refusing to allow herself to look once in the direction of that treacherous book.

Three-Corner Round tradition, heterodox at many points, was in none more violently so than in the speed of its bread-making. Instead of time as an essential ingredient, yeast was substituted, yeast in such quantity that orthodox mothers always refused to believe either oral reports or the printed cook-books' asseverations in that regard. As a result of the great quantity of ferment working in those pans, Emily's vigil was not long. She soon attacked the first, with a glance at her wrist-watch, and began the weary kneading. Kneading is fun, on your knees beside one pan, with two other girls on theirs beside the other two, all chattering or singing, but all alone, knowing there are two other batches to come, and each one must have a full twenty minutes (and the day advancing!) is solemn business.

Clara peered out of her tent and offered to help. "No, thank you, Santa Clara!" And one more bit of heroism was set down in the Recording Angel's book for that hour, day and hemisphere.

Twenty minutes can be an interminable period. In fact, in this case it became non-existent, perhaps involving some qualification in the R. A.'s entry. The first kneading got cut off at eighteen, the second at seventeen and a quarter, and the third one, with arms

aching, and the sun staying under a cloud, barely got to the fifteen mark.

She had forgotten to grease the big baking-pots. When that oversight had been corrected, and a fat loaf was slowly spreading itself in each pot, Emily, with dough drying and dried on her hands, began to hunt for the iron discs of the fireless cookers. Three turned up promptly where they were supposed to be, the fourth and fifth less readily, and number six was possessed of an imp and simply would not be found.

Santa Clara interrupted a wild search, in which the contents of boxes and bags were being thrown recklessly about, to insist on a peaceful luncheon of fried dates, little, thin, brown bread sandwiches, and cool sweet orange juice. She talked tranquilly of quiet things as she watched the flushed cheeks of her companion. Then she packed up the few dishes for Manuel to wash, gave Emily a kiss, surreptitiously made up the fire, and drove Omelet away from a rising loaf, before she slipped away again.

Number six showed himself at once after that peaceful interlude, and seven, eight, and nine along with him. So that the first six were on the coals, and the last three handy, when Emily decided that the bread must be double its bulk, and ready for the oven. She was even feeling cheerful and competent, when she observed that the wood-pile *was* not!

She gasped with dismay, then remembering how little Elmer had had to go a half-mile from camp, chop his

wood, and then catch a donkey to carry it, she dashed off to a pile of big, rotting logs near by, wondering as she made for it, why the boys had overlooked it, bringing wood from much farther afield. She knew that it was only in Joe's and Ruth's absence that they had dared let the supply run out. She could hear José snoring as she ran, and she bit her lip to avoid a cloudburst.

Battle-scenes are beyond the scope of most painters' powers. Only a great artist could adequately show the little Indian, her headband lost, tossing her thick, curly mop of brown hair out of her eyes, blinded with perspiration, now tugging big, light sticks to her fire-side, now blowing on dimcoals, now choking with smoke, now straining tear-filled eyes over the illegible thermometer—again in a rage, attempting to wash that hot glass tube with cold water, only to smash it, of course, burning her bare arms, rushing at the wretched little goat who planted one dainty little hoof neatly in the very midst of a rounded loaf, trying the stones with pinches of flour which would not brown quickly, gathering up resolution at last to scramble a long, long way up the mountain-side to where really good wood stood, bringing down her leather skirt full of sound chips left from yesterday's choppings—and only a musician could register the full range of the sigh with which the last pot and the last disc clapped into the last cooker, the blankets and tarp were dragged over and tucked viciously in.

Ruth and Perdita arrived at a moment suspiciously soon after that sigh, Perdita full of pleasure in the day's searches, discoveries and theorizings, entirely recovered from her maliciousness, Ruth full of sympathy for the poor little cook. And then on the air came a dreadful smell, and Emily flung herself upon the cookers, snatching off blankets, throwing up lids, and grabbing, with anything her hand could lay hold on, at the pots and discs.

"I forgot the little stones on the bottom disc, and they're scorching," she sobbed. Then, as Ruth and Manuel finished righting the wrong, she fled to Clara's tent, and, red scarf notwithstanding, burst in, and threw herself down beside Clara's comfortable lap, and let the cloud-burst come!

"First, they wouldn't get hot, and then I burned 'em, and they rose too much, and they wouldn't rise at all, and I forgot—the *salt*! And after all my bragging!"

"Of wounds and sore defeat,"

Clara's voice was as soft and steady as the hand which touched the teary cheeks,

"Of wounds and sore defeat
I made my battle-stay.
Wingéd sandals for my feet
I wove of my delay.
Of weariness and fear
I made my shouting spear.
Of loss and doubt and dread
And swift oncoming doom
I made a helmet for my head
And a floating plume.

From the shutting mists of death,
From the failure of the breath,
I made a battle-horn to blow
Across the vales of overthrow.
O hearken, love, the battle-horn,
The triumph clear, the silver scorn!
O hearken, where the echoes bring
Down the gray disastrous morn
Laughter and rallying!"

The camp had all gone to bed, except Santa Clara. Wrapped in a long blue Turkestan poshteen, soft fox fur inside, she sat on a high rock a little above the camp, keeping a small beacon-fire fed and burning.

Thinking a little of Emily asleep at last after her bitter day, weary, but happy for having taken one step toward independence; thinking a little of Phebe and Joe for whom she waited; but after all chiefly thinking of the unutterable peace and beauty of the night, of the voices of the five waterfalls, near and remote, swelling and diminishing, of the hushed, silver light of the moon, itself invisible, flooding the valley, bringing out one great cliff, casting sharp, black shadows.

Suddenly she sat upright, listening intently. Bells! Far, far away, on the still air, faint, less faint, unmistakable. More wood on the fire, more listening, more watching, a swift flight to camp, shaking the boys out of their sleeping-bags and sending them off to gather in the truants.

Then waiting again, till she saw Joe, steadily, slowly climbing the hillside toward her, a rope over his shoul-

der, and behind him, securely engirdled by the rope, leaning back so that most of her weight was carried for her, Phebe. Again a precipitation of girl into lap, not weeping this time, but happily, eagerly, hugging.

“O, such a day, Santa Clara! And we were so tired and so hungry. Those naughty little scamps had gone ten miles away. I thought my legs would drop off, but I had to keep on. I couldn’t go back. And they would have gone farther, but some nice people stopped them. And we didn’t suppose there’d be any people. The nicest people! A trapper and his wife. They knew they were running away and they stopped them and rounded them up and herded them till we got there. And they had supper for us. Such a good supper! They hadn’t any tent at all, just a kind of old rag on some curved sticks. They like to sleep out just the way we do, and they don’t even have to have a tent for dressing, because they are all by themselves. They were so brown and nice to look at! They were barefoot, and they hadn’t any dishes hardly, just one big, iron pot and a few spoons. But they had a rabbit stew in the pot that was perfectly luscious! And some queer bread that you’d love. I loved it, too, I was so hungry. And they were so kind. They made me take a long nap (I slept four hours!); I rode back bareback till we had to climb, and then Joe pulled me. They gave us some of the bread to take in our pockets to eat on the way back. And they wouldn’t let Joe pay them a penny. And they’re poor. They trap winters, and

in the summers they just travel around, looking. They said it was pleasure to give to us because we enjoyed it so. And I just love them, Santa Clara! Don't you hope God will bless them? They were all ragged, but they looked clean. Don't you love them, Santa Clara?"

Clara was leading the happy child to the corner where her bed was waiting for her, and in the moonlight she helped her undress, bathed the ten dusty, tired toes, and helped her squirm into her blanket cocoon, warmed by hot stones. Then as the happy face smiled sleepily up at her from the pillow, she sat down again, and said:

"I'll chant you to sleep, my dear, a lullaby which will make your kind friends come to you in your dreams, and will bring a blessing to them in their camp. An old Gaelic rune I'll sing you:

"I saw a stranger yestreen.
I put food in the eating-place,
Water in the drinking-place,
Music in the listening-place.
Now in the sacred name of the Triune
He hath blessed me and my house,
My cattle and my dear ones.

"And the lark saith in her song
"Often, often, often,
Comes the Christ in the stranger's guise."

"And the lark saith in her song:
"Often, often, often,
Comes the Christ in the stranger's guise.''' "

CHAPTER XV

OUR SISTER WATER

THE day before the pageant the girls were sitting on the rocks in the sun, making long robes. Ruth had conceived the pageant in the winter, and brought with her the soft silks she wanted for the great day.

For herself there was a shimmering soft gray into which was woven a swirling feathery design, like that made by swift-borne sediment in waters coming straight from a great glacier's snout.

For Clara there was a lovely, clouded jade-green.

For Emily, peacock blue and green, iridescent.

For Perdita, deep emerald.

For Phebe, sapphire blue.

"You three are lakes. Santa Clara and I are the rivers who feed you. I come straight from the glacier, and Santa Clara's jade is farther away, nearer to your clearnesses."

"Glad you didn't do a muddy, brown river for anybody, like the Mississippi," remarked Perdita.

"I think a soft lace veil would be pretty like a waterfall," said Phebe. "I'd like one on my head, for my waters to fall into my lake from. Doesn't it seem queer to be sewing dainty things? I haven't sewed a stitch,

except to darn woollen stockings or mend my knickers, since I came."

"I never did sew anything dainty," declared Perdita. "I'd rather help Joe mend harness than do this. He has needles you can really see. O Emily, do help me get this tangle out of my thread! It's such slinky stuff!"

Emily straightened out the difficulty, and set the needle into place again, absent-mindedly. Suddenly she exclaimed:

"I used to take water for granted. Just went to the filter tank for a drink, or hopped into a big white bathtub full, or turned a tap when I wanted to wash my hands. I don't think I ever once thought about water in my whole life!"

"But you've lived near the ocean," protested Clara.

"You don't think of that as water, though. It's more like a great living creature, you know, and scaring. I love these little mountain lakes."

"They're so friendly." "And so pretty!" the other girls put in. "I love everything about them," Emily continued. "Little tiny trickles of brooks look like silver braids, and they have so many different sounds, and they wash the roots of wee, wee plants by the edges. 'Member that pussy-willow blossom that was as long as its own trunk, just lying on the ground, flat, washed by the little stream? It really was a trunk, because the willow is a tree."

"I like the big waterfalls best. They go leaping and dancing and dashing down."

"Wait till you see the ones in the Yosemite then, Coppertop, if that's what you like."

"Well, perhaps—but there are hotels and motor-buses in there. I'd rather see a waterfall that wasn't so lovely, and have it all to myself."

"I found a lake once, all by myself," said Ruth. "It wasn't on the map, and there was no trail, and it lay behind a great dark mountain. I came to it, walking over clattery black scree, which made me feel desolate, as though I were walking over a burned forest, and suddenly, there it was, round and shapely, and the colors were those of peacock feathers, most wondrous deep greens and blues, lustrous, splendid, with great crags reflected in them, and the faintest breeze ruffling the reflections. I call it my Lac Intime. If any great sorrow came to me, I should go and stay by it till I were comforted."

"Curious, how some of these little lakes are utterly charming," commented Clara, "and yet others seem characterless. How many there are all up and down the Range, little blue and green lakes, held in the laps of the cirques!"

"Farther south, instead of lakes, you'll find meadows," corrected Ruth. "Wide, green meadows, with no end of lovely flowers. Some day there will be five green meadows where our five lakes are now. I love to think of the time when glaciers, all rough ice and dirty with fallen scree, filled these valleys, gouging out the lake basins as they crept along. And I love to stretch my

mind and think at the same time of the time to come when lush, tall grass and pink and blue pentstemon and the blue and white larkspur and the star of Bethlehem will be growing in those very spots "where the lakes are now."

"O dear, I don't," sighed Phebe. "It makes my head ache to think either forward or back so far, and I couldn't begin to think both ways at once. I like to think about just now."

Ruth flashed a glance at Perdita. Perdita was lost. In the "here and now" Perdita might be slangy, saucy, indifferent, matter-of-fact, but there was something in her which echoed to far cries from past or future. The others, as they sewed, drifted into chat as to the respective merits of Chot and Acrobat and about the humming bird who had hummed about Phebe's head when she wore a red tam o' shanter, but Perdita was unaware. It took a shriek from the pressure cooker, and the mild "Heaving!" from Joe which followed, to rouse her to finish her long, green seam with galloping stitches, and join the others at a supper of corn-meal mush, thick with raisins, and a salad of wild onions and miner's lettuce with curry dressing.

Next day, in their camp dresses of buckskin, they were all five off at daybreak. It was a pleasant scramble over rocks, black and gold with lichen, now climbing high above one little azure lake, now descending to the edge of one of turquoise, now crossing on stepping-stones one of apple-green, now picking their way among

huge, fallen blocks fringed with laurel-like clusters of Alpine-heather till, in sight of the dirty little glacier, making a cirque for itself and for the lake of the future, they reached the farthest side of the highest lake, blue as the "speedwell's darling blue" that grew beside it.

There a cairn had been built in the shape of the Φ , and they eagerly removed from its heart the little match box, and read the names of all the girls who had preceded them: Irene, Cicely, Marjorie, Charlotte, Mary, Helen, Edith, Joan, Roberta, Rose, Bess, and Gretchen. This tradition was purely feminine, but they respected it and took pains to write their own first names clearly. Then they replaced the box, mended the cairn, and made ready for their little ceremony, by opening their knapsacks and putting on their silken garments. (One of the traditions was that the pageant should be enacted, fasting. Eating, Ruth had found, made a picnic of it.)

The three little lakes, in their lovely, shimmering colors, seated themselves, one below the other, the jade-green river stood above them, and the gray, glacial stream took up a position higher still.

Then, after all together had prayed devoutly:

"Praised be my Lord for Our Sister Water, who is very serviceable unto us, and humble and precious and clean!"

The poem which Ruth had wrought out in a tiny room in a city attic, overlooking chimneys and stilt-

legged tanks, was recited, part by part, in sweet, reverent voices:

Phebe: "I, Water, wear many disguises.
I am the dew-drop silvering a clover.
I am the frost pattern.
I am the snow-flake.
I am the ice-star on the new-frozen pool.
I am the icicle fringing the bank.
I am the tiny ice-pillar, rising from the ground,
bearing soil up with me.

Emily: "I am mist rising, from river or from sea.
I am cloud forming, floating, disappearing.
I am cumulus, white and rounded.
I am level stratus.
I am long, streaming cirrus, high, highest, ice-crystals, now herald of storm, now its follower, like mother-of-pearl in the sunlight.
I am nimbus, heavy, ready for downpour.

"I am rain, great, slow drops, quick-rushing downpour.
I am sun-shower. I am cloud-burst.
I am the drops in the air, on which the sun paints the rainbow.

"I am hail, swift to smite, swift to vanish.

"I am snow, snow falling, snow fallen, snow melting, snow sliding. I am snow banner flung out from summit.

"I am glacier. I am iceberg. I am river. I am cascade. I am waterfall. I am brook. I am

spring. I am lake. I am tarn. I am geyser.
Last I am Ocean.

Ruth: “As Ocean I do enswathe the rocky sphere, the
Earth, in my wide, blue embraces, my tides
washing the edges of those patches of the rock
I leave, now for a space, uncovered.

Upon the rock-sphere’s highest points and
ridges I drift down in my cloud-shapes. There
I dwell as snow, year in, year out, ever deep-
ening, compact, compacting, melting, freezing,
melting, creeping down as glaciers, running
down as rivers, from high places everywhere,
gray, blue-green, then clear as crystal, down,
down, forever downward, till I reach at last
myself, the Ocean.

“Thence, rising as cloud again, like the veils of a
dancer, I fly and float about the whirling rock-
sphere.

Faster than she flies, I seem to fly before her.

At her own majestic rate I float and hover.

Now, caught by winds, I go against her.

“I try in vain to cross her most waste places. The
thirsty air consumes me. Her high moun-
tain ranges hold me, and forbid my passing.

Over the sea I fall in torrents.

Over the plains and the valleys I scatter myself
in showers.

“Forever, as the rock-sphere spins in space, my
veils float above her and about her, curving
with her curves, dark in her shadow, rose-
edged at her shadow’s rim, white in the sun-

GIRLS IN THE HIGH SIERRAS

light, gold-hued and flame-hued at sunrise and sunset.

“Forever, as the rock-sphere spins in space, my snows rest on her ridges, my rains fall on her forests, my springs feed her hillsides. My streams wind through her plains, and run down her valleys. My oceans clothe her with pulsating garments.

Perdita: “I crumble the mountains. I carve the valleys. I carry the land to the sea: I lay down the rock. I build up the terrace. I percolate the rock-sphere. I dissolve. I deposit.

“Locked in the opal, stored in the leaf-cell, part of life-tissue, I am immanent, working.

“Without me, the Earth would be barren, and, like a black star, changeless.

Man, beast and bird, leaf, flower, root, and grass-blade, would perish.

There would be no Spring without me.

“I am man’s most humble servant. I am a tool more powerful than any of his conception. I do his bidding.

“And in one rush of my floods I can destroy all that he has, in ages, by my help and his great toil and greater dreaming, seemed to accomplish.

Clara: “I am the sculptor of the Earth, forever shaping.

“In me lies the whole gamut of light and of color.

“My voice is music. The whole range of sound. I utter, from the lapping of ripples on a sandy

beach, and the trickle of tiniest brooklet, to the thundering roar of breakers, on the shores of my wide-flung seas.

"I am movement. I am rhythm.

I am mist rising, cloud floating, rain falling, snow drifting.

I am glacier creeping, ice-crystals, inwardly gliding.

I am brook running, river flowing.

I am cascade. I am waterfall. I am ripple.
I am rapid.

I am spray dashing, surf breaking, waves swelling.

I am tide. I am ebb. I am flow. I am rhythm.

"I am Water."

CHAPTER XVI

ON TRAVELLED TRAILS

STOCKINGS, girls!”

“O Chieftaine, they’re so hot!”

“And my legs aren’t as brown as Coppertop’s yet!”

“And I’m sure to tear mine on rocks or climbing trees when we get down to the tree-line. If you scratch your legs, Nature mends ’em!”

“Ultra-violet rays are healthy, Chieftaine!”

“Tut, tut! What an undisciplined lot! We travel on main trails for the next three marches, and das Publikum doesn’t approve of bare-legged maidens.”

“Das silly Publikum!” growled Perdita as she overhauled her “personal” for a pair of stockings not too ragged for the Silly Public’s gaze. “Why didn’t we grow stockings if skin is wicked to look at?”

It was only a few miles for a Clarke’s crow, from Camp of the Cascades to Avalanche Camp, but for burros and lassies it was a three-days’ march. The Three-Corner Round traditions, of keeping close to the crest, and of avoiding the ways of men, came into conflict at this point. Unless they were to go over the very top of the knife-edged arrête above Evolution Lake,

or down into Owens Valley, they must adopt the Muir trail and the Muir Pass. Ruth commented to Clara after her skirmish with the rebels:

"If they had crossed Muir Pass as often as I have, they'd want stockings fast enough, and perhaps puttees as well. I've never crossed the thing except in a storm, and the signs aren't wanting for one to-day."

Down from the camp among the cascades, the little train was winding, to the head of a wide, steep, grassy couloir. Suddenly Phebe exclaimed:

"Mary Louise's bell is tied!" And forthwith sprang in the direction of Mary Louise. An admirable spring, the only difficulty being that Mary Louise's direction changed instantly. Phebe measured her length on the grass. Perdita took up the chase, almost laying hands on the bell-collar at the foot of a great, smooth slope of rock. Mary Louise flew lightly, noiselessly upward, and Perdita, knowing from experience that she could not follow, ran around to head her off. The tantalizing little creature sprang off the opposite edge of the rock, alighting in Emily's arms, keeling Emily over, and flitting away, dodging Joe and both boys, running actually between Manuel's straddled legs, then racing gayly down the couloir.

"We'll never be able to find her at milking-time," gasped Phebe, who was head of the dairy department that week. "We've *got* to catch her."

"Pretend you don't want her," suggested Ruth. "Look! The little scamp! She's waiting for us now."

She wants to do it all over again. She thinks it's a good tamasha!"

They passed her without a glance, absorbed in the scenery. After all had gone by, Emily felt a little head rubbing against her, and there was Mary Louise, looking up with gentle nanny-goat eyes, and saying, quite plainly: "That was jolly fun, wasn't it? Did you see me dodge Joe? Now, I wish you'd untie my bell, please, because I like to hear it jingling when I dance."

There was some trouble in the next wooded stretch of the journey, with the donkeys, fording the many little streams which represented the upper cascades below. They gathered meadow-rue and spiraea and ripe strawberries, and after a little time emerged upon the beaten trail, with sign-posts and a littered camp-site close to the trail-side.

Phebe stopped and began to tidy up. It took a peremptory order from Ruth to make her desist and come on.

"I shall come in, sometime, on the trails, and spend a whole summer cleaning up these precious mountains. That day the donkeys ran away I just about died with shame, there were so many horrid places. When I die, I shall leave all my money to keep the mountains neat. What in the world do they come here for, if they want to look at tin cans and oatmeal boxes?"

"Poor things!" sighed Ruth, pushing the young reformer before her. "Some of the trail-followers hate the litter as much as you do. I met a chap once, with the saddest eyes. He had just two weeks' vacation,

and it had taken him five days to get to a little resort just within the mountains, and it would take five more to get back to his work. He said to me: 'It's my first vacation in three years, and I was just hungry for it, and now I'm here, there's nothing but tin cans. I cleaned 'em up the first day, but I found twice as many the second. It takes the heart out of a man.' No, you don't, young woman. You march straight ahead. We'll be lucky if we make the pass before the storm, and don't have to stop at Desolate Orphans Camp for the night. To cheer you, I'll tell you the Sierra Club comes in here, three hundred strong, for a month at a time, and never leaves a trace of its camp anywhere."

Everybody seemed to have a grievance that day. Perdita was irritated by the frequency of the signs. "If they have to be told what trail they are on every hundred yards, when there isn't a branch trail anywhere, they ought not to be allowed away from home," she sputtered. "Such idiots'd better *get* lost!"

The sky was heavily clouded, and the country had a bleak look. The great bulwark of Goddard on their right looked dark and ominous. The only interest the girls took was in trying to identify the part of the trail where the boys, according to the oracular typescript, had met the barking professors: a jovial party of men who had greeted a wood-gathering contingent with barks like dogs—and who, met the next day on the march, sedately proved to be an army officer and three college professors!

They shivered as they looked down at the dull lake beside which, under a great protecting shoulder of moraine, a bad-weather camp had once been made. Clara reminded them that the "Letters" had declared that, after the storm, the sunset had been superb, and that the leaden lake had turned sheer sapphire.

"But I don't like gloomy days," declared Emily. "They seem like a mistake. I think the sun means to shine always. To-day is horrid."

"Another of you qualifying for a Buddhist hell," sighed Clara. "Grumbling about the weather. And Perdita was doing a bit of backbiting about her neighbor a few minutes since. She's due to enter that same circle in the Wheel of Life."

"Perhaps Phebe's efforts to tidy up may atone, and save the others," suggested Ruth.

"No, indeed. That's the valuable feature of the Buddhist system: everybody has to expiate his own offences. There's no shoving one's sins' consequences off on neighbor or sister. How high is the pass, Ruth?"

"Twelve thousand, exactly. And then we drop down pretty quickly. Get out your rain-coats, girls! It's coming!"

"Our Sister Water" was in fierce mood that day. She came as stinging hail, borne by a fierce wind over the pass, straight into the faces of the party. Clara drew the hood of her Arctic parka far over her face, and huddled forward on her saddle, finding it hard to recall that the afternoon before she had lain in the sun in

thin summer garments. The hail struck in at even the tiny crack through which she peered out at Coupe's cropped ears. She caught her breath sharply with the sting of it and the cold of it.

"I've found some more of that rock the granite baked," chirped Perdita's voice. "I had my eyes shut against the hail, and then I heard Johnny Harvard's hoofs clinking on it, and I looked, and all about us I saw it. It looks like striped blue and gray ribbon. It's not a bit like granite. It's tight-woven. Sort of."

Clara made no answer, but sighed a little to herself: "I'm not altogether clear of old Forty yet. That infant doesn't even know it's hailing!"

Coupe stopped short. Before him was a bridge of snow. The rest of the outfit had crossed it with very little hesitation, but cautious old Coupe Oreille did not like the look of it. On Joe's advice, Clara dismounted, and crossed on foot. Then Coupe followed, gravely testing each step before he committed himself to it.

"You old fraud!" cried Clara, getting back into her saddle. "I've prided myself it was devotion to me that made you so careful. It's just self-preservation, you ancient, gray hypocrite. Why, Coppertop, look! It's clearing already!"

"Unhun." Perdita was not interested. She was whacking at a piece of her blue-ribbon rock with a little hammer. "I think this has all been under pressure and awfully hot," she informed Clara. "I've got three different specimens to show Ruth when we get into camp."

Joe had made a cache of firewood off the trail a little below the pass, just beyond Lake Helen. Next morning the march was renewed, down a wild canyon, and presently down to forest, of silver pine first, then within sight of a most lovely grove of mountain hemlock.

The descent of quite three thousand feet was made in a short time. Clara's ears rang, and the others all felt a faint sense of depression, but the beauty of the country offset that difference in air pressure.

It was a rugged valley, once scooped out by a glacier into a U shape. "Once," Ruth meditated, "it was all as bare as the rock high up on both sides is now." She reconstructed that period in her mind, imagining the first lichen spores out of the air taking hold on the lower rocks, clothing them, crumbling them, furnishing with their own dead matter the organic material needed for soil, thus little by little the way being prepared for splendid trees in the bottom, and part way up the sides. She conceived the process continuing, till the sides should all be green. "And by that time, people will have spread over America so thickly that residence sites in the Middle Kings Valley will be valuable, and perhaps people will be carrying earth up from the river-bottom and making terraces to cultivate, up there where it is like polished marble now. One thing is certain, though, they won't carry it in baskets as they do in the Alps and Himalayas. Cable-ways—ugh!" She dismissed the thought with a shiver, then drove her donkey into the river sharply, in order to cross downstream of tiny

Hemet, the wee-est of the colts, who had crossed rivers hitherto on Joe's back, but had essayed this one on his own. Ears and nose tip alone showing above water, he managed to swim it, and sprawled up the farther bank, dripping and shaking, to receive congratulations.

Emily and Phebe drove the donkeys out of camp a little later, to find feed. As they pushed through a grove of firs, they suddenly heard a girl's voice shouting:

"As I live, Dad, a Three-Corner Round donkey!"

They saw a pair of long arms go about Shrimp's neck, and then a tall girl in a paint-stained green smock came toward them, welcoming:

"I'm Sylvia," she said. "I've met the Three-Corner Round in here every summer since I can remember. How's Ruth? Dad, come and meet the new girls."

But Dad, intent on catching a last golden light after the storm, did not even hear his daughter, and Emily, stealing up to look over his shoulder at his easel, was so entranced that she did not notice that Sylvia had taken her place and was helping Phebe drive the donkeys, until that wood-nymph reappeared with a cordial invitation from her mother for all the party to come at once to her camp to supper.

A fixed camp! With cupboards, and a long table, and a stove made of cemented stones, and a chintz-hung living-tent, with magazines and books. And pictures! The others were excited over the blueberry pie, and the baked potatoes, and the delicious, golden

trout, but Emily, even in the twilight, pored over the portfolio of sketches, till the artist himself led her to the table, promising that she should go out with him at sunrise next day and see how it was done.

Sylvia arranged a sunrise party, too, but for trout-fishing, Phebe and Perdita joyously agreeing to go with her, and solemnly engaging, at her request, not to catch more than "the limit." These plans called for early bed-going, but the temptation to linger by the fire and ask questions of these friendly folk as to their memories of the Three-Corner Round old boys was too great for resisting, and Ruth had not the heart to insist.

"Well, yes, I remember the boys a little," said Sylvia. "I was very little, but there was one very tall one, so fair that he was red instead of ruddy brown like most of the others. He liked my handsprings, I remember. And there was a short one they called Hobo Dave. He had a most shocking hat, with a hole so big his ear stuck out through it. I'm afraid what I remember best is the donkeys. I forded the river on one, and I loved it."

"O dear, that's always the way," Perdita lamented. "Nobody ever tells us anything really interesting."

"Jack liked sketching," volunteered "Dad." "Seemed to be clever at it. Perhaps he's exhibiting somewhere now. How time flies!"

"They were all nice lads," said the artist's wife, comfortably. "And they all liked blueberry pie. I don't recall them distinctly, there were so many boys



A View From the Heights

going through in those days, and they always stopped at our camp for whatever we could give them. That was when we camped on the trail on the other side of the river. We took the hint from the Three-Corner Rounders, and since then have always camped on this side, sometimes farther upstream, sometimes farther down, and we seldom see any one now. I rather miss the knapsack boys who used to come by, and be so glad to taste potatoes again, and sit down at a real table."

"We know how they felt," replied Ruth. "I pretend I'm sorry we ever have to take the trails, but I should miss my visit with you, most assuredly. I'd probably slip down and make it, anyhow. Now, maidens, say good-night. Trout bite best at sunrise. Sylvia won't vanish overnight, for all she's really a sprite of the mountains, without another abiding-place."

"Really?" Phebe's eyes widened, anxiously. "Do you live here all the winter, Sylvia? Isn't it cold?"

Sylvia laughed and pinched Phebe's cheek.

"Fifty feet of snow in midwinter, here, last year, by our observations of signs when we came in this spring. No, sweetheart, Ruth was only telling you a legend. She and I would not speak to each other if we met on a city street. Neither of us knows where the other lives. We wouldn't know for anything. I believe she is a dryad, and she believes I am——"

"I know you are Sylvia," said Ruth. "Girls—orders! Bed! You've been rebellious for two days, ever since I commanded stockings."

"Sylvia doesn't wear them and we didn't meet a soul on the trail either day!" burst out Perdita defiantly, and Ruth had to muzzle her and carry her off through the darkening woods to her own camp.

Those two or three days in the Kings were a social orgy. Other fixed campers turned up, among them a boy so clean that the girls felt abashed in his combed and scented presence until they discovered that he was the only male in a nest of aunts, mothers, sisters, and female cousins, when their hearts went out to him in deep compassion. There was a delightful doctor, and a honey-mooning, eloping boy and girl who were most glad of an invitation to supper, and accepted with shy gratitude a big baking of Joe's and Clara's. Trout-fishing was great sport—golden trout exquisite to look on, interesting to outwit, most delicate, fried in olive oil, to eat epicureanly.

But after all, they were glad when they started out of the valley, up the Dusty Creek trail, winding through real chaparral, manzanita, ceanothus, chinquapin, for a bristly half-mile, up to junipers, superb old fellows, great ragged trunks, and masses of yellow-green foliage, wonderful to behold against the blue, blue sky: junipers finding foothold on a series of great, smooth ledges, over which the water of the creek slid in long, foaming loops. Then, slowly, up and up through a stretch of quivering poplars, following the stream among rocks, from under which and beside which every kind of tall flower sprang, through a stand of lodge-pole mixed with

white-bark, erect as any tree, hardly to be thought of as the squat, fierce-clinging thing of the higher altitudes. The lodge-pole grew scarcer, the white-bark more numerous. Suddenly, in an open meadow, they found gentians! The first gentians! Square, deep-blue cups, silken in texture, indescribably thrilling in their loveliness—a half-acre patch of them!

Now came a steep climb, leaving the trail, at last, and in the space of a hundred feet, white-bark abandoned its erect posture. Bare, weathered granite held in its crannies prostrate trunks of giants, who had fought the cold and drought of twelve thousand altitude for hundreds of years, small mats and patches of flowers, short-stemmed or stemless, a few grasses, and very small shrubs.

They pushed on to a high, open stretch of ledge. Above them and to the east towered the wall, whose peaks, they knew, looked down on the desert valley, two miles' sheer depth below. By a shining lake they camped, pausing in their work to listen now to the bark of the coney, now to the marmot's whistle—and now to the sound of avalanche!

That night, by starlight, under a great, overhanging rock, Phebe held Mary Louise's hind legs, while Emily's harp-trained fingers played the sweet, rich milk into a bucket. And Phebe's half-frightened eyes looked off from the granite ledge, at the edge of which she sat, down into the glassy lake, far below, where stars lay drowning, millions of miles below the surface, looked

up at the stark, black cliffs towering all about, thousands of feet into the dark, starry sky; shivered when a meteor shot across the valley and lighted up the dark rocks close at hand, and the figure of Perdita milking Evelyn with no one to hold hind legs; and when, suddenly, a huge rock broke loose high up on the cliff-side and thundered down, striking the lake with a mighty splash, Phebe sprang to her feet, her heart in her very throat.

And Emily said fretfully:

“Mercy, Phe, you’ve made Mary Lou step into the bucket, and the milk’s all wasted!”

CHAPTER XVII

“ANDANTE SOSTENUTO”

JOE had to put in a day of hard work on the trail over Har's Pass to Sea-Farring Camp, out of reach of the worst of those rock-dropping cliffs. Every one rejoiced in being “back” again in the high solitudes.

“These bare mountains are ‘austere, terrible, and dear’,” declared Clara. “Those three adjectives sum them up. And they are dear as truly as they are austere and terrible.”

“I like the short-stemmed flowers best,” said Phebe. “Those down in the valley seemed bold. And up here there are no bugs!”

“And I noticed,” remarked Emily, peering into a pocket mirror, “that Sylvia, lovely though she is, hasn't as good a color as we have, red showing through brown.”

“Red blood corpuscles, that's all,” said Perdita in a tone to quench vanity's hottest flame. “Thin air up here: your blood has to have more oxygen, so it has to make more red blood corpuscles to carry it. The doctor explained it to me.”

“Well, whatever the reason is,” said Emily, “it makes you most awfully good-looking. I usually look

like an underdone steak after a week at the seashore, but even I am much handsomer than I ever was, and Phebe's stunning. Wish it would last."

Having finished her vanity investigations Emily put up her mirror and set about salting almonds, the occupation of all others which connotes, in camp, a sense of being at peace with the world, and rich in leisure. Perdita was busy chipping the edges of her precious rock specimens, numbering them with blue paint and describing for each, in a note-book, the locality from which it came, even adding a list of flowers found growing in the neighborhood, because, as she said to Ruth: "If there are different chemicals in different rocks, I should think different kinds of flowers would grow where different rocks make the soil. And if the man I take these to to find out what they are shouldn't know one of my specimens by anything else, that might decide him, knowing that polemonium grows in it, for instance. I suppose saxifrage grows on rock that's easy to break. 'Spose stone crop likes special rock?"

Phebe, overhearing, grew dreamy:

"I wonder if there's gold in the rock wherever yellow flowers grow, and sapphires or turquoises where larkspur grows, and rubies where these lovely little deep red buckwheat blossoms are!"

"Rubbish!" Perdita interrupted rudely. "Is that what the colors mean on that map you're so busy over?"

“*That’s* rubbish,” answered Phebe, somewhat annoyed. “You don’t know much about maps, I guess. Daddy always has maps about, and he taught me when I was a baby that blue means water, and brown means hills and things like that, and black means things people make, like roads and trails and houses. I’m marking all our trail very carefully, in red ink, to show him when I get home. We do lots of travelling that way winters on the maps. You see,” turning to Ruth, who was looking interested, rather than to Perdita who was not, “Daddy gets out the Mt. Goddard sheet, for instance, and says to me: ‘Now, Fudge, you’re here, and you want to get there. How’re you going to do it?’ First, I used to make the most dreadful mistakes! I’d go right over the tops of peaks that perhaps nobody ever climbed, and I’d climb straight up one of those places where the brown contour lines are so close together you can’t see them apart, and Daddy would laugh and tell me how steep that place would be, and how I’d need a dozen fireman’s ladders to get up. And at first I couldn’t tell which way a river was running, or anything. It will be such fun to do it again now that I really know the mountains!”

“Coming with me to bring in the goats, Chieftaine?” asked Clara, putting down her mending with a sigh, and stretching her back. “I heard coyotes very near camp last night, and I want to make sure those nannies are tied up near us before dark.”

Down to the edge of the lake they went, looking for

little tracks, and listening now and then for the sound of the tiny Ladaki bells which all the goats wore. They found them presently, snapped their lead-ropes on, and began strolling back to camp, each leading two goats, stopping frequently to untangle ropes, or jerk a loiterer on.

“I’m not so sure I want to be young, after all,” Clara confided. “Middle age has a terrible tendency to wear a ball and chain of accumulated habits and pseudo-obligations, which is crippling. But get free of that, as I have this summer, and what is left is ‘pure gold.’ You know who you are, at last, and what you are, limitations and possibilities, both, and you don’t surprise yourself so frequently. Did you notice that wretch Perdita just now, most neatly working at her own job, but when Phebe was not looking, taking pains to spill over Phebe’s work-bag? I actually saw her loosening the ends of the spools of thread! I murmured: ‘I am this, I am the other—and the devil is my brother.’ She didn’t hear me. She wouldn’t have cared, if she had.”

““But my father, He is God,”” Ruth finished the lines. “The other line is: ‘And my mother is the sod,’ isn’t it? I never can recall the proper order, but it’s often in my head, as I deal with young things, or older ones, for that matter. I’m not so sure maturity makes such changes as you think, Santa Clara. I’m sure I’ve met graybeards whose reactions in a given set of circumstances were exactly the same that a five-

year-old boy would have. Maturity isn't years. Mountains can give it in months. When you come down from the mountains in the autumn, you will see, for a space, so clearly! Every one's inner motives seem revealed, until the mob-cloud dims your eyes again.”

“O, I hadn't thought of that! What a wonderful thing it will be! Here you are so *sure!*—And you can take that surety with you down below?”

“For a while, yes. You know good from bad in pictures, in plays, in music as you never did before, quite independent judgments, but as unhesitant as a mystic's convictions. You see the ridiculousness of accepted things like advertising—everybody yelling at the top of his lungs to make someone want what he wants to get rid of, and himself being yelled at and impressed, in turn! And the pathos and terror of the crowded towns! And you know which are the friends that matter, and which are the folk with whom only your externals can ever have contact. What a dreadful way to express an interesting idea! It's that pesky little Sugarplum's fault! She has nearly tripped me up three times.”

Clara stopped to gaze at a great patch of cassiope, tiny white bells close to the ground, each with a wee, red calyx, like a fairy-cap at the back of its bending head, each on a wee, red stem.

“I suppose it wouldn't grow at a low altitude,” she said at last. “Else I should have to transplant it. But at least, I've got it in my memory and imagination for-

ever. Come on, Evelyn! Time to get home and be milked, and have your little Navajo on, and go to bed under the big cliff."

They walked on in silence for some time. Presently Clara spoke again:

"The impersonality of these places, and of our own life in them, is what impresses me most, Ruth. Do you always have girls so healthy-minded as these? Do you never get one who tries to have a crush on you, for instance?"

"Heaven forbid!" Ruth answered. "If she did, she'd be packed out at the first opportunity. No, neither here nor anywhere else do I meet that kind of thing. Of course, one needn't. If the girl has any intelligence, she has only to be told that an excessive devotion to another girl or an older woman is a perversion of an instinct, and she understands, and saves herself from ignominy. Of course, there may be some poor creatures who are all emotion, without any intelligence. They aren't drawn to life in desolate mountain places, probably. At least, I've never diagnosed an applicant that way. Anyhow, I fancy crushes rather went out with Victorianism and mystery, generally, don't you? Probably some grown women, a generation ago, didn't know, themselves, how to interpret such things."

"The poor old Queen!" Clara laughed. "She took a lot of responsibility on herself, in her day, but I don't believe even she would have welcomed the posi-

tion of cause to such a variety of effects as are attributed to her nowadays.”

“I know. Once I told a woman of an older generation that I wore knickers in the mountains, adding, as I saw her look of disapproval, that it was dangerous to be impeded by skirts. She said nothing at the time, but a little later I discovered that she had climbed several difficult peaks, and done adventurous travelling of a sort to make my utmost seem like rolling about the Park in a perambulator. And you knew by looking at her that she had never worn anything but skirts and a sufficient quantity and length and fullness of them. I felt as rebuked as if the old Queen herself had snubbed me.”

“Hoo-hoo-hoo!” A long shout from the top of Har’s Pass. “Joe, warning José to get the Java on. Hurry up, little goats. To-morrow we march to Sea-Farring Lake.”

In the old days, Har’s Pass had not been fit for quadrupeds. Dynamite and labor under Ruth’s direction had now made it so: long, easy switchbacks and gentle grades, engineered with the welfare of the donkeys’ backs in view, rather than cheapness in the making.

When the riders reached the top, they looked ahead with eagerness. At their left North Palisade towered into the sky. At its foot a glaciated valley stepped steeply down a giant staircase to Palisade Valley, far, far below.

"I suppose the top lake is Sea-Farring, but why do they call it that?" asked Clara.

"Wait," was all Ruth's answer.

They scrambled swiftly down over bare ledge to a narrow, grassy stretch at the lake's rim.

"Now look!"

And lo! They looked out across the blue waters of a fjörd to open sea! High rock walls on either side the long, narrow stretch of blue. Beyond, the sky—one rocky peak showing like an island miles and miles away.

"It only needs a sail to make the illusion perfect," said Clara.

"Or a gull," suggested Emily, and suddenly touched Clara's arm to make her look upward. An eagle soaring superbly.

"The same pair come here year after year, I think," said Ruth. "I'd give my head if I could band them. Now, you see why Sea-Farring suits this lake."

"Sea-Farring," they all repeated the name with pleasure, none of them, not even Ruth, knowing its origin in a curly-headed boy's reading aloud of *Treasure Island*, years before in a chimney-seat three thousand miles away.

They turned back and gazed upward at the pinnacles of North Palisade, almost as high as the highest in all the hundred miles of scarp, and far more stately than some still higher. Emily and Perdita longed passionately to climb it. Not many people had yet done so,

according to the records which the Sierra Club so faithfully tries to keep, and never a Three-Corner Round girl, Ruth had assured them, in the same breath in which she assured them that this season should not break that record.

“The boys did,” whispered Perdita bitterly. “One boy so young he couldn’t spell the name of the town he lived in! Heliogabalus Sparakites! Why should being a Boy be wasted on a thing like Peter, and me have to be a Girl? And I want a rock from the very top.”

There was a ring around the moon their second night there and Ruth declared she felt the “cool, sweet touch” on her cheeks that always foreboded snow. So tents were pitched, and beds, when made, carried into them. Joe, sharing Ruth’s foreboding, had had an extra supply of wood chopped and placed on end against the great rock which made a background for the kitchen. All the water-cans were filled, even though the lake was so near, and so were the goat-skin bags from Abyssinia, kept for emergency. A pit was dug to keep the water in the receptacles from freezing. The tools in the handy little sapper’s kit, which Applesauce Cake always carried at the head of the line, for road repairs, were ranged with care near the fire. And Manuel went ahead to Pot-Luck Pass, marking the trail with high ducks which would escape being buried in a fairly thick snow blanket. Reserve kyacks were ransacked for mittens, heavy sweaters, and high “snow-packs.”

Every one felt pleasantly excited, and when supper was over, and all the girls were in bed in one tent, they were too full of friskiness to go to sleep. For a long time Clara and Ruth in another tent and Joe and the boys in theirs at a distance, heard "Brixham Town" and "O No, John" and "Leezie Lindsay," interspersed with sounds of chattering and giggling.

For the second time that season the bugle did not wake them. Emily opened her eyes wide, to darkness and silence. She shivered and curled closer into a ball, and waited, wondering why she was not sleepy. Her eyes felt cool and refreshed. She heard a rustling near by.

"Perdy?"

"Yes, I'm awake. Has she blown the bugle? I'll not dip this morning."

"No. I think it's midnight. Isn't it awfully still? Do you suppose we've got insomnia?"

"I wonder! I'm wide awake, but it's pitch dark. Don't wake Phebe. Hush! What's that?"

Steps outside. A thump on the tent wall. A heavy slide. A lighter patch appearing. Ruth's voice.

"Phebe! Emily! Coppertop! Wake up! It's snowing hard. My tent was so dark I overslept. Joe has breakfast all ready. Get up and put on all your warm things."

The first, shivering peep out at a white whiteness, snow falling, still, nothing else to see anywhere.

“Blessed Joe! Hot flapjacks, and bacon and cocoa!”
 “And even maple syrup!” “Anybody’d think it was an
 extra easy day to cook!” “Poor little goats! Hope
 their blankets didn’t slip off or get crooked. Evelyn
 always works out of hers.” “These snow-boots take
 forever to lace up.” “I’ve got two pairs of woollen
 stockings on and three pairs of mittens. Wish I had
 a football nose-pad!” “Do you suppose it’ll be good
 for snowballs? We had a snow once at home that lasted
 long enough for us to make a snow-man!” “Once!
 You ought to live in Wisconsin!”

All day long the snow fell. The girls ploughed
 through it blithely, but the poor little donkeys, with
 icicles hanging from their ears, huddled close to the
 tent walls, drearily. Joe and the girls fed them grain,
 and lumps of sugar, and talked to them cheerily, but
 a finger’s pressure on the small of the back would send
 a discouraged little animal down in a heap.

“Dey’s desert canaries, dey is, not snow-birds,”
 Joe explained. “Dey didn’t enlist for no snow-
 storms.”

Joe kept a good fire going constantly. In the late
 afternoon there came from his tent the sound of a
 mouth-organ. Perdita ran off in its direction. The
 others gathered in Ruth’s tent, round a big brazier of
 red coals, the open door showing the dancing flames
 from the master fire. Ruth read aloud the story of
Stickeen, the little dog and the glacier and his human
 friend, John Muir.

When she had finished, she was moved to poetry, and recited solemnly King Lear's words:

“‘Poor naked wretches, wheresoe’er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop’d and window’d raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these?’”

As she repeated the last words, Clara lighted the candle-lanterns. Through the half-open door they saw Perdita in Joe's big rubber coat on which the sleety snow glistened in the firelight. Perdita began to sing, high and clear:

“‘Fire and sleet and candlelight
This ae night and all.
Fire and sleet and candlelight
And Christ receive thy soule.

“‘The Brig o’ Dread when thou hast passed
This ae night and all
To Whinny Muir thou comst at last
And Christ receive thy soule.

“‘If ever thou gavest hosen or shoon
This ae night and all
Sit thee down and put them on
And Christ receive thy soule.

“‘If hosen or shoon thou never gavest nane
This ae night and all
The whins shall prick thee to the bare bane
And Christ receive thy soule.’”

She got no further, for Phebe began to sob:

“I want to go home! I want to go home! I want Mother and Daddy and Our Grandma! O, I want to go home.”

Santa Clara and Emily came to the rescue, and Perdita, half scared, half pleased at the dramatic effect of her singing, felt around in a messy coatpocket and dug out a bar of chocolate, melted, and reshaped at the edges, which she poked under Phebe’s nose, saying:

“Had to learn that for English once, and the ‘fire and sleet and candlelight’ made me think of it. Only the ‘sleet’ in the song means ‘salt’ really. Cheer up, kid! Joe says it’s clearing, and will be gorgeous tomorrow.”

It was early for snowfalls. Our Brother the Sun broke through the clouds early the next day, and set to work drawing back Our Sister Water with all haste.

That day was to live ever after in the girl’s memories as “The Misty Day.” After three months of days of sheer sunlight, even the rays beyond the violet unobscured, and nights of clear starlight, varied only by sharp, definite rain-storms, quick to clear away, they greeted with marvelling delight the beauty of the mists: their delicate hesitancies, their soft, reluctant lingerings, their momentary withdrawals, their floating caresses, their revelations and their concealments.

Emily sang under her breath all day: “I found the trail of the mountain mist, the mountain mist.” Clara sought in the recesses of her mind for the words:

“‘I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds,
But ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of Eternity.
Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
Round the half-glimpsed turrets
Slowly wash again.’”

And Perdita refrained from any flippant comment on “trumpet” and the morning “bugle,” for the spell of the beauty had caught even her.

At times level bands of mist on North Palisade’s steep sides made the peak seem to rise, immeasurably remote. Veils played about it all day long. Sometimes the whole valley filled. They could watch, out on their open sea, the tops of billowy white clouds rising, approaching. Presently they themselves were enveloped in cool wetness. Then the cloud passed up the face of the mountain.

At sunset they gathered to watch the mists color, deeply content. “This clear air is ideal for camping,” Ruth remarked. “But I should feel desperately defrauded if we never saw the mountains ‘haze-cradled.’ For the most part the Sierras are like Arnold’s view of Truth in his boyhood:

“‘The mountain-tops where is the throne of Truth,
Tops in life’s morning sun so bright and bare!’

Bright and bare and near at hand, looking easy to scale. To-day ‘in cloudy air’ they are high, really high, as they always look to old climbers.”

“Yes, you need the mists to get perspective,” agreed Clara. “See, Phebe dear, Ruth means: that peak really is far away. The sun on the first two days we were here was deceptive. You thought that even you could climb it in an hour or two. To-day you know you couldn’t, in hours and hours.”

“That reminds me,” Ruth put in hurriedly to avert a speech from Perdita. “Why don’t you three go up on Pot-Luck Pass to-morrow early to see the sunrise? The snow will be gone enough for easy walking, and it’s a rare view. You could take the *Letters to Nine Mothers* along, and see if you think Quarter-Mistress described accurately.”

“Good!” from Emily and Phebe, with a half-hearted echo from Perdita. And “I’ll go, too,” said Santa Clara. “Coppertop, it’s our turn to put up lunch together. ‘Per man, per meal: one twelfth pound butter, one half pound bread, one third pound cheese, a lot of dates and an orange!’”

CHAPTER XVIII

POT-LUCK PASS

SO THE sunrise found them huddled close together for warmth on the top of the pass dividing Sea-Farring from the next valley draining like it down into Palisade.

And Clara read from the typescript:

“5:30 A. M. August 11.

“Camp Pot-Luck Up

“I am wearing a mackinaw of Ed’s, and a scarlet blanket.

“I am squatting on a pass. The moon, rather frayed out, is visible over my nearest peak, and certain distant ones are crowned with sun. The valley below me, known from last year as the Valley of Elmer’s Wrath, lies in deep shadow, its lakes still black, with white reflections of snow in them. Beside one of the lakes (half filled with blue ice and white, real, not reflected) I can see a few black dots, which I know to be at Camp Pot-Luck Down.

“On the trail which winds down the steep face of the mountain, are the figures of Sahib, Stu, Ed, and Roger, moving down.

“From the upper part of the valley, I hear donkey-bells and shouts. In Sea-Farring Valley behind me, on

the other side of the pass, whereon I, squaw-like, squat, are more donkey-bells, and no shouts.

"I wonder if all these statements mean anything to you?

"Behold the interpretation thereof:

"At dawn yesterday, Quarter-Mistress' Camp, in the Valley of Elmer's Wrath, was astir: blankets folding, a huge lunch being put up, final packing and balancing, then the arrival of donkeys, saddling, packing, and 'en avant.' We came down the mountain side last year, and the Sahib, with the aid of three little boys and block and tackle, could do it all in one day with only twenty donkeys—but going *up*, with forty donkeys, is different. Tall work has been done on the trail in the last week, and we have five big boys to work besides two little ones, but nightfall found us with only twenty-three donkeys up (more than last year's total, to be sure) and almost as many more below.

"So Bill was sent below with Jack and Pat and Dave, to make one camp there (where we met a snow-storm last year) and the rest of us unpacked the twenty-three and made camp on the pass itself. No firewood at either camp—all the cheese gone, but we had two huge loaves of bread, and plenty of butter and marmalade and a little fruit.

"The donkeys, looking no bigger than aphides on rose-bushes, are being driven into Pot-Luck Down. I can tell the boys by their silhouettes and manner of walking—Dave by his high, little shrieks, very different from his conversational tones.

"The perverse little beasts are going 'forty ways for Sunday' among the boulders, and the drivers keep dodging after them, heading them off, and urging them on.

"This is the awkward squad down below, all donkeys with a bad record segregated and kept to the last.

"The shivering fellows in camp, waiting for the onslaught, are moving about, hands in pockets, and talking, I suppose.

"The slope on which the trail lies is about 30° from the horizontal at best, and in certain spots it is 90° .

"At one spot the trail comes up on a great stretch of smooth rock about eighty feet, where the block and tackle are needful to prevent a backslider's falling. This rock the boys covered with donkey dung last night to make a show of precedence and familiarity for to-day's bunch.

"Once up that rock, you come to a flight of six precarious stairs, followed by a zigzag along perfectly smooth rock, and then a swift rush upward. Two ropes and pulleys, one in Sahib's hands and one in Roger's, guide up the stairs and zigzag, Roger pulling when the donkey is headed in one direction, and Sahib when he is headed in the opposite, one boy leading him, and another 'touching him up' from behind. After a few sharp switchbacks comes a huge rock, past which many donkeys have to be steered—then a comparatively easy stretch (though a narrow trail, on slidy stuff, with a long way to fall) and then another handsome staircase, where a fall would be fatal, more block and tackle, and a last steep pull up to the pass itself.

"Boys and burros behaved pretty well yesterday, but the process had to be slow. To-day's better organization and earlier start may compensate for the greater awkwardness of the particular donkeys involved—but no one knows.

"Nothing but bread and butter and jelly to eat, for two or three meals, may subtract from the boys' en-

ergy, though I have great faith in that precious bread—and there is stimulus in butter and sugar. There should be a sup of goat's milk all 'round, too.

“Wish the sun would come up. I'm congealing my fingers.

“We went to bed when the sun went down. Most of our blankets were at Pot-Luck Down, but we made a comfortable bed all the same. Sahib was not sleepy, only weary, so as long as the light lasted, I read to him: the whole book of *Ruth*. What an exquisite tale it is with one lovely little scene after another! And then random, beautiful passages from Bridges's *Spirit of Man*, till he fell asleep like a baby, and I, who had had no work all day, but only watching and waiting, lay awhile, watching the stars till sleep came to me, too.

“Donkeys all in, below, and saddling going swiftly forward. It should with eight saddlers, and only seventeen animals.

“The snow will be hard when they cross. That means a good start.

“The twilight arch was superb this A. M.

“The light has struck the top of the heap of *roches moutonnées* among which we had our last camp. What a dark valley is this of Elmer's Wrath! The sun went down early in it yesterday, too.

“A ton of provisions lies in the cache beyond the next valley and the next pass.

“Yesterday, the 10th, was Ed's birthday. Stu told him he spent it 'at the circus all day.' We had his camp birthday cake the 8th, and his birthday jelly, hoarded since base camp, the 9th. His cake from home he will find when we get to the cache. I think he will always remember his 18th birthday.

“He and Stu ran down to a little lake, half snow

and half water, and took a dip last night before supper!

"The bells have all been tied, and I see the Sahib moving about among his silently working henchmen.

"The little cairn on the pass here has got the sun.

"*Later.* I left you then, to go and get Bill's big sheepskin coat for myself, and a slice of bread with chunks of butter. I had no appetite when the boys ate at 5:30. It's 6:30 now and the sun has got to my broad ledge. It is just touching Pot-Luck Down.

"My bed is in order, and I may take another nap by and by, or else I shall just drop off here in the sun.

"It's beginning! I hear a shout 'Pat! Wake up!'

"Poor Pat and Dave find it hard literally to wake up at these hours. Dave caused his Sahib to walk several extra miles yesterday because he had dozed on duty, and got called down for it, too, poor kid, though he is just barely eleven.

"Sahib is up at the first block and tackle place, getting ready for action: parka, coat, and now shirt,—off! He wears a tam o' shanter out here, very becoming. He is inevitably picturesque in the mountains, looking now like a pastoral patriarch, now like an Indian, now like an astrologer, and, when he combined the tam with his camel's hair sleeping-jacket the other day, like a jolly Jack Tar.

"Roger has lost his razor and has entered into competition with the Sahib. Jack has been downy all summer.

"Hee-haw-w-w! Which poor little beast is that, I wonder, foreseeing the hour of ordeal?

"Our best donkeys can go up these bad places without help, but alas! 'best' donkeys are very scarce.

"I can see Stu's pirate bandanna down there. It seems to me it takes them forever to saddle and pack.

They can do it in 4 minutes per donkey, which is supposed to be fair (four boys last year got to a $3\frac{1}{2}$ minute average, all working at once) and $4 \times 17 = 68$, which is a perceptible time by a watch. We have never had a really quick boy since Ray, back in our Year One. Now and then, one is quick in some respects, but the general effect is glacieristic—demonstrable, but not readily perceptible.

“Even yet the sun has not got the whole little valley. The lake’s white reflections show in green water now, instead of in black. An unseen stream roars steadily, and now and then I hear a faint bird-tweet. (I suppose a person who knows birds would hear many more.)

“Pat found a queer, eight-legged beast yesterday—looked to me like a glorified tick, rather squashed and stepped-on—about $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch long—a sort of animated bit of fungus.

“And Dave found more of his soil-ice columns, which, after his first discovery of them, we read about in Shaler: how on sharp mornings, when air is colder than soil, moving soil-water freezes in small dabs between earth particles, moves up, continuing to freeze from the bottom as more water comes along, till you find tiny columns, sometimes six inches high before the sun is up, close but not touching, sometimes carrying small stones or dirt which they have pushed up. They extend a bit below ground, too. They look like fairy stalagmites.

“Why don’t they start? They look like so many little Noah’s Ark wooden figures; perhaps they’re eating again before they start.

“I have made my ablutions up here, in a pool left where snow has melted, and I have a pocket comb and tooth floss.

“At last! They move—their long shadows making a path ahead of them and under them on the snow. Stu is leading, I think: I recognize a kind of pump-handle effect of his arm, when his donkey balks suddenly. Three donkeys. Then Roger in his tall cowboy hat. Here is little Dave in Stu’s long breeches, making him look like a Dutch boy. Ed, I think: more stocky than some of them. Pat with his elbows up in a triangle.

“A stoppage: trouble somewhere. Roger’s big voice booming out: ‘Go on, Pete!’ More little donkeys stepping out in the snow, each one in the tail of his own shadow. That wide-stepping, loose-jointed boy is Jack. ‘Whoo-up!’ ‘Get up there!’

“Bill, lunch-bag in hand, lead-rope over his shoulder, hauling the last of the awkward squad, and driving the next-to-the-last before him.

“The first ones are coming on pretty well, glimpsed amid the rocks. Bill’s big sheepskin is getting too warm for me.

“‘Hi!’ (Dave)

“Bronze Buddha Sahib awaiting their arrival in silence.

“I see this: a donkey’s pack; two vertical ears; Stu’s pump handle: Stu’s bandannaed head.

“‘Etta! Etta!’ (Jack) ‘Get up there—Et-ta!’ Etta is a delicate, fine-lady donkey with pretty ways, (‘Etta! Get up there, Etta!’) perfectly capable of any work, but choosing most capriciously to be coaxed and urged, and given without provocation to lying down limply and acting dead. If any boy ever says to any girl: ‘You remind me of Etta,’ said girl may know her goose is cooked.

“‘Bill! (something inaudible)’ (Sahib)

“‘All right!’ (Bill)

“Faint echoes of ‘Get up there!’

“Moving again. ‘Hee—*haw!*’

“‘Bill - inaudible -’ (Sahib)

“‘- - - - inaudible’ (Bill)

“‘Oh Lord!’ (Sahib)

“Chorus: ‘Get up! Get up!’

“(I didn’t know I was taking notes of a play. I’ll adopt the usual arrangement.)

“Enter ears and packs, rising into sight, disappearing, heaving like waves.

“*Sahib.* Jack, you stay with those fool donkeys till the rest are up. (One of those donkeys Dave always calls ‘Big ’Normous Stupid.’)

“*Sahib.* Pat, that’s all *right!* Leave it alone!

“Enter first donkey, with Stu, at dung-covered rock.

“Enter Roger, second block and tackle man.

“*Sahib.* Dave, what are you doing? Wake up!

“*Sahib.* What’s the matter with you fellows?

“*Sahib.* Let go of that brute!

“*Sahib.* Let go of that *brute!*

“Enter Donkey No. 2. I can’t tell them apart at this distance.

“Exeunt 1 and 2, in apparent calm, out of my sight at least.

“*Jack.* (From far below). ‘Get up!’

“Absolutely nothing in sight now, except a possible gray-black rump and—there!—a switching tail. I should prefer a better seat, but I should probably be ordered out of it if I got into one, as ‘dangerous.’

“*Sahib.* ‘Take him down! Get out! Look out!’

“Re-enter Roger and No. 1 or 2, posture of ears

indicating alarm. Apparently an attempt was made without the ropes and abandoned. Ropes getting into action. Ed has stripped to waist. One waving tail far down. One loaded back. Silence. No one in sight. The lake's reflection sun-lit now, growing vague in freezing-over of surface: 'Immovably unquiet: it trembles, but it cannot pass away.'

"*Jack* (far below—in sight, hauling hard).

Get up here!

"Bronze Sahib and blue-bodiced Roger show over a boulder—now seen hauling tackle.

"*Some one.* Pat!

"Enter No. 3 over rock.

"*Some one.* 'Damn you! Get up there.'

"Lead-rope tossed up through air.

"*Ed.* 'Hey, Pat! Come here?'

"No. 3 looking back. I think I recognize No. 3 as Pinyon by his black nose. Arrives Pat to hold No. 3 while rope is attached. Ed is hauling tackle.

"Enter No. 4 and Bill.

"Enter No. 1 above, Sahib leading, No. 2 with Roger—no telling what struggle, hidden behind the rocks, successfully over. It's like a Greek tragedy, mostly off stage. More hand-over-hand hauling at upper level.

"*Sahib:* Get a long lead-rope. Wait till I'm ready. Clear below?

"*Jack* (far below) Get up!

"I judge a donkey has fallen, for I see a figure lifting packs. He is probably down on his side, being unpacked and encouraged and beaten, systematically and steadily, not brutally. There seems to be something about the rhythmic effect that eventually reaches the brain-cells.

“*Sahib*. ‘Can you spare a boy down there?’

“This play is going on on three levels and all the way between. Pat comes into view, odd overalled shape with soup-bowl hat.

“I was interrupted by a call: ‘Kate, you could be useful here,’ and I sped down, eager to help—and plunged into an endless moment, when a rock, dislodged by my carelessness, crashed down, and I knew all those boys were at various points below. I shouted: ‘Look out!’ steadily through the long descent of it, and everyone else shouted, and no one was hurt—mercifully—not even a donkey.

“Now I am far away, up at the foot of the last steps, on duty, guarding donkeys as Pat brings them to me, not only out of harm’s way myself, but beyond the possibility of hurting any one else.

“The *Sahib* has often said to me it was surprising that boys who were clumsy (with hands and feet growing large overnight in a regular *Alice in Wonderland* fashion) and absent-minded (heads full of ‘peachy thoughts,’ as one said) should be so careful and alert in really dangerous places. When I see how easy it was to dislodge that rock, and recall that they have worked trail for days and days, with no worse bruise than one pounded toe, I appreciate their presence of mind. I was still half dreaming, on my ledge where I had been writing to you.

“A prolonged bray from below sets the twelve ears of my waiting charges all agog. Old Coupe Oreille is ashamed at being classed with the awkward squad. He had a fall or fight one night recently, and is still bandaged. He looks as though he would love to tell me how high his pulse and temperature have been, and how anxious the doctors have been about him!

What a bore he would probably be if he could speak! And I'm really fond of him—mute.

"Pat brings Frère Jacques.

"The pink primroses all around me are very like those you and your mothers and neighbors have had in pots. And the tall seeded grasses beside them appear to my eye the exact fellows of those mother and I cut with shears on the Michillinda lawn once. Perhaps they are.

"Oh, I am so thankful I haven't one of you looking accusingly at me over a bumped boy's head. I didn't mind a bit (except for the start of surprise and pain) when one of them knocked a stone on to my head—what a difference it makes!

"The dearest wee chipmunk! Don't you love the way they move their tails?

"I can see five lakes, large and small, from here.

"Roger's rowing calluses are excellent for block and tackle work.

"One of my charges, that nuisance, Donatello, started back and I had to climb over some large scree to head him off. I can't recall what shy, fawn-like look he had that made me give him that classic name. He doesn't show it now, poor thing.

"Imagine wearing all the stuff a donkey does, en route:

one hair pad 36" x 36" x 1"

one blanket, folded triple

one canvas blanket-cover

one saddle, with breast-collar and breeching, besides cinch, and pull-collar with long strap to attach him to another donkey

two saddle cushions to keep pack from pressing too hard

one bell collar and great bell

one halter
two side packs
one top pack
one tarpaulin

"We call the pack a hundred pounds and don't count the rest of the weight.

"Pat, bringing Etta, reports Gossoon as having fallen, even with block and tackle on him, and his pack having gone down the mountain: honey, tea, malted milk and dynamite soup.

"Here comes Big 'Normous Stupid. Her little brass tag glints in the sun.

"There will have to be a lot of re-tagging done at Cache Camp if we ever get there.

"We can't get there for two days more after this, but we have fifty pounds of bacon and almost a hundred pounds of flour, and a lot of flourishes besides.

"I don't think it would hurt any of your comfortably nourished sons to be really hungry once.

"The weather is superb. Cirrus has no significance here, apparently. We thought we were surely in for a storm, but no August day at low altitudes could be more balmy than this. When your eye follows up a great, white granite wall to the sky, the depth of the blue thrills you. It is paler on the distant horizon overshadowed or darker rock peaks.

"Big 'Normous Stupid is sniffing at me. Her ears are like great cornucopias.

"Twelve up here now—five more to come.

"Sahib was getting pretty vehement when I was last within earshot. He must have sworn at me when I slipped that rock, but I was too far gone to hear him. Oh yes, I remember his asking me: 'Why?' As though I had a purpose!

"My big lake is dark green now—and no reflections. In the course of a day a lake will pass through the whole gamut of blues, in its reflections. I have seen, from a divide, naught but black and gray mountains, patched with white of snow—and deep in a tarn a bit of pure robin's egg blue from the sky. And sometimes we see, from above, a pale yellow delta, all under water in a blue lake.

"There are no fish in any of these cold little lakes in our high country. Only the lakes on the Forest Service trails are stocked.

"Four thousand or more feet down, and miles and miles away, runs the Muir Trail from Whitney to Yosemite, dusty, sign-posted, be-travelled, by stream after stream, and lake after lake, full of golden and rainbow trout and fish-hooks.

"It is hard to realize how near that 'Broadway' is, while we are so secluded. No sight or sound of folk, save one day late last month.

"*Later.* I turned over my charges to Dave and came back to the pass.

"And just as I was spreading bread with butter and marmalade against the coming of my own, along came two strange pedestrians, or rather two climbing men! They ate what I dared give them, with gusto, having been out for a month with only knapsack provisions.

"The aforesaid are carrying this out.

"Sahib's and the boys' greetings would go with it to you all if they were near. They are out of sight now, doing the last stretch and have been for hours.

"QUARTER-MISTRESS."



“Suffering Kittens! The Sleeping Beauty in Triplicate!”

CHAPTER XIX

OLD BOYS

AT FIRST they had gone out to the point of rock which must have been Quarter-Mistress's lookout, commanding the whole valley and the trail, but a cold breeze drove them back a bit to the pass itself in the shelter of some great rocks, in the sun. ("Out of the wind and in the sun" is a phrase summing up the camper's idea of comfort.)

As Clara read, they nibbled away at the good food in their lunch-bags. The climb of four miles and more from camp had made them a wee bit weary, and now, with food and the warm sun, and leisure, drowsiness came upon them. All four settled into comfortable positions, and dozed off, Emily murmuring sadly: "To think that in all my life I've never been sworn at!"

The girls were shortly miles deep in slumber, but Clara's ear caught a sound that brought her up, sitting. Voices! And a donkey's bray, on the wrong side of the pass. It could not be Joe or the boys. She gathered her cape about her, and sought the lookout.

The new trail, broad and neat, displayed all its zig-zags to her gaze. No one on it. The voices came again, far but distinct, and she looked more to the right

of the trail, and saw moving figures of men and animals.

"They seem to be hauling on ropes," she said to herself, unbelieving. "I must be dreaming."

A little gust of wind brought her two shouted words:

"Etta!" and

"Coises!"

She could make out six or eight men and about as many donkeys. One of the men was especially tall, one short and stocky, and one wore a red bandanna, not an uncommon species of headgear in the mountains.

The rope-hauling seemed to be over, and she saw them all move upward, but presently operations began as before, at a higher level. Santa Clara pressed her hands together in excitement:

"It's precisely like the description. I wonder! Could it be? Three-Corner Round old boys, back, doing the old trail with ropes for sport? What an incredible coincidence!"

She watched till they were out of sight again, then got behind a rock for shelter from the breeze, and waited, intending to wake her girls before the invasion, yet reluctant to do so too soon, partly because she thought they could do with a good sleep, but more because she was afraid lest Perdita, if she understood what was going on, might disgrace herself by dashing down to make inquiries.

"I'll wake them just before the men get here," she told herself, and started as she heard just below her:

"Confound this ass! He's so lazy his blood won't circulate!"

She put her head close to the ground and peered around her rock.

A tall, fair-bearded man was bending over a ridiculous little donkey, apparently trying to feel its pulse. A slighter fellow behind was amusing himself in an enforced wait, by throwing a butterfly net over the ears of his ungainly beast.

"Well, come along up, Cockleburrr," said the first man, making an entry in a note-book and jerking at the lead-rope. But Cockleburrr was as if rooted.

"Let's try a song to stimulate him," suggested the other chap, and the two promptly roared out:

"The damn police, the damn police,
The damn police are on your trail—"

Hi there! *Up* he goes! Come on, Petrology!

"The sweetest girl you ever knew
Will soon begin to weep and wail:
The damn police, the damn police,
The damn police are—*here!*"

Clara came to her feet, but too late. With one rush both men and donkeys had passed her. She saw them stop short. She heard:

"Suffering kittens! The Sleeping Beauty in triplicate!"

Three little girls in golden-green middies and knickers, each with a big *Q* embroidered on her sleeve, lay

sleeping among the rocks before them. And from behind them, a woman in blue-gray appeared, saying casually:

“Are the rest of the boys and the donkeys stuck?”

They snatched off their hats, and caught their open shirts together, but both were dumb, open-mouthed for an instant. Then Stuart joined them—dark face with scarlet head-dress and girdle and earrings of silver and turquoise, saying:

“Good afternoon—or is it still morning?”

“I’m glad you have your manners with you,” exclaimed Roger. “We lost ours. Look ahead—and you’ll see why!”

“Three-Corner Round?” Stu gasped.

“Yes,” said Santa Clara, “that’s what they are, though they seem more like the Seven Sleepers. Phoebe! Emily! Coppertop! Wake up, wake up! The Old Boys have come!”

“If they’re the real thing, it’ll take more than that to rouse them!” And Red Bandanna suddenly uttered a long, loud:

“All-l-l-l UP!!!!!!”

Instantaneous response. The girls came awake suddenly and completely and burst into excited speech:

“I thought I dreamed it!” “Is that the way they used to get you up? We have to have a bugle!”

“You’re Stu with the pirate earrings!” “Aren’t you hungry? I’ve got two sandwiches left!” “O, here come more of them!”

Roger had introduced himself and Pat by now, and would have named the newcomers, but Perdita begged:

"Please, let us guess. I think one of the very red-cheeked ones must be Dave, only his hat's fairly new-ish."

"Right O! And the long-legged other is his brother Jim of the Very First Expedition, now our literary artist. Did nothing but smoke in the difficult parts of the trail."

"O, I know," Perdita was rapturous. "Joe told us 'dot Chimmy' wasn't much use. But he *likes* you!" she added quickly, and Jim's face lighted with pleasure as he exclaimed:

"Old Joe with you! That is a little bit of all right."

"Aren't you going to guess me?" asked a most disreputably-clad creature, with a hat-brim nibbled to scallops.

"Maybe you're Ed," faltered Phebe. "The 'Letters' said when Ed's face was dirty it got an even gray all over!"

There was a roar of laughter which confused Phebe, but the butt of the joke answered her gravely:

"Ed's not here. Couldn't get away, else I'm sure you'd see an even *dark* gray. I am Har, inventor of the—Can it be you don't know what I am famous for?" He looked appealingly at the girls, and Emily answered:

"Fruit flopovers. Please show me how to make them. Where's Charley?"

"Last heard of in Bohemia or Roumania, or some-

where. They say he married a Balkan princess, got sick of the court, and she and he, with their fiddles, vanished overnight a year ago, and naebody kens whaur they gaed to."

"Are all the rest of you here?" asked Perdita eagerly, running to the edge to look down the trail.

"No, only eight altogether. Jack is cleaning up a few bits of the world-map that are still marked Unexplored. Barrett has just married a wife. Ray is councillor at a Canadian camp. Nobody knew Bill's address. They say that fellow never writes letters. Odo is starting a chain of book-shops in China. Leif and Elmer'll be along soon. Leif's usually last, and Elmer stopped to make a note or two for his chief. He's in the Forestry Service, and got off for this affair on the promise of looking up some things for his chief. There's Leif singing now."

"Jog on, jog on, the footpath way
And merrily hent the stile-a!
Your merry heart goes all the way,
Your sad tires in a mile-a!"

The singer, ruddy and round, swept off his wide Stetson with a beautiful bow to the ladies.

"I've always been expecting to meet the Three-Corner Round girls, but I didn't suppose they took such high country as this. Have you still got Buck?"

"Buck!" jeered Stu. "He must have been pensioned ten years back. He was superannuated when

we had him. Now, a really good donkey like Apple-sauce——”

“Ya-ah!”

“Buck is the best donkey——”

“The best leader in the outfit——”

“Me for Shrimp and the Shrimp family!”

“Jacob’s an intelligent donkey!”

“Nigger’s the smart one! Ever try to steal a ride on Nigger?”

“It sounds just like the donkeys when they see the nose-bags,” said Emily thoughtfully. “I suppose braying is a kind of talking.”

“Or talking a kind of braying,” suggested Pat. “Have you got goats this year?”

“What’s all the row?” asked Elmer, arriving, trim and clean, in forestry green uniform. “You fellows seem to have forgotten the donkeys altogether. They’re huddled back there out of the wind. We may have to use the block again to get them the rest of the way—My goodness! I said to myself: ‘It isn’t Quarter-Mistress?’”

“Not quite, but it is the old outfit, or what it has grown into. Will you have a sandwich, Elmer? I’m not sure Emily’s bread is as good as yours.”

“It’s better’n any I ever made,” vowed Elmer, taking a bite. “It tastes like the old kind. You take fifteen yeast cakes——”

CHAPTER XX

CAMP-FIRE AND STARLIGHT

THE girls' eyes were shining as bright as the stars that night.

The boys had made their camp a half mile above Sea-Farring on some great ledges, but at Ruth's invitation they joyously swarmed down to the lake-side in time to help get an early supper.

Jim and Joe wrung hands in silence, and Jim followed Joe about all through the hour of supper-getting with: "Joe, do you remember?" and: "I say, Joe, have you still got your mouth-organ?" and: "I'm going to have coffee to-night, Joe, make no mistake about that. I'm grown-up now, Joe." And Joe would answer: "Get along, you Chimmy. Don't bodder me."

Dave and Pat helped Emily milk, marvelling at the steady stream she sent into the bucket.

Perdita, fascinated by Stu's piratical appearance (he even had a black pig-tail!), hovered over him while he seasoned a huge kettle of soup, tasting critically again and again.

Elmer begged the privilege of making a custard. Roger and Harlan did good work on the wood-pile.

Leif ran away to pay his respects to the donkeys, barely turning up in time to eat.

Phebe tucked her hand into Clara's.

"Isn't it lovely?" she whispered. "It feels like when Daddy comes home!"

Clara squeezed her hand a bit. "I was thinking it was like the day my brothers came home for the holidays. They are nice fellows."

"Oh, aren't they? I'm so proud of being a Three-Corner Rounder!"

"Supper!" Jim announced in a loud voice, as Joe took the curried rice and the lima beans from the cooker, and Stu brandished the soup ladle shouting: "Everybody gets a cup and a half!"

The outlying members of the party gathered eagerly. There was a shortage of plates and cups, but adjustments were quickly made.

"Eight extra men, equivalent to about sixteen women, unexpected guests, Chieftaine," said Leif, fitting himself into a very small space between Ruth and Roger. "Won't it strain your larder badly? We really are used to being rationed, you know."

"I've carried an emergency week's rations for years," replied Ruth, "and have always had to hunt up someone to appreciate it as a gift when I got down. It will be rather fun to have less to dispose of this time."

"Then the emergency is sure to happen," said Stu. "I think some of us ought to see the ladies home, fellows."

"Wish we all could," said Roger, "but I'm due out by day after to-morrow at the latest."

"So'm I, worse luck!" muttered Dave. "Why do they open universities in October? It's the best month of the year to be out."

"I could go back with you," Harlan put in. "You're going out by Taboose, of course? I was going out over Bishop, but I've a good week's leeway, and I'd like nothing better than to go back the way we came in."

"How was the Pass?" asked Ruth.

"Rotten. Hardly any animals have been over. We had to spend two full days making it reasonable for our beasts. The last outfit left blood all along the way. Our little beasts were a rum lot, but we didn't want to murder them, for all that."

"I'd go back with you, too, Chieftaine, if I could," said Elmer, taking another bite of Emily's bread, "but I have to go on to the King's to make some notes on mountain hemlock. The chief's getting out a new report for the department."

"We'll go," said Pat and Jim together.

"It looks like gallantry, madam," said Roger, "but I misdoubt it's the grub. They've not had anything like this for nearly two weeks."

"Why, I thought you could all cook wonderfully," cried Emily reproachfully, "and I never tasted such a good soup in my life!"

"O, we can cook, all right, when we've the ingredients. 'Cooking is only the application of heat and

intelligence to ingredients,' a great international lawyer once said. But this time, my dear young lady, ingredients were lacking! When you pack everything for eight men for two weeks on six numskull donks, and have to pack the donks themselves a good part of the way——”

“And are taking fifty pounds of block and tackle for sentiment!”

“And we’re not up to fresh cheeses from Holland, or sweet Valencia oranges bought off the trees and selected,” said somebody else, his teeth in a slice of the cheese as he finished speaking.

“Anyhow, we didn’t descend to baking-powder.”

“Nor to white flour. Remember the old chap who said it kept because it was so robbed of its virtues that not even the worms would eat it?”

“And we took brown sugar for old time’s sake. Do you still carry white for donkeys only?”

“Yes,” cried Phebe, “and the only way we can ever get a lump is to stand in the line and bray and take it with our tongues!”

“Hooray! The old traditions have not died!”

“Died!” exclaimed Clara. “If these girls got it into their heads that the Three-Corner Round tradition included——”

“Santa Clara! No fair!” Perdita protested, and Clara desisted, laughing.

“Tell us what you did take for a two-weeks’ trip,” said Ruth.

"Well, it wasn't the Boy Scout manual stuff," said Harlan. "To pack on a fellow's own back—loaves of bread, soft bakery bread probably, crush up in a minute, and no strength in it. 'Member the time we ate it for two meals running, and nearly died and Q.M. fed us a bite of our own good stuff on the march and we all bucked up? Of course, you don't remember! Trouble with this reunion is that most of us weren't out together, and a fellow has to do most of his reminiscing by himself."

"And we didn't take any glass jars or preserves either, as the poor B. S. is advised to do, to carry, on his back along with potatoes heavy as lead, and eggs as fragile as glass, or more so. Did your eggs keep to midsummer?"

"Yes, indeed. Everything keeps up here in this dry air. The butter was sweet to the very end. You're joking about the Boy Scouts."

"Not on your life. See the Manual, at least the edition current in our day. And I forgot canned salmon. Ptomaine, and another tin can to add to the collection at the camp-site. Why not bait and fish-hooks and get a trout or two instead?"

"I fished," declared Phebe suddenly. "I got two. But I don't think I like to. I like to eat them, but I don't like to see them stop living."

"Afraid to face unpleasant realities," sighed Roger. "I'm sorry to see that symptom in one so young and fair, Phebe. Half of a city practitioner's patients have

it, one way or another. That's why I took a country practice."

He smiled at Phebe, and slipped his share of the custard to her plate, to atone for having brought a worried look to her eyes.

"Country practitioner!" exclaimed Ruth. "I think that must be delightful. There are so many charming country doctors in literature I've always wanted to meet one. Do you go about on horseback?"

"Sometimes, when I'm called to a mining-camp or the like of that. I've all Inyo County for my bailiwick. Not much competition, except from a Piute medicine man. He drinks the patients' blood and dances around a fire till he falls in a fit. I can't do anything so dramatic as that. But recently a witch put a spell on the doctor himself and I think he may be counted out of the running. O, it's a great life! Every sort of people except the 'tired business man.' One of the best things about my job is that I can get into the mountains quickly—and out again, alack! Leif and I've got a trail up from Bishop now, nearly to North Palisade. We're going back that way to-morrow after a bit climb up to the top."

"O!" Perdita gave a little shriek and then bit her lip. Roger turned to her quickly.

"Did you hurt yourself?"

"No, only—— Oh, dear, I hate being a girl!"

Roger laughed.

"Want to climb N.P., do you? So did I like blazes

the first time I was out here, and they wouldn't let me. I wasn't a girl, either. Do you suppose Chieftaine would let you go up with us to-morrow? Elmer and Stu and Jim and Pat will be coming back down and could look after you."

"O, Chieftaine *darling!*" Perdita, quite forgetting her scorn of hugging, was smothering Ruth. "And I didn't ask. I didn't. He understood without my telling!"

Ruth disengaged herself, asked a few clear, sharp questions about ropes and hobnails, assured the doctor as to the girls' steady heads and good wind, and in a jiffy Perdita and Emily were trotting off to bed to get the requisite sleep, while Elmer and Pat, with hobnails and a cup of water, awls and hammer set to work to get two pairs of not-very-big, stout-soled shoes ready for action.

"Elmer," Ruth's tone was the lighter one again. "You're not accounted for."

Elmer felt in a pocket and got out a photograph of a pretty girl and two chubby, snub-nosed urchins.

"Yours?" Ruth was incredulous, but Elmer nodded and pounded affirmation.

"Let's see, who's next? Jim. What does Jim do for a living?"

"Did you happen to see that play *Thyrum* that had such a run in New York last winter?"

Clara looked up. "The one about chewing-gum, you mean? The burlesque on America by a young

Oxford man—where everything was done by efficiency-units, squads of four, in time to rhythmic gum-chewing? O yes, the gum was flavored with different gland-secretions. You chewed adrenal if your unit was to serve as soldiers, and thyroid for something else. I've forgotten the technicalities. Rather like *The Robots*. Were you in the cast, Jim?"

"No, Jim was only the author. And since he made his name and a lot of English shillings, not to say pounds, poking fun at his old homeland for the benefit of the British public, and then for the benefit of the home-folks themselves (who do fall for it, I admit!), he's been pretending he earns his salt by writing for some misguided paper or other——"

Jim tucked Pat's head under his arm, as Ruth called for Leif's report.

"Me? I'm called the Gentleman Packer. I like donkeys, and I decided there'd be room in the Sierras for a packer who could treat animals decently and keep appointments, and keep camps clean, and let people go where they'd like to, not just where it was easiest for the packer to take them. It's healthy and fun, and so far I'm not in the poor-house. We make our own saddles, humane tree, fitting each donkey, and we don't average one sore back a season. I've just joined these fellows for a few days on my way back from taking in one party to take in another. All my stock's let, that's why theirs is so poor."

"Good for you!" cried Ruth. "I'm no end glad to

hear about you. You could bring in our midsummer stuff, couldn't you? We'll talk about that. Pat, you're not in a pigeon-hole yet."

"Pheasant-farmer," quoth Pat, but Jim added:

"Volunteer Contributing Editor to All Journals who will have him on the general subject of the Debauchery of Modern Civilization. As if anything I ever said about America was half as scorching as Pat's weakest headlines! Why, when one of Pat's utterances is heard, stocks fall off 17% in an hour, eh Stu?"

"'Deed they do. If I'd known what Pat's future was going to be, I'd never have gone into banking. Want me for a partner, Leif? I'm thinking of retiring."

"Can't say I do, old man. But I do want Elmer. See here, Elmer, I can make you a fair offer. You know you like mules and horses and donkeys better than you do trees. What do you say to this?" And the two withdrew from the fire-lit circle.

There was a general breaking-up, and going off to bed. Jim wandered down to the men's fire. There he drew from his pocket a handful of tiny wooden figures of donkeys and men, and Joe, puffing at his pipe and chuckling quietly for audience, there was enacted a little drama: *The Awkward Squad at Pot-Luck Pass*, ending in the waking of the three sleeping beauties, not by kisses but by a resounding bray.

Santa Clara, coming back to the camp-fire to make sure it was safely covered, found Harlan before her on

the same errand. He smiled up at her through his scalloped hat-brim.

"Crickets ate my hat-brim," he told her. "It's the same old hat I had out here years and years ago. I dug it up for the occasion. See! There's a pistol hole through the crown. I put that in with care the first day I wore it. O, I can't bear to turn in yet," and he suddenly blew on the coals he had just been carefully covering.

Clara dropped down beside the embers.

"It's a struggle every night to go to bed," she said. "It's a sheer economic waste, to sleep through such nights as these. And yet usually we get so sleepy that we drop off early. To-night you've excited us all so that we shan't get to sleep for hours and hours. What an interesting and varied lot of careers you fellows have entered on! But I don't recall your telling us what you do."

"Nobody asked," said Harlan quietly, "and really, my job's so new, and to me it's so enormously interesting that I shouldn't feel like sketching it briefly to a crowd." He glanced up at Clara's face and seeing the quick interest there, he went on:

"I had an offer to be athletic director at one of the big colleges; faculty rank, and big pay; pretty good for so young a chap. I liked the sound of it. But one doesn't go through prep school and college without having a thought once in a while about the existing order of things. It's only the man who never went to

college who is so dead sure it's a blessed institution, I'm sure. Or the college man who just breezes through, without stirring his gray matter on the way. Anyhow, though I had got a lot of good out of college athletics, I wasn't altogether sure I wanted to go on perpetuating the system as I found it, and I wasn't sure I was big enough to buck it to any appreciable extent. While I was taking a week to decide, I went up into the Minnesota forests to think it over. Somehow, after you've lived in forests or mountains, you get so you can't really see clearly anywhere else. Out on the prairie, perhaps—or at sea, but I've not tried those yet. And it would have to be a sailing-ship, not a big floating hotel. Anyhow, I made for the nearest neck o' woods, and paddled myself down a river for a few days, and then I declined the offer. Didn't know what I should do instead, and knew I'd have hard work explaining myself to a lot of people. Only I intended not to explain. It was like a religious experience, a kind of holy thing. You understand!"

Clara nodded.

"Well, on the way out of the woods I ran into a curious old chap. Looked about a hundred till you got a look at his eyes. Little wizened old chap, rather asthmatic, I think he was. May have been up in the pine woods for asthma. He was camping, same as I was, all alone. We had supper together, and a smoke afterward by the camp-fire. And if you will believe me, before that fire went out, he had me engaged for

four years at least, and I shouldn't be surprised if it was a lot longer. A man I'd never seen or heard of, and his name I didn't know, nor he mine!"

"Wonderful!" breathed Clara.

"It's like this. He sees the faults of our educational institutions. He says the root of the trouble lies in the word 'institutions.' You can't educate a growing boy in a dead thing like an institution. He knows the difficulties all the educators have to meet. He doesn't grouse at them, or blame them. He only tries to do something himself on a small scale that will be better. It's this he does. He has loads of money. O you may say all you like about money being an evil! It's a tremendous leverage it gives you over men and nature, sometimes. It's only the *love* of the stuff that's vicious."

Clara nodded, and he went on.

"He has a kind of camp on a great crag above a forest, not really in the forest, but you get the woodsy smells up there. I went home with him the next day, but I had accepted his offer before I saw his dugout, I want you to understand. Anybody'd have accepted if they'd once seen. There's a very little house, and a very big telescope. There's not a road, only a donkey-trail, and there's a godown with all sorts of beautiful things in it, which he brings out one at a time for a week or two, the Japanese way, instead of stringing them all up before your eyes till your eyes get numb and don't see them. There are stone fireplaces with decent stone chimneys scattered about the

hill so there's always one out of the wind. There's never a meal cooked or eaten indoors on that hill, except in bad weather. There are wonderful sleeping-sites all about, too, not artificially arranged, just smoothed out a bit. There's a place on the roof of the little house, too, for eating or sleeping, or just gazing, off over a wide horizon: not a man-made thing in sight.

"Well, the Old Man's plan is this: he proposes inviting chosen boys to forego the four years of college and put themselves under his tutelage for that time, entirely at his expense. When a boy agrees he is to come for a year to that hill to read with the Old Man and learn the stars. He says that all the great ideas have come to men who have looked off the earth. The telescope is really good, and he has big astronomer friends who come for visits. All the literatures of the world are on the bookshelves of the main huts and the tiny others where the fellows will live, long distances apart, each hidden away by itself. There are to be no servants. All the wood will be chopped by the boys, and the water has to be carried some distance, and the cooking and cleaning and clothes-washing they will do for themselves. He says he may now and then take or send some of them to town for music or a play. He's able to play the violin fairly well himself. I am sure he has wonderful friends who will be coming for visits, in heavenly frames of mind. Each boy is to be treated as a person, not just one of a bunch, you know what I mean! It was good to get out of college and feel I was

myself, alone, at last, after so many years of being a member of a class and a team and a chorus and a club and the 'varsity itself. He'll give the boy anything he really wants and can appreciate. Only some reading of classics and the stars he insists on, because he thinks you can't tell what a fellow's got in him, until you've shown him those great things.

"When the thing's really going, there'll always be, besides the first-year chaps, some old boys back for a final six-months' of talking it all over with the Old Man before they plunge.

"There aren't any summer vacations, or any other regular holidays in the Old Man's schedule. There may be visits home now and then, but at odd times, perhaps only a run home for a night. Well, after that wonderful first year, the chap goes off for six months of real roughing it, life in the open, however you want to describe it. There are all sorts of possibilities for that. One squad may go into the mountains surveying, the way we used to do in the old Three-Corner Round. That teaches team work. Or a fellow might go mining or prospecting. Or he may go off on a sailing-ship, or canoeing. He may study trees or bugs—I know a fellow who has written a whole book on one kind of beetle, think of that! He taught me to make awfully good pan-cakes, that chap! Or he may paint, or write, or just look. But for six months he's out of touch with civilization. He's not on his own quite. He'd not be ready yet. You can't think, Santa Clara,

what helpless fellows the ordinary chaps from good homes are, when they are ready for college! I've seen 'em in camp, and I know. They are stupid and clumsy and some of them are scared, and they need an awful lot of looking after, and getting things knocked into them and knocked out of them. The Old Man has friends who are prospectors, and Canadian guides, and Swiss mountain-climbers, and Labrador fishermen, and old sea-mates, and so on. He's knocked about a lot, and made friends everywhere, and he never loses track of any of them. His plan is to use these men as his assistants. I'm going to help him by getting hold of these chaps when they're wanted and hooking the right boy up to the right man, and so on, and being a sort of steward for the various outside parties. There may be several out at a time. He never means to have more than a dozen fellows on his string at any time, but with the wide scattering he proposes, there'll be plenty of work for a 'general roustabout' as he calls my noble office.

"After the six months in the open, the boy is to be shipped off to the foreign country of his choice, with enough to live on, and something or other to study up specially. He'll really learn one foreign language there, and learn how to get on with a different sort of people. The old man has friends on every continent, too. If I were one of his boys now I could choose whether I'd go to Vienna and live with a famous surgeon, or to Brazil and help investigate snake poisons, or dwell with a

Chinese poet on a mountain-side, or 'most anywhere. Probably the first boy will choose Siam and that will prove to be a place where the Old Man doesn't know any one. But we'll say, for all practical purposes, he'll be free to choose."

Har threw more wood on the fire. "Glad Rog and I chopped so much. You're sure you're not bored? Gosh! It's good to talk it all out from the beginning with you. My folks approve, but I haven't told it to other people yet. I don't begin work for a month. The Old Man advised me to come out here when Rog invited us. Said I might get a line on something interesting to use for some of our fellows next year. I think Leif and Elmer will be a lot of help to me."

"The next year of the four?" Clara prompted.

"O, yes, that's the most exciting part of it all. After a year on the crag-top, six months in the open, a year in a foreign land, the kid is going to be pitched out into the wide world with fifty dollars or so in cash, the clothes he stands in, and he has to earn his own living that year. He's under bonds not to borrow, and his people aren't to give him a penny, or hunt a job for him. He's to go to some place where he's not known, and his people aren't known. O, I forgot, when they go abroad, the rich boys will go steerage, and the poor boys on steamers de luxe. Let 'em see how the other half lives, you know.

"If the laddie makes good on that year, he comes back for a final six months on the crag-top, talking

everything over with the Old Man, and giving the youngsters thrills.

"Then he's done. And he gets no degree, and he can't belong to University Clubs, and I don't suppose he could get taken on as a bond salesman anywhere, but I do think he'll have whatever poor little germs of Manhood there were in him, fairly well opened out, don't you? By Golly, I get all worked up when I think about it! I'd rather help the Old Man try that scheme out than have won my E at Exeter, and that was my big moment."

"How will he get his boys?" asked Clara breathlessly. "Could one apply for one's nephews?"

"Rather. Only he'll make up his mind himself. There won't be any comprehensive exams for this show. And no cramming. And no certificates. We want boys. Real boys with guts. And brains, if there are any with those. I've two or three I've seen as little kids in camp I'm going to put up to him. Kids that stand their turn at watch without going to sleep, and don't lose their nerve if the canoe tips over and can skip a meal without bragging about it, and are decent to animals, and so on. You get to know a kid in camp, the way his family never does. Tell me about these nephews of yours, I'll look 'em up and show 'em to the Chief. I guess that's what he'll be called, after all."

Ruth and Phebe had left the camp-fire together, to say good-night to the stars, Phebe praying a little

prayer of thankfulness under her breath for the whole happy summer, and for the glorious fun of meeting all these wonderful boys. Ruth always got away from the circle of the flames for a quiet look at the stars before going to sleep, and Phebe often shared it with her.

"They look cool, the stars," she said. "And it's funny because they're such hot blazing suns, isn't it, Chieftaine?"

"Hush!" Ruth laid a hand on the child's lips. "Listen!"

A kind of solemn intoning fell upon their ears. They moved softly across the grass in its direction. Pat, supine, was reciting something solemnly. He saw them and stopped.

"Don't let us interrupt," said Ruth, "but honestly, we're so thrilled about you all that we're dying to know what you were doing."

"I'll do it again with pleasure, if you like. It's my nightly Imagination Exercise. I do setting-up drill and the like for my muscles every day in town, but every night in a place like this I stretch my imagination. I've worked out a formula for it. It goes like this. You must really *think*, Phebe."

"I will, I will," Phebe promised hurriedly, curling close to Ruth on the grass.

"This great Earth," Pat began, "is so great that were I to walk ten miles a day, and the oceans were bridged, never pausing, it would take me seven years to circle it—a tenth of man's span of life."

Phebe, remembering her one ten-mile walk, drew a deep breath.

"This great Earth is one of a group of planets circling about a huge dying star, the Sun.

"This Sun, with its retinue of planets, is one of a billion and a half visible suns in our particular stellar system.

"For every visible sun in the system there are a thousand dark stars, extinguished or so newly-born they have not grown hot enough to see.

"This, our 'patrie sidérale' is one of a million stellar systems in the Cosmos, each as vast as ours.

"The moon is 300,000 kilometers from the earth.

"A moonbeam comes to earth in a second.

"A sunbeam comes to earth in eight minutes.

"To cross our stellar system light must travel 30,000 years.

"To come from one of the nearer of the million other stellar systems light must travel ten million years.

"Betelgeuze is large enough to take in our Sun and his cortège of planets.

"Antares is nearly twice as large."

(Ruth pointed to Antares flaming red in the Scorpion's tail.)

"All the matter in space is as a pin-head in a sphere of ether, 200 kilometers through.

"These huge suns are as naught to the space between them.

"That's the first part," said Pat. "Now for a stretch in the other direction:

"This great Earth is one of the least of the attendants on a tiny, dying star, the Sun, itself a small one of a billion in a system, the system itself, in turn, one of a million systems.

"This earth's outer part is rock.

"The thinnest inch-square shaving of this granite rock, where I touch it here in the Sierras, shows under the microscope interlocking crystals of feldspar, quartz, hornblende and mica, with probably an infinitesimal bit of radioactive zeolite besides.

"In this small fragment of a feldspar crystal are hundreds of thousands of feldspar molecules.

"Each feldspar molecule is a definite, coherent group of atoms, each group containing, let us say, silicon, potassium and aluminium and oxygen in definite proportions.

"Take the silicon atoms. Each of them is itself a planetary system of electrons, circling about a nucleus.

"We conceive the silicon nucleus to be the sun in this particular silicon atomic system.

"Circling about it, in an orbit comparable to that of Mercury, are two electrons.

"Circling in an orbit outside that, comparable to that of Venus, are eight electrons.

"Circling in a third orbit like Earth's are four electrons.

"The spaces between electrons are as great in propor-

tion to the size of the electrons as the spaces between the sun and planets are in proportion to the size of the sun and the planets."

"Chieftaine," whispered Phebe, wretchedly. "May I go to bed? It hurts my head, and I'm a little frightened. I want to find Emily."

CHAPTER XXI

CLIMBING NORTH PALISADE

IT WAS a rapturous Perdita and a rapturous Emily who left their warm blankets voluntarily in the chill morning, stars glittering as though it were midnight, Joe's fire throwing rival stars skyward with a pleasing crackle.

A real climb was in prospect, with ropes. And no Three-Corner Round girl so far had ever done this mountain. They were discreet enough not to exult openly in that fact, however, because they had learned by experience that Ruth was "bored" with people who were interested in being "first or third or eighty-seventh" as she said, "on any peak of the Sierras. As though the Indians hadn't been everywhere hereabout, long before, and the shepherds after that, and doubtless no end of quiet climbers who never thought of recording or advertising themselves!"

The boys were to get their own breakfast at their camp, and to send down for the girls when they were ready.

Phebe, muffled in a big cape, shared a bite of early breakfast with her sister and Perdita, and unenviously watched them off, Doctor Roger securely tying bowlines

about their waists at the very beginning, that the thrill might be as complete as possible, and also, perhaps, that he might begin to feel his responsibility at the start.

The stars faded in that silent, imperceptible fashion of theirs. The white stillness of dawn came on. The peaks showed black against the colorless, dim sky. The lake lay cold and dark and calm. Phebe shivered over the coals as she thought of the others, climbing up, up, up those steep faces. She wondered vaguely what "chimneys" in mountains were, and what was meant by "couloir."

She shook herself at last, with a rather sleepy little sigh, and set to work gathering the scattered breakfast dishes. It was José's job to do them (one improvement introduced by Ruth into the Three-Corner Round, the boys had heartily agreed, was a hired dishwasher!) but Phebe didn't like to leave things lying messily about, even for an hour or so.

Phebe did not want to climb North Palisade. She was not afraid exactly. She would have climbed it pluckily had someone she loved needed help up there, but she could not share Perdita's desire merely to set foot on the top of anything, nor Ruth's passion for the wide-flung views from summits. She liked best the cozier, framed-in views from valleys.

Clara, finding her kneeling by the dish-pan, carefully drying the last dish, just as the sun's first rays shot over the rim of the earth into camp, stooped and gave her a kiss:

"You little housewife!" she said as Phebe lifted affectionate eyes in response to the kiss. "You looked, kneeling there, by that thin blue column of smoke, like a little acolyte burning incense at an altar, and I find you washing dishes!"

Phebe smiled slowly. "Weren't there a great many vessels in the Temple, Santa Clara? Somebody must have had to wash them. Somehow I love the mountains more if I do little plain jobs in front of them. It seems to me I'll remember them always better if I work while I look at them. You know one has to mend or cook or do things like that such a lot of one's life. Seems to me Mother and Our Grandma are always doing things like that for Emily and Daddy and me. And so will I be doing sometime, when I'm somebody's Mother or Grandma. And if you have the feeling that just lifting up your eyes, you might see North Palisade or Mt. Humphreys, or Spanish Ladies—why, it makes you feel sort of sweet inside. I think Mother feels like that, 'most always. And I want to be like Mother."

"Of course, you do! Now, suppose I make some cocoa for us two. Joe and the boys seem to have worn themselves out, getting up and getting fire and breakfast for the girls. I don't know where Ruth is, very likely off for a walk. Hark!"

From the direction of the lake came the sound of running steps and heavy breathing. Suddenly Jim appeared, followed closely by Pat. They raced each

other to the great rock by the fire, and rolled on the ground like puppies.

"Beat you!"

"You never! I touched it first!"

"You ridiculous creatures!" cried Clara. "What have you been up to? You're panting like—yak!"

"He stumped me to a run before breakfast," gasped Jim. "'Course he thought I wouldn't. So I took him up."

"But I beat," declared Pat, throwing his arms above his head, and drawing long breaths.

"Not you!"

"Children!" Santa Clara stamped her foot, but no one heard it because of her thick sheepskin slippers. "Stop quarrelling this minute, or I shall send you both to bed. Haven't you had breakfast? Why didn't you climb the mountain?"

Both young men laughed delightedly, and sat up politely.

"That's the joke, Santa Clara! Pat has been out here about twenty times, I should say. He's always running out to the Sierras to get a breath of clean air, or to see how the pheasants he's stocking the mountains with are getting along, and he never yet has climbed a peak worth mentioning. Nobody knows why. He says he always forgets to. He's been up to 14,000, to be sure, but that was old Split that you could wheel a baby up in a go-cart."

"I don't remember to climb, really," declared Pat. "It's such a stupid thing, to go up just for the sake of

going, and I always have so much to do. But the real joke is that Jim here has been to the Himalayas, went with Stu the time Stu got his pig-tail and, as far as his friends can make out, while Stu climbed everything but Everest, *he* never set foot to ground all the while he was out there. Appears to have ridden every kind of animal, camel, elephant (do they have those there, hey?) yak, donkeys, Tibetan sheep, even, but never a good climbing yarn has any one ever got out of him. And his friends razz him about it, just as they do me, about not climbing out here. People seem to think, you know, that if you don't make records, or take kodak pictures, or shoot wild game, the mountains have been wasted on you. So Jim and I took a mutual vow, so to speak, this time, that we'd go up N. P., or bust."

They both roared with laughter.

"Why didn't you keep your vow?" asked Phebe, puzzled.

"We honestly meant to," declared Jim. "And if they'd started at a Christian hour, we would have. But I was up half the night chinning with Joe, and I ate too much supper, and when I heard those birds stirring about this morning, nothing under Heaven could have budged me. I just feigned sleep, that's what I did. And when they left, I dozed off, really. And when I woke up, after an hour or so, lo and behold, Copernicus here was snoozing alongside. He hadn't waked up at all!"

They shouted with glee.

"It's fate," declared Pat. "I shall never climb a mountain. We felt terribly frisky and we had a bit of a wrestling match, and then I challenged His Highness (he claims that's what they called him up and down the Himalayas!) to a run to get warmed up without bothering to light a fire——"

"Dot Chimmy!" exclaimed Joe, appearing suddenly. "Ain't you had nodin' to eat yet?"

"Not a crumb, Joe. I'm perishing. Likely to pass away in a faint any minute."

"We're all hungry, Joe," said Clara. "Let's see what we can do in the way of a really first-class breakfast, seeing we've company. Here comes Chieftaine, too. Phebe, the cocoa-tin is nearly empty. Do you know where there's another?"

After breakfast, Pat went off to find his pheasants in the neighborhood, Clara took her diary and climbed to a ledge above camp where the view was particularly entrancing, and Jim took out his puppets and held Phebe spell-bound with one play after another, from Shakespeare to the latest Czecho-Slovakian.

Ruth joined the audience presently with a big square of unbleached linen, a bagful of colored embroidery silks, and a big star atlas.

"Here, Phebe, I've a job for you," she said when Phebe had finished applauding the hornpipe following a performance of *Pinafore*. "You can watch the show while you do it."

"What is it?" asked Phebe obediently.

“Well, after you went to bed last night, Pat and I had a long talk about stars. Perhaps that’s why he overslept this morning. I know I didn’t get to sleep till nearly three, thinking. He made me so ashamed of myself, for one thing. To think I’ve had girls out in these mountains year after year, and they’ve gone off, barely knowing the Great Dipper! Pat’s quite right. I’ve wasted all these summers. I don’t know the stars myself, except in a vague sentimental way. I do know the zodiac, because I taught a country school a rhyme about it:

““The Ram with glittering golden fleece
The starry march begins.
Behind him comes the snorting Bull,
And after *him*, the Twins.
The sidling Crab, the Lion bold,
The Virgin with the wheat,
The Scales that truth and justice hold,
Come on in order meet.
Straight at the Scorpion’s forkéd tail
The Archer points his bow,
The while upon his other hand
The Hornéd Goat doth go.
The Water-Bearer from his pails
Pours forth a silver rain
In which the Fishes flash their tails.
And here’s the Ram again.’”

“O, I like that,” cried Phebe. “Daddy likes stars, and he tried to teach me the zodiac, but you always have to go to bed so early, and Emily didn’t like to hear

about the animals, and snakes and things up in the sky. They make her have nightmares, so we stopped thinking about them."

"I agree. They are absurd old things. I suppose that's one reason why I've never got interested in the stars. It's quaint to think of the old shepherds naming them that way, while they 'watched their flocks by night,' but it's all so fantastic and really meaningless that I've never bothered with them. And another trouble is that you can't study a star-chart at night without killing your eyes, and day-times the stars aren't there to compare with (at least, you can't see them). Now, after talking with Pat, and learning that Right Ascension which always seemed formidable to me, was nothing but an expression for how far east and west of an arbitrary meridian a star was, and that Declination meant how far north and south, I had an inspiration, and this is it. There! You've untangled enough of that red, my dear. Begin on the green. My silks are always in a snarl."

"I know. You're going to make a map, and embroider the stars on it," said Jim. "Since you're in such a heavenly frame, I'll enact the story of Pegasus for you. How's that for wings, Phebe?" He lifted up one of the puppets, which had served as a donkey the night before, and to-day as Sir Galahad's steed, and the bonny bride's horse in *The Cruel Brother*. He had attached to each flank a feather from the little Tyrolean cluster he wore in his hat.

"Lovely!" said Phebe, winding green silk swiftly, and watching with all her eyes.

By the time the curtain fell, Ruth had the latitude, parallels and longitude meridians drawn in pencil on her linen, and was outlining them with long stitches of cream-color, good for a background.

"Ecliptic's to be red, and equator green," she explained, "and the largest stars in this," touching a deep magenta. "That will show up well. We'll have a different color for each size of star. But we'll learn every single one we put on, as we do it. At least, I shall."

"O, so shall I," Phebe declared earnestly. "I think Daddy would love to have me know something about the stars. And if we don't talk about the animals, maybe Emily will like it, too. Do you suppose Perdita will?"

"Not she!" Ruth laughed. "She's waked up to rocks this year. You can't wake up in too many directions at once, or you scatter hopelessly. I saw her trying to model crystals in plastilene the other day, and I knew the rock spell had her. It won't let go of her for many a year, if it ever does, but by and by she will be big enough for stars, too. Look, Pat! This is the result of your missionary work last night. Call Miss Lyndsay, will you, Pat? I mean Santa Clara! I suppose you don't know her town name. Tell her Joe's getting lunch trays ready."

"Good old Joe! Let's help him, Patrick!" And Jim

stuffed his precious puppets into a big pocket of a hunting-jacket, pocket intended for grouse and the like, doubtless, and strode off.

Santa Clara, meanwhile, had fallen asleep over her diary. When Pat told her, from a polite distance, that luncheon was a matter of minutes, she sat up, rubbed her eyes, and glanced over the pages she had written:

“We are all getting our hearts’ desires. I’m safe forever, now, from the worried, conventional, stick-in-the-mud, heavily conscientious middle-age I was afraid I was in for. Emily is ‘desirable’ now that she has forgotten about wanting to be desired. Her eyes are opened. I choose her now to be by me when I am sketching, she is so quick to see. She has become more silent. Poor dear! Chattering is often a sign of empty-mindedness. People talk of trifles because they have nothing to think about. What a pity that so many of us are empty, when there is that in the world to fill us all twice over!

“Ruth—but how can I write of Ruth? She has her heart’s desire simply in being among her hills. I don’t yet know what she does in the winters, or where she passes them. She is as impersonal as the rocks. But I often see in her eyes as she looks off at a sea of peaks, or up at a single one, something which reminds me of that line: ‘So, and no otherwise, hillmen desire their hills.’ I wonder if she was ever ego-centered and turbulent-hearted?

“Little Phebe never was self-centered, but her limits have been too tiny. Now she sees the mountains above her dish-pan, and has begun to think deeply enough to perceive why her mother is lovely.

"As for my saucy little Coppertop, the rocks will save her yet. She sometimes looks wistful instead of bored, when Ruth or I say something of our deeper interest. I must help her mother and Doctor Helen to keep the fire alight when she goes home.

"Yes, we have all 'goon a pilgrimage' and found our hearts' desires, or rather, our deepest, most unconscious needs have been ministered to, here, apart, in the high places. Since I saw Phebe at the fire, I've been groping in my mind for some verses—another year I should bring all my poetry-books. It's something like this:

"The flame of my life burns low
Under the cluttering days,
Like a fire of leaves, but always
A little, blue, sweet-smelling smoke goes up to God.' "

She took her pen now and added:

"God grant it may blaze up royally before we are done and destroy some of the clutter!"

"Santa Clara!" Phebe had come softly up the rocks and was looking anxiously into Santa Clara's nook. "Luncheon's nearly over and the boys eat a lot. I'm afraid you won't get any. May I bring a tray up?"

"Oh, Phebe dear," Clara got up, putting her hands to her great tumbled coil of hair. "I'm frightfully hungry. I wrote myself to sleep and then I read myself into forgetfulness. What a dreadful thing a pen is!"

As the afternoon shadows lengthened, Jim came to Ruth, whose long needle flashed in and out along a scarlet ecliptic.

"I say, Chieftaine, did Clarence King climb North Palisade?"

"Don't think so. His terrific climbs were all down Whitney way. Why?"

"Oh, I've got to write up a climb of the thing, and I thought it would go better if I had something to read first to get a running start, y' understand."

"But you can't write about a thing you didn't do," protested Phebe.

"Much you know about journalism, Mademoiselle. Just you wait and see. But I wish you could give me a starter, Chieftaine."

"Why, I've my own notes. I climbed it two years ago with some Sierra Club men. I could show you those. Get my red, locked diary from my personal, Phebe."

It was a hair-raising climb which the readers of the *Daily Hotch Potch* made vicariously in their Sunday supplement a fortnight or so later, between their absorption of the sporting page and the society page, but the sober base of it, which they would have passed by with yawns, was only this:

"Up over granite ledges, over big moraines—huge blocks;—up over steep scree and more ledge, steeper than before, beside a narrow couloir, presently into the couloir and up that, first on this side until it becomes impassable, and then on that, sometimes up the steep, icy scree of the couloir itself, the upper men taking the greatest precautions to avoid loosening rocks, and the lower men keeping cover whenever the upper men

are moving. One awkward bit in the bottom where a big boulder, wedged in there, has to be got over. At length about two thirds of the way up the couloir, a narrow shelf leading off to the left. Then a very steep and dizzy ascent with good holds; more narrow shelf; a short, steep descent, with a gap of several feet at the bottom to be stepped across, with nothing below. Then easy shelf, with many ups and downs and good holds all the way, to a broad, steep couloir with much steep ledge in the bottom of it, and some scree. Up this to the base of a high wall, the crest of the mountain. Up a vertical chimney in this, where a rope thrown up and caught above is essential to most folk. Then up over easy rock to the edge of a gap in the *arrête*, in descending into which the climber has to hang out over Palisade Glacier, which looks to be several thousand feet straight down below. Thence easily enough to the top which is not over-commodious, especially in a thunder-storm, when you are in danger of being stunned. Note. Thunder up here has nothing to reverberate against, and sounds like machine-guns—short, quick pops.”

The real climbers came in at dusk, tired and happy, Emily bringing Phebe a small tobacco-bag full of lemon drops, Leif's parting gift.

They had little to say about their day, and slept like the dead. It was Jim, whose nightmare visions of dizzy edges and unbottomed chasms made him toss clean out of his blankets, and lie, half the night, with his head just missing the garbage-pit!

CHAPTER XXII

EN AVANT

AND now the days of loitering were over. The equinox was at hand. The men had appointments. Parents were waiting for telegrams from their daughters: "Out. Home day after to-morrow."

Joe pulled up stakes with a great content in his heart. This last stretch of the long trek was always an anxious time for Joe, thorough reactionary, given to looking on women and children, even Ruth, wise in the craft of the open, as objects for manly protection, not as resources to be called upon by a captain in time of trouble. This time, with Stu and Har, Jim and Pat at hand, he felt ready for whatever might befall. The lazy Mexican Indian boys had been a sore affliction to him all the season through. He'd bring some Blackfeet down from Canada next summer. The weather was fair enough now, but you never could tell. More than one great band of sheep had been lost because of tarrying behind the passes a day too long at this time of year. Four extra fellows, experienced and willing, would strengthen Joe's hand.

They bade Elmer good-bye, driving his one donkey before him over Har's pass and singing "My Man

John," in a lusty monotone. They hurriedly looked their last out across the fjord-like waters, and "En Avant!"

Up over Pot-Luck, down into the Valley of Elmer's Wrath, as far as old Quarter-Mistress Camp, they went the first day. The boys, in coming in, had mended trail enough to obviate reconnaissance on the way out, so the second day took in its stride the old block and tackle gully, the pass above it, the trail hugging the high wall of a great cirque above impassable scree, past Cirque Camp, around the nose of a high cliff, across a gully and out to Patrick O'Flanagan Camp, where Dave, long ago, had made the first chocolate frosted cake in the outfit's history.

Next day was serious business. There was a long way to go, high above the valley-bottom, over *roches moutonnées*, a steep descent of that gully which had ultimately discouraged Cockleburr in olden times, a huge, slippery rock to be cautiously skirted, before dropping to the easier going in the valley bottom. And no one, then, could bear to think of making a comfortable, low camp near the water! The whole outfit had to be got up those wild ledges known as Pirate's Camp, and the water-carriers had to be let down by ropes over the cliff-face, for old time's sake. The girls were being given their fill of tradition now.

By this time Clara had rebelled against the fearful speed of their progress. She vowed it stank of gasoline, and demanded a day's rest at any price.

A day forever to be remembered, that one day of peace and leisure in the entrancing basin of Palisade! Eastward, Middle Palisade lifted its arrête of rarely-climbed peaks in the background. Westward, across the valley, a wall crowned with gargoyles and gendarmes dropped sheer to an azure, oval lake. Titanic stairways of polished rock spread from lake-edge to the base of Middle Palisade. To the north, the way by which they had come, seemed shut behind them. Southward, Giraud Pass, low alternative to the adventurous Three-Corner Round Pass near the crest, marked the entrance to Lost Goat Valley. Streams rushed down from all directions to that lovely oval lake. Real trees found root on the ledges, and goodly groves grew lower down.

Every one was a bit sad, looking back up the valley, seizing and holding fast, against the days to come, that perfect loveliness. Ruth held off her clamoring regrets by putting in a good day's work on her star-chart. Every night Pat helped her trace great circles up and down the sky, and larger and larger circles from pole to equator. "Buoys," he called the great first magnitude stars, "by which we measure the progress of the other planets and of the earth on their great course."

Emily, finding no lizards, rabbits, or serpents, in Pat's atlas, only real maps of the stars, forgot her prejudices, and learned at such a rate that she could soon recite the list of "first mags" backward, and when Pat would call for: "North 28?" she would reply: "Sirrah, Beta Tauri, Pollux, Gemma, Scheat," as

glibly as if he had asked for 7 x 8. (Possibly a trifle more so!)

Pat was elated at his pupils' progress. When he found Santa Clara figuring out in broad daylight what constellations were overhead, invisible in the sun's hot glare, and what directly underneath, he tossed his soup-bowl hat in glee.

"I feel as though I'd taken the roof off your blessed heads," he cried. "In city slums you expect to find earthworms but in the high Sierras, and above timber-line! Ye gods!"

"Not earthworms in the slums, Pat," corrected Clara sadly. "A slum child wouldn't know the word, earth. If you brought him here he'd call the rocks 'floor' or 'pavement.' And he'd look for electric signs in the heavens: kittens playing with spools, or miners tossing flapjacks."

"I know," sighed Pat. "A boy told me once that there weren't any stars over Cleveland."

"Smoke to breathe, sewage to drink, concrete to walk on, trolley-car screeches to listen to, walls and roofs everywhere to shut them in, and for stars—CIGARETTES—across the sky! Lord love us! What a world we've made for men!"

"Country people see the stars, Pat," Phebe pleaded.

"Not they! They shut their doors fast half the year, and huddle 'round their stoves. They never let a breath of fresh air in, if they can help it, and they never let stale air out. They climb the hills to find their

stock or to mend their fences. And when the war was on, more than one country community saw Venus moving through the sky and reported her for a German airplane, because they didn't know that the stars appeared to move! No, Phebe, it's too bad to disillusion you, but the country's no better than the towns, generally. The trouble is with *us*, not with places. What's that?" He started, listening.

"Emily practising the bugle. She's been intending all summer to learn to play it, and this is her last chance. Hear her! 'Old hard-heart mountain, dost thou hear me, how I blow?'"

That night, though the camp-fire was a lusty one, with abundance of fuel, every one seemed inclined to be silent. Presently Stuart broke into a high, plaintive melody, in a strange tongue. When he had finished, he explained:

"They used to sing that a lot on the trails in the upper Indus and the Shyok. I asked what it meant, and one old chap, who could speak a little English, said it was the song that men sing to their wives the night before they start on a long journey. They go far afield, you know, those fellows. Sometimes gone for a year or so, away into Lhasa on their own business, or serving some hunting and exploring sahib. He said the song went:

"I put my foot out.
But my heart is ever to your side.
Like water wanting when thirsty.
So I must wanted you."

"Sing it again," begged Ruth, "now that we get the meaning."

And Stu sang again the high, mournful strains with the great crescendo and the oddly abrupt ending. The silence fell once more. The fire died down, and no one mended it. Clara's deep sweet voice, which had traced arabesques of melody about their whole summer, now began to croon a Hebridean cradle-song in the Gaelic: tender, brooding, but with a lift in it a secret, maternal exultation:



Hee-o ho-ro-mo ru-drach-an

The intimate part of the summer was over. Tomorrow they would enter the outer gallery of the mountains, easy of access to all men, and a very little later they must descend from their high places to the dusty, humdrum valley.

They made an early start, with coffee all around as a bracer. The sun was barely up when they stood on the top of the friendly little pass, among the pink primroses and the pale everlasting.

Over the bleak rock-wastes near Outpost Camp, casting friendly glances toward old Split's prodigious gullies, they sped along downstream till the trail turned sharply east, leading steeply up toward Taboose Pass.

Within sight of Bench Lake, high above the invisible floor of the deep, dark canyon of that fork of the Kings

to the west of them, they passed the night. Then, weather signs and calendar compelling, they forewent the more roundabout, enthralling route up over the very crest, and took Taboose itself: a broad, dreary stretch over snow until they entered the defile between the Tawny Cliffs. There, after the prevalent cool grays of the Sierras generally, heralded a bit by old Split's faint purples, was color: old gold, pale pink, all fire-hearted hues in pastel tones.

They camped a long way down, just below the roaring waterfall. The girls, bivouacking on the trail, taking watches with the boys all night to prevent the burros racing home, feeding the fire, seeing the misty moonlight on those two great portal cliffs, far above and far behind, watching the dawn's twilight flush them, and daybreak itself enkindle them, were moved as never before in the whole rich summer.

Their feet dragged next day. What with diminishing altitude, which always brings depression with it, sleepiness, dust—a forgotten evil—the sadness of the partings soon to come, and the weariness consequent upon having so intensely felt the beauty of the night, it was a lugubrious little file that passed out of the canyon at last. Even new flowers and a sky-line glimpse of the first deer they had seen failed to cheer them.

They turned abruptly south, climbed up over a high, old lateral moraine that stretched far out into Owens Valley, and, loath to quit the mountains, clung to their flanks until forced to zigzag steeply down to the broad

fan. As they picked their way among the black lava blocks, that marked a crack overflow, toward Crater Camp, the red cinder cone at which  expeditions, eastbound, always came to a close, they saw smoke and a yelling horseman.

“Little Matt!” cried every one in sudden joyous uplift. “The Scolari have come to meet us! Glory!”

And so they had! At that black lava camp they found most heartening goings-on. Fire blazing, cloth spread, a huge roast turkey, hot coffee, watermelons, and a bucket of fresh doughnuts! Scolari carving generously, and pretty little Mrs. Scolari urging in her politest phrases: “Go ahead, boys! Don’t be bashful! Plenty more! Go ahead! Eating all you want! Eating like hogs! Don’t be bashful!”

For days the kindly little couple had watched the pass with binoculars, from their ranch far out in the desert, that they might thus make the outfit welcome.

Before the turkey was half eaten, a snorting little automobile arrived, with letters for every one, and telegrams for Pat and Jim. A strike in the Inyo mines, Jim assigned to cover it; Stu appointed delegate to a Pacific bankers’ meeting; Pat wanted in a hurry somewhere; Har summoned to conference with his Old Man. The horrid, little, noisy convenience swallowed up all the boys—men now, with hostages given to civilization, and whisked them off into another existence.

Young Matt gave Joe a hand with the goats and the donkeys, the hired bunch and the Three-Corner Round

own, eager to return to the ranch where they were to kick up their heels all winter, coming in the nights, marching, marching, 'round the ranch house. The senior Scholaris gathered their empty baskets and buckets, stowed themselves within their rickety little Dodge, and shouting : "*A rivederci domani!*" were off on three rims and a tire.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE LAST ECHO

BY candle-light and the pungent sage-brush fire, Ruth read to her little group an Himalayan letter.

“A Shyok Camp,
A day in Mid-Summer,
Year of the Hegira 1312.

“DEAR GOD-DAUGHTER:

“It is noon in the High Himalayas. The mullah’s call to prayer in the tiny village far below our camp comes faintly on the still midsummer air.

“I seem to see the whole ‘firm, opacous globe’: wide continents stretching out on either side from me, wide seas beyond, and far around, between those seas, America.

“I see the whole great sweep of her, ocean-bounded, mountain-rimmed, great central plains, snowy north and fragrant south, great lakes, converging rivers, quite like a geography book, only it is real to me, and the descriptions in geography books don’t always come alive, you know.

“Just exactly one hundred and eighty degrees away is that tiny speck on the earth’s surface which calls itself Chicago, now, at our noon, a glitter of tiny firefly street-lights, shutting out the stars, a whirr of motors and a shriek of trams in its streets, carrying home

theatre folk. And a little way off from that noisy glitter the great dark lake, its waters starlit, moonlit.

“Tiny trains rumble across the continent, north, south, east, west. The sun is coming up, red and round, at some point in the wide Atlantic, to-day’s sun, now six hours high for me. And somewhere in the wider Pacific, the day, yesterday by my reckoning, is hiding, as these folks express sunset. Over you in your High Sierran camp the stars are shining gloriously, the night well begun. The one thing I envy you is the privilege of those untended nights: the utter solitude of your camps in those unpeopled mountains. We look upon the ubiquitous folk in these villages—villages themselves ubiquitous ‘everywhere-ish’ perched on every bit of river terrace or alluvial cone or old valley floor or fault shelf that a village can, even for a season or two, perch on—we try to conceive the folk as fauna and flora, like marmots and lichens, not as prying, observing, judging, gossiping humans. But when we have come in ahead of the caravan, and have been discreetly observed at a distance for half an hour or so, perhaps serenaded, we turn with relief to the dear gypsy tent when the caravan arrives and the Ladakis pitch it, singing. We who never pitched a tent in the Sierras, save to protect the map table!

“I have projected myself, not only into space to reach you, but ahead in time, to think where this letter will find you. I shall address it to Big Pine, and it will come to you (dak runners, motors, trains, and steamers and the Owens Valley stage all functioning) when you descend to Base Camp at Scolari’s ranch, the summer’s journey over. Good old Scolaris! I can see little Mrs. Scolari fluttering about, fattening the turkey for a great dinner for you——”

("Wasn't it de-li-cious?" sighed the girls.)

"'Picking eggs' out of all sort of queer places, under the seat of the old buggy, in the rusty cook-stove under the tree where the guinea-fowl roost, making cheeses, spinning, working in the garden (will it be sweet corn she has this time?) And ravioli she will be making for you, getting up 'h'early, h'early in the morning' to do it, and the good *minestra*. There will be wonderful Owens Valley melons for you. Rajas send us melons on great silver chargers, but never one so sweet as those we have had in Lone Pine—the boys sitting on the curb and eating them out of hand. And there will be Bowers's honey, clean and golden, not like the stuff packed in goat-skins, full of hair and dead bees, which we have to clarify here. And the Zuccos maybe will bring you a sheep, and Ricou, the cobbler, maybe will come down of a Sunday, his little shop under the tree shut tight, and barbecue it for you. (If he does, remind him of the time he stamped our brand in ink on his little dog Finou's white forehead.) And M. and Mme. Giraud will maybe bring you a sack of black walnuts. Will they all sing the song of Coupe Oreille, I wonder?

"And if you need anything of any sort, there will be Mr. Eibeshutz to solve all problems for you. And then Bedwell will pack you all into his truck with the high blue sides, and down the great valley you will go, camping at night once more by the roadside, till you come to Los Angeles.

"Will there be a Piute tenting on the ranch, I wonder, and going to pow-wows every night, planning to massacre the whites?

"That valley, as I look back upon it, is America in

epitome: Swiss, Italian, French, Dane, Jew, Piute, Spaniard, and Anglo-Saxon all neighbors, doing the same fundamental things they did at home: farming, sheep-herding, shoemaking, trading, carrying loads.

“Here, in the villages about us the same kinds of work go forward, on such a different scale. What would the owner of one wee, seven-sided zamin, half an acre, maybe, the earth for which was carried in baskets on his father’s and grandfather’s backs, the sustaining walls and earth of which may any spring be carried off in flood or wiped out any winter by avalanche, what would such an one think of Scolari’s two thousand acres? And what would the long line of barefoot, gray-swathed coolies who carry our loads on their backs, our boxes, our bags, our baskets, our coops of chickens, our bundles and our small truck generally, what would they think if Bedwell’s Mack should thunder by?

Later. Interrupted by Samat bringing tiffin, *pialo* with purple grapes in it, and a surprising dish called *malai*; the very newest of new milk boiled, and fried into crispy cakes, most agreeable. (We have our own little herd of goats with us, but this was a cow in the village, just ‘come in.’)

“The day has rolled placidly on, till all my orientation of the first pages is changed. The Appalachians, I should say, must be showing sun-kissed peaks by now and working-class Chicago must be at its breakfast ham and eggs, while the first whitening of dawn and paling of stars is causing you to blow your bugle to those fast-shut ears of youth. Are they buried deep in blankets, I wonder? We never got our boys to sleep with heads exposed, save one who was too long for any blanket. It seems to be a deep instinct on the part of humanity, emerging from the womb, en route for the

tomb, to keep itself as well buried in the interim as possible.

“When this letter reaches you, the sage will be golden in the desert as you move slowly across from the foothills over the sand and lava to Scolari’s. And what will it be like here?

“The water in the river down there, far below, will have fallen and will have cleared from its workaday gray to the wondrous blue-green of clouded jade it wears when the glaciers, high up in all the tributary valleys, grow more chary of their streams. The higher ridges will every day or two show a dusting of new snow, a little lower down each time. On the terraces the grain will have passed from the green of to-day through the yellow of ripeness. Black-robed women, wearing turquoise and coral and silver ornaments, will be squatting along the edges, cutting the stalks with tiny saw-toothed sickles, pulling a lot of them up by the roots. Black dzo, crudely yoked, will have tramped out some of the grain on hard-trodden threshing-floors. Little mills like boulder-piles will have ground and ground and still be grinding. The plows will have been set to work here and there: poor, wooden things with not even an iron tip sometimes—

“‘Man laboring the Earth, the unwearied and Deathless,
Dear Mother that gave him birth.’

The women and the girls will gather in the open-air theatres of the villages, grinding apricot seeds, rubbing the oil out of them on hollowed stones, shaping the pulp into the little cups in which they twirl their spindles.

“The village weavers will have brought their looms out into street, or open space, or carved porch of old *mesjid*. On pumpkin-decorated roofs will be girls and

women in black or faded purple, plucking the wool apart, passing it from one round birch-bark box to another, or spinning, spinning, endlessly spinning.

“No whirring spinning wheel is there, in this wholly wheel-less land. Watch Mrs. Scolari, as she sits down spinning to chat a bit after dinner, or as she hurries still spinning from corral to hen-coop: it’s a good deal like that that they do their spinning here.

“Do you know the Roumanian spinning-song that Carmen Sylva translated so exquisitely? It goes in my head as I watch these dark-skinned girls at work, or as I think of you with your brood in the Sierras. Girls, different as day and night in appearance and costume, in the background of their minds, in their habits, yet girls after all, all of them, in the great essential not unlike.

“For these girls there is only one way open: wiving and mothering. For yours, there is that one way, and there are also others. For yours that one way may be wider and deeper and more lovely than for these. Still it is the one way, and only as wide and as deep and as lovely as one’s heart.

“You share my weakness for ‘purple patches’ of poetry strewn over our workaday gray—like the marigolds and zinnias and turquoise and coral these folk add to their dreary unwashen robes. For my farewell message to your girls, my god-grand-daughters, read them that spinning song:

“‘What didst thou, Mother, when thou wert a maiden?—’

‘I was young——’

‘Didst thou, like me, hark to the moon’s soft footfalls
Across the sky?

Or didst thou watch the little stars’ betrothal?—’

“‘Thy father cometh home, leave the door open.—’

“Down to the fountain didst thou go, and there,
Thy wooden pitcher fill, didst thou yet linger,
Another hour, with the full pitcher by thee?—

‘I was young.—’

“And did thy tears make glad thy countenance?
And did thy sleep bring gladness to the night?
And did thy dreams bring gladness to thy sleep?
And didst thou smile, even by graves, despite
Thy pity for the dead?—’

“‘Thy father cometh home, leave the door open.—’

“‘Lovedst thou strawberries and raspberries,
Because they are as red as maidens’ lips?
Didst love thy girdle for its many pearls,
The river and the wood, because they lie
So close behind the village?

Didst love the beating of thy heart,
There close beneath thy bodice,
Even although ’twere not thy Sunday bodice?’—

“‘Thy father cometh home, leave the door open.——’ ”

The three straight, narrow beds, side by side among the tortured lava blocks. “Our Sister the Moon” looked down on the three young heads. No giggles or murmur of talk on this last night.

In the red head this was going on:

“What a sissy that girl was! I’ll bet her mother scolded her for staying so long at the well. And how could she carry water in a wooden pitcher? I’ll tell Father I’m not going to be a detective. I’m going to be a geologer. I wonder what this lava looked like, boiling up out of the crack? Ruth says it goes away

across the valley. Wish the old cone'd shoot off again to-night. Lava means mud. If it was soft enough to be called mud once, what made it get so hard? Cuts—the—burros' feet——”

And in the brown one this:

“My yeast hasn't bubbled yet. ‘When your liege lord comes’—My liege lord! What will he be like, I wonder? I hope he'll have a goldy beard like Doctor Roger's, and dark eyes like Stu's and red cheeks like Jim's and Dave's, and a laugh like Elmer's, and be strong and quick like Harlan, and polite like Leif, and jolly and kind like all of them, and love the mountains. And—like goats—like Pat does. The moon must be heavenly on the Tawny Cliffs to-night. My liege—lord—my—liege—lord. And love me—like—Daddy—love—Mother——”

And in the fair one this:

“Arcturus just going down behind the mountain, or the mountain coming up to hide it, Pat says. ‘Thy father cometh home. Leave the door open.’ What was that flashing up over the Inyos? One of the Great Square of Pegasus, prob'ly. Right Ascension 23, declination—I forget. Our Peg'd like a lump of sugar that big. ‘Thy father cometh home, leave the door open.’ ‘The little stars' betrothal.’ I wonder if that's Vega up there? Easier to tell them on the star-chart. Daddy's coming—home—leave the door—open. Daddy and Mother'll meet us—Mohave—two days more.—‘Thy father——’”

APPENDIX A

CHIEFTAINE RUTH'S "BRAIN"

(Being a transcript of the contents of the little red and black note-book, which was Ruth's dearest treasure, and which, always getting lost, was earnestly sought by all, and usually found in the Chieftaine's own pocket. "Without this brain of mine, we should starve, or die some other miserable death, not only we but all future generations of Three-Corner Round," quoth Ruth.)

FOOD

Rate: per person per day (Joe to provide men's food, getting precisely what he and they want.)

Meat or cheese, 1 lb., 5 persons, 60 days	Total	300 lbs.
Flour, rice, cereal, 1 lb., 5 persons, 60 days	Total	300 lbs.
Fruit, dry, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., 5 persons, 60 days . . .	Total	150 lbs.
Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., 5 persons, 60 days . . .	Total	150 lbs.
Sugar & honey, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb., 5 persons, 60 days .	Total	75 lbs.
Flourishes, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., 5 persons, 60 days . .	Total	150 lbs.
		1,125 lbs.

Donkeys required	7
Eggs 2 apiece, 2 cases, 60 doz.	
Oranges. 1 apiece, 2 cases, 60 doz.	
Donkeys required	2
“ “ total	9
Added for emergency amounts of everything, bought in panic at the last minute	2
	11

Detail:

ARTICLE	AMOUNT	ORDERED	REC'D	Pd.	DONK.	REMARKS
Apples	10 lbs.	v	v	v	13	Dry, unsulphured
Apricots	20	v	v	v	13	"
Bacon	200	v	v	v	18,19	Lean
Baking-p.	3	v	v	v	12	Pure. Smallest tins
Beans, lima	10	v	v	v	14	Small
" navy	10	v	v	v	14	Pressure cooks them even at
Butter	150	v	v	v	20	12,000
Cake-fruit	2 qts.	v	v	v	12	Orange-and-lemon-peel sugared
Cheese	120 lb.	v	v	v	18	Fresh Holland, mild
Chocolate	10 lb.	v	v	v	12	Emergency only—not milk
Cocoa	10	v	v	v	12	Small tins
Corn	10	v	v	v	14	Parched
Dates	80	v	v	v	13	Clean California grown
Eggs	60 doz.	v	v	v	32	Packed in bran, insulated
Figs	10 lb.	v	v	v	13	Black Mission
Flour	250 lb.	v	v	v	16,17	Fine-ground whole wheat
Grape juice	12 qts.	v	v	v	12	Emergency & treat
Honey	30 combs	v	v	v	21	Packed in tins
Lentils	5 lb.	v	v	v	14	Makes navy beans tastier
Macaroni	20 lb.	v	v	v	15	
Marmalade	2 doz pts.	v	v	v	21	Home-made
Milk, dry	10 lb.	v	v	v	12	
" malted	12 qts.	v	v	v	12	
Nuts	30 lb.	v	v	v	12	Shelled under sanitary conditions
Oatmeal	20	v	v	v	15	Steel-cut; chiefly used in bread
Olive oil	4 qts.	v	v	v	21	For trout and doughnuts
Onions	30 lbs.	v	v	v	14	
Oranges	2 cases	v	v	v	31	Valencia; bought San Fernando in May, further S. in mid-summer
Raisins	40 lbs.	v	v	v	13	Cluster for lunches; seedless for cooking
Rice	80 lbs.	v	v	v	15	Natural brown
Semolina	10	v	v	v	15	
Soup	10	v	v	v	12	Dynamite, powdered
Spices & Seasonings					12	
Chili pep.	1 tin	v	v	v		
" sce.	2 bots.	v	v	v		
Cinnamon	3 tins	v	v	v		
Cloves	1 tin	v	v	v		
Curry	"	v	v	v		
Ginger	"	v	v	v		
Marjoram	"	v	v	v		
Nutmeg	"	v	v	v		
Paprika	"	v	v	v		
Pepper, bl.	"	v	v	v		
" red	"	v	v	v		
" white	"	v	v	v		
Sage	"	v	v	v		
Salt	12 lbs.	v	v	v		
Thyme	1 tin	v	v	v		Donkey salt in men's list
Sugar, brown	25 lbs.	v	v	v	14	
" loaf	5	v	v	v	14	For donks only
" maple	25	v	v	v	14	
Vegetables	5	v	v	v	14	Evaporated
Water-crackers	25 lbs.	v	v	v	16	Emergency
Yeast	300 cakes					
	60 pkgs	v	v	v	12	Dry

Pack Donkeys

No.	NAME	BACK	TOP	TARP?
1	Applesauce Cake	Sapper's kit		No
2	Black	Repair and harness kit	Block & tackle	Yes
3	Red	Men's food	Picket-pins	Yes
4	Jacob	" "	Men's tent	No
5	Pinyon	" "	Toilet tents	No
6	Frisky	" beds	Tent poles	No
7	Jiffy	Tents	Forester's tent	No
8	Luella	Grain	Nose-bags and salt	No
9	Nigger	Grain	Nose-bags and salt	No
10	Pat	Water	Lanterns	Yes
11	Harlequin	"	Goat-skin bags	Yes
12	Piute	Food flourishes		Yes
13	Shrimp	Fruit		Yes
14	Etta	Sugar & Vegetables		No
15	Dagobert	Flour & Cereals		No
16	Buster	Flour		No
17	Chubby	Flour		No
18	Java	Bacon & Cheese	Meat-tent	Yes
19	Geronimo	Bacon		Yes
20	Balaam	Butter		Yes
21	Carlos	Overflow Food	Picket-pins	Yes
22	Jimbo	Grain	Nose-bags and salt	No
23	Tomasino	Overcoats	Rain-coats	No
24	C. B. Samson	Personal, E. & P.	Bathtubs	No
25	XCalibur	Personal, C. & P.		No
26	Pegasus	Books		Yes
27	Pinto	Rocks, Maps, Stationery		No
28	'Op-it	Personal, Ruth	Medical kit	No
29	Beast	Beds E. & P.		No
30	Cocklebur	Beds C. & P.	Picket-pins	No
31	Gossoon	Oranges		Yes
32	Buck	Eggs		Yes
33	Outlaw	Small stores	Picket-pins	No
34	Akbos	Pressure Cooker		Yes
35	Cap'n Kidd	Fireless Cookers		Yes
36	Davy Jones	Cook-boxes	Buckets	Yes
37	Right-Hip	Pantry (Small quantity of all supplies)		Yes
38	Jo Jo Gla	Grain	Nose-bags and salt	No

THEORETICAL CAMP ARRANGEMENT FOR OPEN COUNTRY
(Only occasionally used: most camps require adaptation.)

The four sides of a square

1. Tools	} Men	12. Flourishes	} Food
2. Repair		13. Fruit	
3. Men's food		14. Sugar; vegetables	
4. Men's food		15. Flour & Cereal	
5. Men's food		16. Flour	
6. Men's beds		17. Flour	
7. Tents		18. Bacon & Cheese	
8. Grain		19. Bacon	
9. Grain		20. Butter	
10. Water		21. Overflow	
11. Water			

22.	Grain		28.	Personal, R.	
	C.O.	} Riders	29.	Beds, E. & P.	
	F.J.		30.	Beds, C. & P.	
	J.H.		31.	Oranges	
	G.L.		32.	Eggs	
	N.		33.	Small stores	
23.	Overcoats		34.	Pressure	} Kitchen
24.	Personal, E. & P.		35.	Fireless	
25.	Personal, C. & P.		36.	Cook boxes	
26.	Books		37.	Pantry	
27.	Rocks, Maps, Stationery		38.	Grain	

CLOTHES

Wool is best for all weathers, because the temperatures change so suddenly.

Wool can be washed with very little shrinkage, in cold water with plenty of good soap, and plenty of rinsing, and no wringing. If washed frequently enough, it does not need much rubbing. While drying, garments should be stretched and caressed a bit. All garments should be made large enough to allow for some shrinkage. A tuck in the sleeve, for instance.

Low shoes, leather-soled moccasins are most satisfactory, supplemented by snow-packs. Grease well. Cone-headed Hungarian hobnails. They should be rusted in. Small brass shoe-nails set rather thickly in the sole edges make shoes last longer. Good leather shoe-laces, plenty of them. Rubber soles are good for rocks, bad for wet rocks. Crepe rubber soles, if genuine and properly put on, are excellent, though hard to get. Poor ones come off quickly. Soft-soled moccasins for camp. N. B. Feet *always* grow. Stockings should be wool. Feet blister more easily in cotton. Lots of darning yarn is needed. Leather heels, tied around the ankle, save darning.

Cellular underdrawers, easily washed.

Blanket pajamas and sheepskin slippers are warm in bed, and on the way from dressing-tent to outdoor bed.

Tams are good against sun and wind; are light, and becoming to most girls.

Rain capes, really waterproof. Rain hats. Knees, waterproof, to buckle to belt and come well below knee: only possible way to keep knees dry.

Mittens are warmer than even fur gloves.

Parka indispensable. Light, warm, wind-proof, covering head and not encumbering body with great length. Belted in, very warm.

Scarf for kummerbund: invaluable. To be taken off when climbing or when warm, and put on again when cooler.

All coats should have buttons to close tightly at neck and at wrist.

Good Bedford cord knickers outwear any others, and pay for themselves in the long run.

Belt hose supporters. Brassiere type shields.

SMALL STORES

Buttons	33	
Candles, 30 lbs.	12	Fat coach or miner’s 8 hr. shift
Cloth for patches, etc.	33	
Cold cream	33	
Matches	12	
Needles	33	
Soap, 72 cakes	21	Always get more
Tape	33	Heavy linen
Thread	13	“ “
Toilet paper	33	
Tooth brushes	33	
“ floss, 3 doz. spools	33	
“ powder	33	
Yarn	33	

Stationery, all in 27

Drawing instruments	Paper
Erasers	Pencils
Ink	Sketch books
Paints	Sketch blocks

BEDS

As Galton says, experienced travellers take as much pains to make their beds comfortable as a dog does.

Bed-site. Level necessary, convex surface, slope up, slope down, slope sidewise all hinder comfortable sleep; with entrenching tool easy enough to level off a spot anywhere; eliminate all projecting stones, roots, or even small plants. A boy once said he was used to sleeping with 14 China animals, but my girls are more like Hans Andersen's pea-princess. Ground much warmer than any cot. Keep entirely out of wind, if possible. Otherwise put feet into wind. A low protection will keep wind off. Never choose bed-sites near lake edge or on grass. Much warmer on rock. If mosquitoes exist they will be found near water, in grass, or woods.

Bedding. Tarpaulin 8' x 8', sewn grommets 12'' apart, on all sides, rope spliced at one end to use as draw-string at foot.

3 good blankets; thin wool sheets; pillow—stout bag filled with extra clothes neatly folded.

To make bed. On level, smooth site lay, if desired, two hair pads, donkey-side down. (Most girls scorn them after the first week.)

Spread tarpaulin out flat.

Spread blankets one above another, and then sheets, on tarp near edge of right side as you stand at head.

Fold blankets in three, lengthwise, toward the right, so that there are six thicknesses underneath.

Turn under at foot, a full 12''.

Fold tarp in three, over blankets, same way, wide overlap beneath.

Draw foot of tarp close, with rope threaded through grommets, and turn, so that rain, wind, and snow will not drive in.

Keep tarp at top long enough to draw over head in case of rain.

Be sure, in rainy weather, that upper edge projects about 12" over lower, else it will drain into bed.

Button-flap pocket on tarp for match-safe, handkerchief, or other small night-time necessities.

One set of knickers, middies, stockings, and drawers should be turned inside out at night to air. There is rarely dew.

Two sets should be kept going, so as to change each day.

Shoes turned upside down for night. Shake in morning. Scorpions rare but not unheard of.

Don't make beds till about to retire, on account of snakes—also rare. (In fact, I've never seen one above 6,000'.)

Aluminium water-bottles, with tight corks, in felt cases, make good foot-warmers, and furnish a little warm water for ablutions in the morning.

Mosquito headnets. Best kinds are made of fine bobbinet stretched over two featherbone circles 18" in diameter, 13" apart, net extending 12" below lower ring; tape at back of neck to tie. Fold easily, are light and adequate and comparatively unobjectionable. If mosquitoes come, it is usually for an hour after sunset or an hour before.

Usually two blankets are enough with the blanket pajamas. The third is for extra cold weather.

TENTS

Gypsy. Far and away the best tent is Edgington's Three-Pole, the one Galton refers to as "a modification of the gypsy tent." In time of storm I put it up. For dressing I put up

an ordinary conical tent without sidewalls—useful, but most uninviting. Girls are trained into house-bodies at home. If they had a chance at the gypsy every day, they'd stay in it half the time.

The gypsy is made of green rot-proof linen duck, best quality. Size 11' x 11'. Re-enforced on ridges, center of sides, diagonals, bottom and doorway by heavy linen tape 22'', inside. Heavy 2'' linen tape tabs to be sewn to this through walls on outside for 3 guy-ropes on each side 2' above bottom. All tapes cross at peak. End flaps detachable, lacing to tent, so that packs may be adjusted if necessary.

Sod-cloth 12'' wide, same material as tent. Doors, with 12'' sod-cloth, to lace shut, with loops. Sand-fly net, stoutly re-enforced with tapes made to sew into doorway and ventilators when wanted; should overlap about 12''; to be held shut by sandbags laid on bottom. Corners of tent re-enforced outside by 2' lengths of tarred rope. Six feet of rope at all pin grommets in bottom of tent and flaps and on ends of all tackles, so that big rocks may be substituted for pins when necessary. Hooks at ends of end-pole tackles where tackle attaches to stake or rock, so that endflaps may be quickly secured and released without tying or untying. Doors and endflaps to reef back separately. Light ropes attached to center ornament with hooks at ends to hook into tied reefing-strings on side of doorway, and prevent wall from sagging at this point when doorway is open.

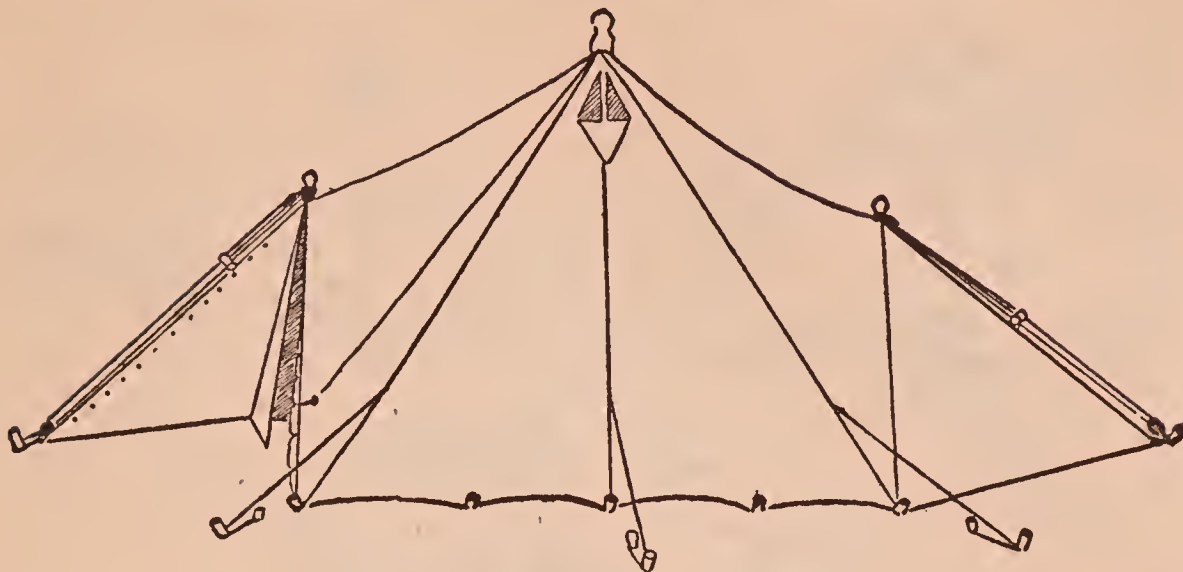


Fig. 1. Gypsy tent.

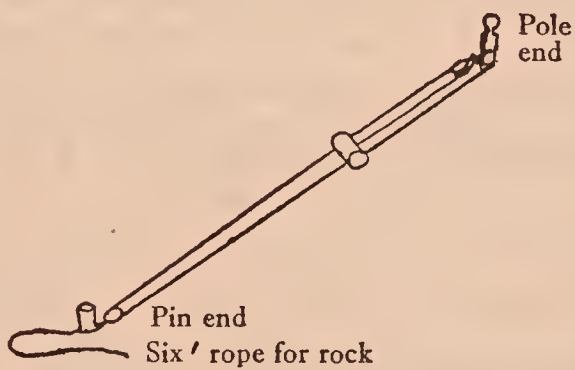
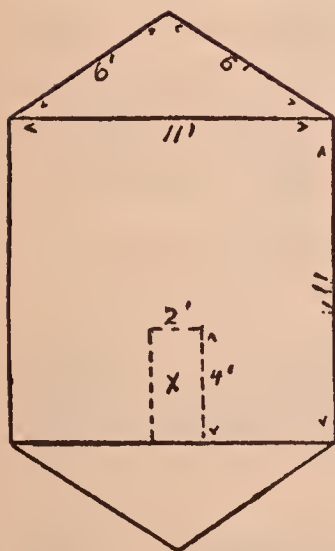


Fig. 1A. Tackle.



× = Flap to reef back toward center pole to admit brazier. Lace shut when not in use.

Triangular extensions to be detachable, to admit of adjusting packs for weight.

Fig. 2. Ground sheet.

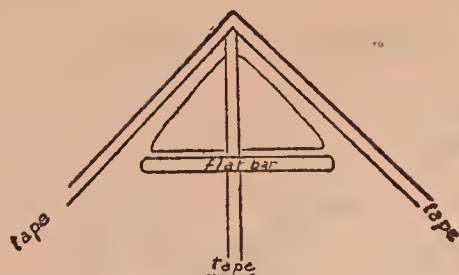
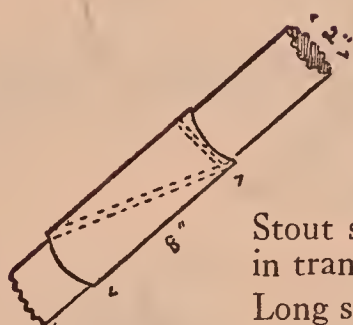


Fig. 3. Ventilator from inside.



Fig. 4. Ventilator from outside.

Stiff wire frame
Flap to close mouth worked from below by string.



Center pole 2"
End poles 1 1/4"

Center pole sleeve 8"
End pole sleeve 7"

Stout sleeve not likely to get bent in transit riveted through pole.

Long splices where poles meet.

Fig. 5. Poles—all poles best straight-grain, well-seasoned ash. No joint longer than 3'. Render spikes on poles harmless in transit, by blocks chained to poles. Ornaments for all pole-tops.

Fig. 6. Pins—Duralumin pins heavy, metal, very tough. 15" Angle 3/16" thick. Heavy sliding pin, 2" long, to play easily 1" below top, to keep rope from slipping off.

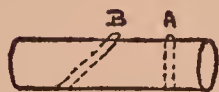
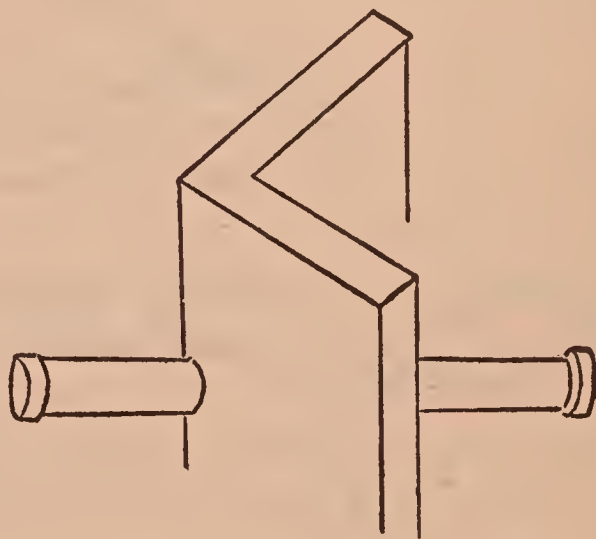


Fig. 7. Tent rope slides.

Dotted lines indicate direction of holes. The moving end goes through (A). The immovable part is slipped through (B) in such fashion that when the rope is drawn taut and the slide let go of, there will be a sharp kink in the rope preventing slipping.

Mallet—wooden mallet, metal bound, metal kept back from edge so that it cannot injure pins in driving.

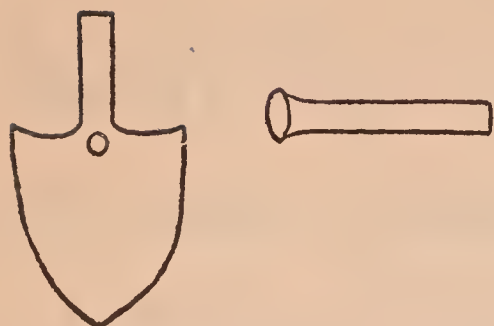


Fig. 8. British army entrenching tool.

10' tackle
with 6' rope at
end for rocks
where pins
cannot be
used.

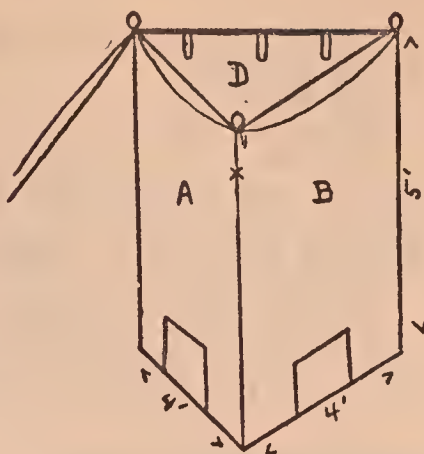


Fig. 9. Toilet tent.

Toilet tent. 3 poles 2-joint, $1\frac{1}{4}$ ", 5'; fit into sleeves sewn inside. Material heavy, green, rot-proof flax. 8" sod cloth all around. Size 4' on a side.

Ventilators 15" x 12" at bottom with flaps to reef back and tie down, one in (A), one in (B), one in the back, which would be (C), near top. Sand-fly net sewn in; re-enforced with tapes. Top (D) sewn at back; one grommet at (O) through which spike of pole (X) is thrust when desired. Opening at top under this, closed with sand-fly net re-enforced with tapes. Flap on edges of (D) to hang down or reef back as desired. The whole of (D) to reef back. Re-enforced sand-fly net door, reefing back (upper strings set close to top) on both sides pole (X). Hook at bottom and middle to hold door shut.

Forester's tent. Abercrombie's, with addition of 8' sheet made to lace to one side or to lace across having a set of reefing strings down each diagonal.

Possibilities of this tent for all sorts of locations unlimited.

Conical tent. Ordinary, wall-less, one for dressing; one for men's use. Hoop at top and adjustable hood, for ventilation.

Bags. Every tent has its own bag, of heavy linen duck, the gypsy's adjustable to take flaps or not.

Every tent to have a pole-bag, with sleeve for each joint—all marked.

Every tent to have a pin-bag. N.B. Never let a pin be taken up unless pin-bag is at hand to receive it instantly. Count pins after each collecting.

Every tent to have its own ground-sheet bag, and a bag for its tools and ornaments.

Each bag to have four stout linen loops 2'', sewn, 2 on opposite sides, centers 11'' apart, to take carrying-straps.

HARNESS

Packers as a rule are slovenly about harness: results, sore backs and continual break-down on march. Bad for girls to see inhumane treatment and slovenly work. Also I can't stand it to have animals have sore backs. Don't grudge any amount of trouble involved in personal supervision of harness and packing. Explicit directions given a good harness maker will get good results.

Saddles: Humane tree. Shortened and carefully rounded and bevelled at ends; all rivets drawn up snug. Solid copper rivets only to be used in all harness and packs.

Single girth. 6'' wide; big leather safes under the rings, neatly bevelled where sewn to girth; small ring sewn to center of girth for hold-back snaps on donkeys that need such.

Strap. Stout, looped about each fork, playing freely (not tacked), to hold latigo rings; the ends on the off side sewn to the ring on that side; the ends on the nigh side buckled to the ring there, to admit of adjustment to a new donkey, or to a change of feed on the same donkey. The rear buckle straps have blocks of leather, about $\frac{1}{2}$ '' thick, screwed down firmly close behind them, so that, when the breeching which buckles into the latigo ring drags back, or rather when the saddle drags forward, on steep descents, the ring will not give back and let the saddle slip forward.

Latigo straps. $1\frac{1}{4}$ ".

Breeching. Stout duck, $4\frac{1}{4}$ " (preferably flax) sewn double, no seam on edges or underside; buckles at both ends kept from chafing flanks by carefully bevelled safes.

Breast-collar. Stout duck, $3\frac{1}{2}$ "; straps for breast-collar passed through slit under forward fork-leg, near end, where same rests on tree, then turned up at right angles and screwed to side of leg. Buckles sewed to ends of breast-collar, and kept off shoulders by safes.

N. B. Breeching and breast-collar buckles must be well out from under packs to allow adjusting on march. *Tighten breeching on steep down grade, ease on steep up grade.*

Top-pack latigo. 7' x 1"; one end laced to forward fork. Hook attached to rear fork, hanging free of all straps there when side packs are on. Similar hook on strap so attached that it can be slipped up or down according to size of top-pack, and will hold against heavy strain, wherever placed.

To lash top pack: Slip strap into lower hook, then into upper, being careful to keep moving part of strap under the part that does not move, and avoiding twists. Tighten as if hooks were blocks. Make fast with half bow-knot. This obviates using the diamond, holding top-pack firmly even when donkey rolls down hill. A clever girl can do it alone. Tightness is necessary.

Box-pads. Heavy duck, stuffed with hair, $1\frac{1}{4}$ " thick, close-tufted, gap left in center to keep pressure off saddle rings; adjustable loops (shaganappies) to sling to forks, light rod on upper edge to stiffen; size about 23" x 12".

Saddle-pads. Stout, hair, with heavy duck square same size, sewn to pad down center, to protect pad from wear. Size 36" x 36".

Canvas Square. Same duck as that sewn to the hair-pad. Same size. First, place hair-pad, then one blanket, then square. Blanket is thus protected from donkey's sweat

and from wear from saddle-tree. In this way blankets can be carried without counting as packs, kept dry in wet weather and sweet at all times. I always use my own bed blankets in this way. They are spread and sunned as long as the sun is out, every day, except when marching, and immediately upon unpacking, on march-days.

Bell-collar. 2"; stout buckle.

Bells. Chiming bells can't be heard. American cowbells are loud enough, but horrible. Basque, Swiss, and Lhasa bells are good in tone.

Halter. Very stout leather, but soft, with carefully bevelled edges. Stout laces. Giant snap, with loop bent up snug so that it cannot catch on anything, snapped into ring back toward nose.

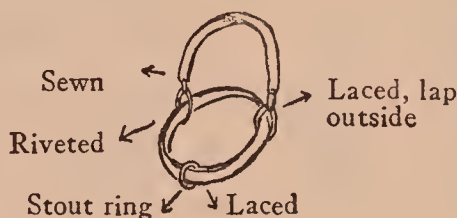


Fig. 10. Halter.

Pull-collar. Same width as breast-collar; D's in place of buckles at ends; length of straps adjustable, so that the two D's may be made to reach within an inch or two of forward fork.

Pull-strap. Very stout; $1\frac{1}{2}''$ x 7'; stout D's at both ends; length adjustable at one end by stout lacing. Stout snap, best quality, bent into one D, to snap easily into the two D's of the pull-collar. Pull-strap then passed under both forks, and over a short stout strap, laid across between the legs of the rear fork as low as possible, and screwed to both. Set low enough to allow pull-strap to play easily. The other D is to snap into the giant snap on following donkey's nose.

In emergency, swing snap until both ring and D are in the

solid upper part of snap, and all strain is removed from playing part. Release trigger, swing shank of snap back until D is released, when it will fly out with great violence. Care must be taken to turn the snap always with its back to donkey's nose. Otherwise when released the heavy snap will remain with the pull-strap, and resemble shrapnel as it passes (?) the packer's head.

Lead-straps. About 6 for 40 donkeys.

Nose-bags. With leather bottoms, not more than 6" deep, or $6\frac{1}{2}$ " in diameter. Buckle head-straps. Bags cut to nest easily. Smaller bags for colts. Pack donkey-salt with bags, 5 lb. cakes, square, wired.

Picket-chains. $\frac{1}{8}$ " steel chain, welded at lapped end. End-to-end weld not strong enough. About 60', split links riveted into ends to take snaps from the pins.

Pins: stout iron, 15"; diamond-shaped point for easy extracting.

Split links: at 6' intervals for hobbles.

Single hobbles: with *stout* snaps best quality, and swivel about 3" long.

Stout sole-leather box, made to fit each picket-chain with links and hobbles on; a buckle-strap on each side of box to secure it to forks, the box resting between forks as top-pack.

N.B. Java will bite ropes in two. Etta will pull up a picket-pin with her teeth, if she is near enough to it.

Ropes. 6 sling ropes, 30' long, for emergencies, $\frac{3}{16}$ best yacht manilla.

6 lash ropes, 40' long, with $6\frac{1}{2}$ " cinches, $\frac{1}{2}$ " best yacht manilla.

2 lariats, 50', best quality.

6 quirts.

Tarps. 1 for each person's bed, 8' x 8', sewn grommets, 12" apart on all sides.

Enough extra to cover all food-packs and use in kitchen. Green rot-proof duck is best.

Packs: fireless cookers and pressure cookers. Stout fibre boxes, canvas covers; sling-straps riveted at an angle to forward and rear ends of box. Exact angle and position must be determined by experiment.

All sling-straps buckle. Very stout straps and ditto buckle.

Medium-size pressure cooker-box, conveniently made same size as larger fireless; will then take three nested dish-pans, iron disks, and much other stuff to balance fireless. Each article must have its special strap, to secure it in box.

General packs: fibre boxes. Very stout fibre; 20'' x 10'' x 13'' with one tray, 2'' deep, each of light fibre, and one sheet of heavy fibre, which latter can be held down at any height in box by single buckle-strap attached by ends to bottom of box at sides, inside. As the pack's contents decrease, tighten adjustable sheet lower and lower down to keep contents firm. Stout buckle sling-straps, riveted to one side as far up as cover of box will permit. Small buckle-strap across mouth of box to take hook of scale in balancing. Heavy buckle-strap over cover, end to end, passing through two leather loops on cover, securely riveted to box.

N.B. Solid copper rivets used on all packs.

Lining. Most boxes lined throughout with 3-ply Cabot's seaweed quilt. Double strip of same, covered with cloth, for lining of lid.

Ventilation. Orange and cheese boxes must have ventilation-holes on side toward the donkey, and in the bottom, small enough to discourage scorpions. Care must be taken in camp to see that these boxes are set up on pebbles, and the punctured sides turned toward each other to keep out driving rain. Nothing but a tarpaulin will keep out driving snow. The covers should be taken off these boxes

every clear night. They should be well shaded during the day.

All cheeses must be separated from each other by $\frac{1}{8}$ " excelsior. Bacon, taken from its papers, ditto.

Butter must be wrapped in cloth, each bar, and the whole packed in large muslin bag. There must be at least three layers of seaweed lining butter-boxes. Whole bag taken out each night and exposed under sky, with wet cloth over.

Kyacks (alforkises). Soft, *stout* leather; 9" x 13" x 20", with 2-buckle covers. Rear corners of covers must also buckle down, to keep snow out; small buckle-strap at each rear corner for this purpose. Stout ring riveted on, near neck of bag at back, inside, to take scale-hook.

Grain sacks to fit kyacks, with tie-throats.

Cook boxes. Of clear white pine, well seasoned; 20" x 14" x 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ " deep, inside measure; brass corners. Tops cleated outside. One top hinged with leather hinges and fitted inside with leather racks for utensils; sides inside similarly fitted; leather screwed down with round head brass screws. One top unhinged, to be used underside up for rolling and cutting board. Under edges of covers rabbeted to strengthen box against shock, when strapped tightly shut. One stout buckle-strap for each box.

Utensils on cover. Toasting-fork, 2 large mixing-spoons, butcher knife, squeegee, tin-opener, tennis-racquet egg-beater, 2 paring-knives, corkscrew.

In boxes: spice tins:  cook-book; canisters of tea, cocoa, sugar, soap flakes; meat-saw; carver's steel; tea-ball; magic mitt cleaners; dish-cloth; dish-mops; towels; holders; small scale; chamois roll of knives, forks, and spoons; nesting tin trays in lieu of tables.

N.B. Cooking-pots each in black-lined case, nest inside buckets, carried as top-pack. Other dishes packed in loose-lid cook-box, or with pressure cooker.

Water-carriers. Narrow fibre boxes, each containing eight one-gallon friction-top tins with handles. Arranged in tiers of four, separated by two loose strips of wood to protect tops of lower tier from bottoms of upper.

N.B. These tins are good for one season only. Drain imperfectly. Keep on the lookout for aluminium cans with rounded corners. Larger tins would be too heavy for girls to handle. Goat-skin water-bags for additional use.

Sapper's kit. Fibre case as per diagram. Tools bound in securely, with $\frac{1}{4}$ " ropes snapped into small hold-back snaps, one of which is riveted to back of box, on each side of each tool, or each group of tools which happen to pack neatly together.

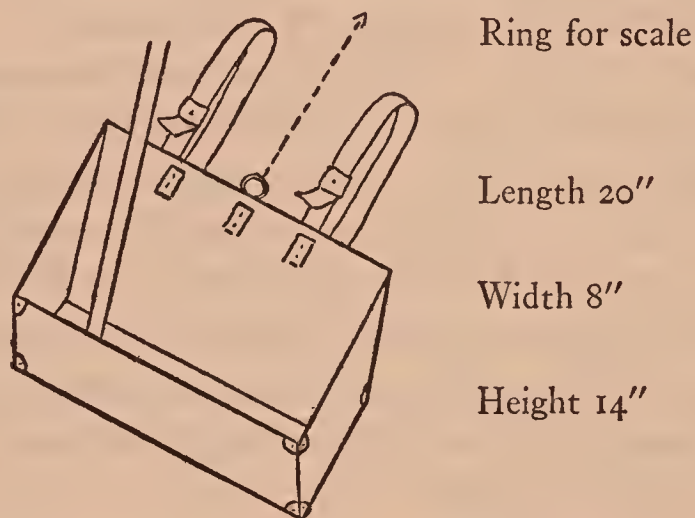


Fig. 11. Sapper's kit.

Tools. 2 sawed-off U. S. Army crow-bars, about 3' long, with same length of heavy pipe to extend them to normal length; 1 eight-pound sledge with 2 extra helves; 6 short-handled Army picks; 3 short-handled prospector's picks with hammer heads; 4 $3\frac{1}{2}$ lb. axes: name of owner burnt on helve (Extra helves) (Joe's curses on any one using his axe!); 1 billhook; axe whetstone.

Block and tackle kit. 400' best $\frac{1}{2}$ " yacht manilla rope; 1 stout triple galvanized block; 1 ditto double; 2 ditto single.

Swivel beackets both ends. If swivel beackets are not to be had, stout swivels must be put on with riveted split links. Giant snaps are useful on some of these blocks. Broom-handle with stout snap, which just takes the rope, lashed to one end, is useful to prevent blocks twisting. The snap is snapped on to the bight which doesn't move, about the middle, and the handle allowed to rest on the rock. It will have to be shifted if the blocks approach closer than this.

Harness and repair kit. Hardware: heavy copper wire, 6 small spools; light copper wire, 3 small spools; assorted brass screws, 6 doz.; assorted nails, 6 doz.; split links, smallest size, 2 doz.; next two sizes 2 doz. each—all these galvanized if obtainable. Stove bolts, assorted sizes, 3 doz., round or square heads, iron. Three-legged iron shoe-last, one leg for heel, one for small boot, one for large: makes good anvil. Hungarian cone-head hobnails, or Swiss, 10 lbs. Sewing-kit: 3 sailors' palms; 3 doz. sail needles, three-corner, 3 sizes; 2 baling needles; 2 doz. harness needles; 1 lb. spool best flax harness thread, 8 strand; 2 half-pound spools 4 strand; wax; 2 curved awls; 3 straight awls; 2 small marlin spikes.

Leather: $\frac{1}{2}$ oiled raw-hide for latigos and strings; the back of a specially thick one, such as is used in tug leather, for straps; a first-class buck or calf-skin for general purposes. Good strap cutter. (Joe would be miserable without this.) 2 leather-cutting knives.

Tools: Holzapfel's leather case kit, with regular handle and extra handle to take ordinary tools, as well as those of the kit.

Kit tools for regular handle: rip saw; crosscut saw; key-hole saw; iron saw with extra blades; $\frac{1}{2}$ " chisel; $\frac{1}{4}$ " chisel; $\frac{1}{2}$ " gouge; rat-tail file for iron; flat, pointed iron file; flat wood file; 2 gimlets, 1 square reamer, iron or wood; 1 rose reamer, iron or wood; screw-driver; 3 brad awls; 2 hammers; 1 claw; 2 soldering irons; knife.

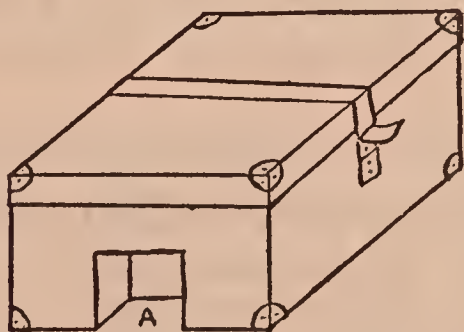
Other tools of regular kit, not for handle: vise; iron drill; oil stone; oil can; solder in box; cold chisel; watchmaker's screw-driver; parallel pliers, $5\frac{1}{2}$ " and $6\frac{1}{2}$ "; small stillson wrench 6"; small flat wrench; leather punch; nail set; 2' rule.

Extras: $\frac{1}{2}$ " bit, ordinary; rivet set for copper rivets; hoof rasp with four surfaces of different fineness for wood work.

Duck for mending. Extra tape. Extra halters, hobbles, snaps.

Medical kit: Top-pack, for ready use on march. Heavy fibre. Metal corners. Contents: dressings: set of splints; wooden swabs; 2" compressed bandage; 1" ditto; compressed head dressings; $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. compressed absorbent cotton; 1 yd. compressed gauze; 1 yd. double cyanide gauze; 1 yd. bismuth gauze; triangular bandages. B. & W. for all. Medicines: chinosol, boric, cascara, sodium chloride, carbonate of soda, iodine, ammonia, carron oil. Tabloids and vaporoles.

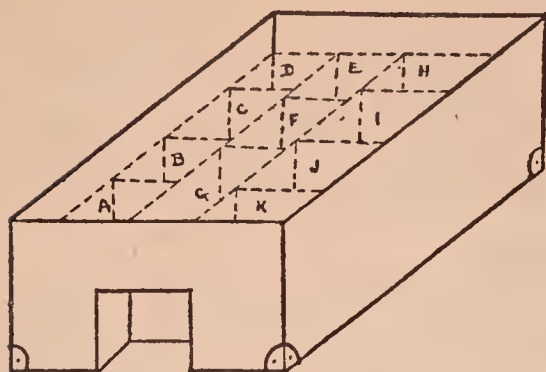
Instruments: thermometers; forceps, general and mouse-tooth; scalpels; scissors, blunt blade and pointed blade; probe; director; tourniquet; irrigating syringe; tweezers; small, thin, sharp-edged file for cutting off necks of vaporoles when only part of contents is wanted; very tiny corks for these; assorted corks.



(A) Pocket at each end for saddle-forks; just large enough and far enough apart to admit forks snugly.

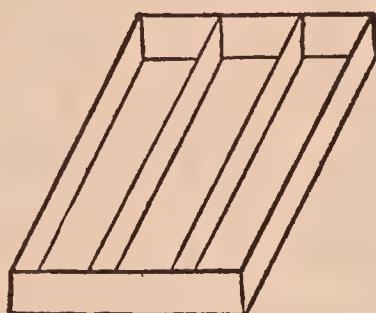
Fig. 12

Miscellaneous. Numdas, close felts from Central Asia, are good to put over bacon, cheese, and butter packs before sunrise each morning, to preserve the night's coldness.



(C, D, etc.)
Removable boxes of
various sizes.

Fig. 13



Tray.

Fig. 14

Keep maps in long fibre tube case. Have plenty of mending tissue and adhesive cloth.

Mount topographic sheets of region for pocket use.

Cavalry field sketching-board good for girls who like to make route-maps.

Have all blankets dry-cleaned and stored each autumn. Much more satisfactory than to have girls bring their own.

Small oval brass tags on each article with brand, and number indicating which donkey carries it. Put on with hog rings.

Paraffined cloth food-bags, flat-bottomed, for all food. Cannot be washed without losing waterproof quality. Buy, or make new yearly.

Dark glasses with leather sides—extra pairs.

Index everything. Always keep same arrangements. Have same donkey carry same pack from year to year.

Brown linen bath towels. Boil new ones thoroughly. Unbleached linen dish-towels.

Large mica-sided candle-lanterns. Small lanterns smoke up badly. There is room in large size (12" x 12") for two candles. Tin-can lanterns are not bad—one end knocked out, hole in one side for candle, wire handle from end to end, above, and holes for ventilation.

Fat coach candles, or a miner's 8-hour candle are best.

Electric flashes and carbide lamps fail in emergencies.

Tooth-floss, waxed, is vital. No brushing can do the trick, and dentists *are* not.

Each girl must have, always, on her person, some kind of pocket. The old boys wore wide belts to which they attached, by leather strings, little leather cases containing: knife, compass, rattlesnake-kit (tourniquet, lancet, and caustic: "tie, cut, burn"), dark glasses. I like best my small fishing-basket, hung over my shoulder by broad webbing. It is lined with sateen, and divided into three parts, one for sewing-kit, one for toilet-kit, one for writing-kit. The sloping top makes a good desk. It is easily emptied and cleaned.

Dishes. 3 large aluminium dish-pans, very heavy; 3 large galvanized buckets; nesting aluminium dekchies, with rim around top. Their covers make good platters. (Pressure and fireless pots are useful, of course.) Pudding-bowls of various sizes, with lids that clamp on. Broad-bladed army knives and short forks; heavy aluminium frying-pan with detachable handle; big aluminium mixing-bowls; oval aluminium water-bottles, flat-bottomed; silver-lined wooden bowls for drinking.

N.B. Granite and enamel ware chip. Aluminium lasts for ever.

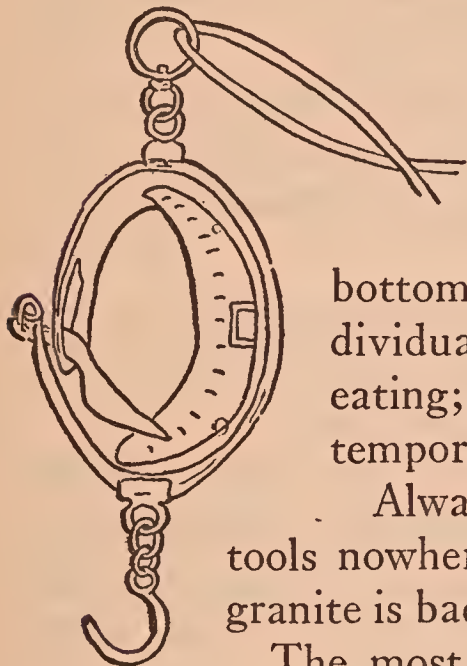
Carry a few copper plates and bowls from Central Asia for picturesqueness.

Stout straps ("Spiders") with hooks for clothes, to buckle around tent-poles.

Folding, circular, canvas bath-tubs, and wash-basins.

Stout knapsacks, not large or heavy. Have them hang so as to rest on buttocks, not on small of back. The Norwegian wooden frame to hold the sack off the back is useful on any long jaunt.

Luncheon rate: per man, per meal: $\frac{1}{3}$ lb. meat or cheese; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bread; $\frac{1}{12}$ lb. butter; 1 orange; handful of dates, raisins, or figs; nuts.



Put hair-pads under dish-pans when kneading bread to protect bottom of pans. Trays are invaluable: individual ones for each person's use while eating; one in each box to lay articles on temporarily when seeking something else.

Always keep a tarp by repair-kit. Use tools nowhere else except on the tarp. Rotten granite is bad stuff to find small articles in.

The most precious article in the outfit is our irreplaceable French scale: It keeps the packs evenly balanced, saving no end of trouble on marches and preventing sore backs, which, in spite of all our careful saddling, would be inevitable if packs were uneven. Much more accurate than an ordinary spring-balance. Weighs to 50 kg.

Get really good shrill policeman's whistle for each girl. Be sure she understands that any signal, repeated three times, means serious trouble. So far have not found one that can be heard far.

PEGASUS' PACK

(A donkey-load of books never arranged in any order.)

GALTON.	.	.	.	.	.	"Art of Travel"
SODDY	.	.	.	.	.	"Interpretation of Radium"

PEGASUS' PACK—Continued.

MUIR	"Stickeen"
GRENFELL	"Adrift on an Ice-Pan"
BRIDGES	"Spirit of Man"
GREGORY	"Cuchulain of Muirthemne"
NORDMANN	"Le Royaume des Cieux" (pre- sented by Pat)
PIRSSON	"Rocks and Rock-Minerals & Schuchert Geology"
KEPHART	"Camping & Woodcraft"
ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY	
	"Hints to Travellers"
ARMSTRONG	"Western Wild Flowers"
HALL	"Yosemite Flora"
SUDWORTH	"Trees of the Pacific Slope" (Government publication)
SHALER	"Origin and Nature of Soils" (in U. S. G. S. report, 1891)
PYLE	"Robin Hood"
COUCH	"Oxford Book of Ballads"
COUCH	"Oxford Book of English Verse"
SCOTT	"Book of the Sea"
SCHURIG-GÖTZ	"Tabulae Caelestes" (Presented by Pat)
BARTHOLOMEW	"Advance Atlas of Physical Geography" (U. S. G. S. maps in Pinto's pack.)
FULLER SISTERS	"Old English Folk-Songs"
QUARTER MISTRESS ♀	"Cook-Book"
BOLE	"The Aunts' Cook-Book"
FARMER	"Boston Cooking-School Cook- Book"
HOMER	"Odyssey" (Butcher & Lang)

PEGASUS' PACK—Continued.

MOULTON	"Modern Readers' Bible" (small volumes)
KING	"Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada"
FOWLER	"Concise Oxford Dictionary"
BAILEY	"Handbook of Birds of the Western U. S."
BLACKWOOD	"The Centaur"
BLACKWOOD	"Prisoner in Fairyland"
KIPLING	"Jungle Book"
KIPLING	"Puck of Pook's Hill"
SABATIER	"Life of St. Francis of Assisi"
DANA	"Text-book of Mineralogy"
STEVENSON	"Kidnapped"
STEVENSON	"Vailima Letters"
DRINKWATER	"Lincoln"
MILHAM	"Meteorology"
SCHIMPER	"Plant Geography"
BUTLER	"Erewhon"
FOSDICK	"Meaning of Prayer"
GIBSON	"Sharp Eyes"
RUSKIN	"Praeterita"

HEALTH AND CHARACTER NOTES

(These haphazard notes are extracts from the red locked diary, which might have been called Ruth's heart.)

Always bring the girls up gradually, camping, say, at 4,000' (Owens Valley level) for a week, then at 6,000, then at 8,000, then at 10,000 for a few days each. That obviates all altitude difficulty. Twice we have allowed some one to come up from Owens Valley from Taboose in one day, and in both cases bad indigestion with fever of 102° followed,

with a week's indisposition. Nose-bleed once on the first high climb. One girl changed in temper and character generally with altitude: intelligent, delightful, merry until about 10,000. Then headache came on. After that we stayed up at 11,000 or over for several weeks. She grew difficult in temper and very stupid, inclined to shirk, mutinous. On one day climbed to 14,000, caught in an electric storm, seemed normal enough at night, but next day for several hours was entirely off her head. On later days could not see things at a distance visible to every one else. Was unable to do any mental work well. Improvement began with decrease in altitude. She did not get the fine ruddy color the others always got. Our theory was that her blood failed to produce enough red corpuscles to meet the extra demand for oxygen, and that brain and nervous system were oxygen-starved. It may have been partly homesickness, but as she was particularly self-reliant, I doubt that.

There is always a great exhilaration in first reaching the heights, usually accompanied by inordinate appetite. As a matter of fact, less food appears to be required than at low altitudes, as every one soon learns by observation.

Temporary ringing of ears and depression of mood often accompany descents for 1,000 feet or more; airman's trick of inflating ears useful. Sometimes a rise of 1,000 feet affects one's sleep somewhat.

We are always careful not to lift heavy loads or climb fast. In climbing a slip is accepted. Violent movements or quick scrambles are tiring.

If short of wind, lie perfectly flat, extend arms above head and draw long, slow, deep breaths till the pulse abates. Climb slowly and evenly, not pausing to rest. Each start requires fresh energy. Come down as fast as you like.

Sun has never affected any of us badly. We expose ourselves to it gradually, and get well-pigmented early. After

that, no unpleasant consequences. A tam is quite protection enough unless one must cross a stretch of sunlit snow—then goggles.

The boys in the old outfit stripped daily, and thrived amazingly. Exercise in the sun is much easier stripped than clothed.

Our rule is to dress lightly for a climb, with low shoes, leaving ankles free, sleeves rolled up, belts loose, no collar: freedom of ankle, waist, wrist, and neck gives coolness and freedom of movement. Carry sweater, gloves, scarf in knapsack. On reaching top to rest, immediately put them on, conserving heat and preventing taking cold. There is a curious human tendency, when compelled to start out full toggled, to continue so. *Make* them adjust their wraps.

Wet feet don't matter, as long as one exercises enough to avoid getting chilly. Change into dry stockings and shoes on coming in. Don't ride with wet feet.

Germs don't live in this ultra-violet lit atmosphere. Any cut, burn, or scratch heals cleanly and quickly.

Occasionally someone coughs—apparently a nervous cough only.

Cure any small disorder of digestion by a day's starvation. The diet is most successful in general. Disorders are usually due to over-eating, insufficient chewing, or eating too fast. Correct constipation by exercise and fruit, looseness of bowels by rice and hot milk.

Girls are very foolish in vying with each other. They will go beyond their strength and expect praise. Don't give it. Be as severe with over-exertion as with laziness. Pride and display are probably the cause of it. Foolhardiness is as disgraceful as timidity. Shows lack of imagination, and timidity may show an excess of it.

One full 24-hour day of complete rest, physical and mental, for each menstruation period. Lying out of doors in a par-

ticularly beautiful place, alone, away from camp bustle. Mind is not active, body needs relaxation and extra sleep, senses are especially receptive. Thus treated, the period becomes an asset.

Make no decisions at night. Morning bringeth counsel: I think partly because a night under the stars adjusts one's sense of values. In the daytime the Earth looms large, with my Lord Sun as useful attendant, and one's self is likely to loom large, too. At night the veil is lifted.

Discourage mechanically busy hands, that the mountain influences, waiting about, may get at the girls. An embroidery needle might keep off a dryad or a water-nymph. A girl wrote:

"As the lady of old in her mirrored tower
Watched year on year and hour on hour
For the filming breath of Fate,
So, at the loom of my life I stand,
Idle of heart but busy of hand
And scarcely aware of it, wait."

Mechanically busy hands breed vague dreaming. Sketching, on the contrary, is invaluable for opening the eyes and stopping that vague dreaming. If a girl can't or won't sketch, try to get her to draw word-pictures. Gretchen developed famously doing that.

Punish gum-chewing with death.

Collections are difficult to manage. Usually a desire to collect dies out quickly. Query? Is it better to attempt to force carrying it through in the interest of thoroughness, or let it die its unlamented death? See how far the interest is real interest and how far it is the mere small-boy pocket habit. Look out for labels. The pseudo-scientist claps a label on his specimen and is done with it. Sometimes it's mere quantity that attracts. I used to cut out paper-dolls as fast as my fingers could move, in the hope of filling a

wooden box with them before I died. I incline to think a collecting tendency should be treated discouragingly: obstacles put in the way. Irene's passion for cones survived such treatment. She worked fast to get time to hunt them. She threw away treasures to find a place to pack them. She observed them most carefully to make sure she was not duplicating. (N.B., to carry a cone, wet it thoroughly till it closes, then sew it stoutly in cloth.)

Discourage tendency to put beds side by side. Gregariousness is partly habit, born of necessity, probably. Here one has a chance to cultivate solitude. Select bed-sites myself a few nights, putting girls a long way apart. They'll usually like it after a bit. Send them to bed when they're sleepy. Get them up before they are quite awake. Arbitrary hours of going to bed and getting up might conduce, I should think, to half-awake fringes—"the De'il's delight."

See to it that each girl gets some notion of a river-system. I set Bess the task one year of "finding the source of the San Joaquin." Interesting to watch the true conception grow on her. "It's got about a thousand sources," she reported finally. She'll never perpetuate the "source of the Mississippi" myth.

As to bathing, camp is a good opportunity to break away from mere conventional habit and set minds working. Rose was obsessed with a passion for cleanliness: spent hours with manicure tools, shuddered over a smudge as though it were a moral stain. I set her grubby jobs, let her ablution-kit get left behind at one camp, made her learn by heart Shaler's words on soil:

"Now and then a poetic spirit, anticipating with the imagination, the revelations of science, has spoken of the earth as the mother of all, but the greater part of mankind look upon the soil as something essentially unclean, or at least as a mere disorder of fragmentary things from which seeds manage in some occult way to draw sustenance. Any

chance contact with this material fills them with disgust, and they regard their repugnance as a sign of culture. It is one of the moral functions of science to change this attitude of men to the soil which has borne them, to bring them to a recognition of the marvel and beauty of the mechanism on which the existence of all the living beings of the earth intimately depends."

Admitted to her that the "dirt" of St. Louis whence she hailed was not "earth," but soot mixed with disease germs, and that her dainty precautions there were reasonable. But insisted that touching Earth is an invigorating and vital thing, not a thing to be despised and avoided. (Old myth of giant touching Earth and getting new strength.)

Bess was so easy-going and lazy, she had to be made to wash. Seemed to think "camp" meant a place where one could indulge one's lower instincts. Hated bathing at home. Got her to love bathing in secluded sunny spots, in sweet air and crystal water among flowers. Made her feel the sweetness of cleanness, not for show but for one's own inner satisfaction. Toward the summer's end found her washing her underwear and hair more frequently.

She took a boy-like pleasure in being untidy. I let that go.

The desire for cleanliness was more important. I'm not sure myself about tidiness. There's a great orderliness in Nature, in the motions of the spheres, for example—but litter of a sort seems to be part of Nature. In civilization the untidy person is inefficient and a nuisance, and yet the excessively tidy is a horrible creature. Till I get more light on that, I can't take a decided line with the girls.

I'm doubtful about efficiency itself. A limited amount seems necessary to get anything done in time, or in reasonable limits of space—but a lot of sweet *joie de vivre* dies where efficiency springs up. Further meditation needed here.

To return to bathing: washing of hands before cooking or

eating is a positive command, for sanitary reasons. If I find a girl cooking without having washed first, the food goes to the donkeys, and we all go without. If I find one eating without washing, her own meal is forfeited. The eastern custom of pouring water from a ewer over the hands with a basin beneath is the best. Each girl carries her soap-case in her belt-pocket. Sunlight makes a good towel and saves laundry work. Clean faces aren't important. Clean feet we lay more stress on. In towns, looks are what count. Here emphasize sweetness of body, letting looks go.

Don't let any bring medicines. Come to me when there is any need. Regulate bowels by food, exercise, and regularity without hurry at toilet. In any camp, even for only one night, insist on both toilet tents being put up, with proper pits dug. Keep wall-pockets in these tents for paper and matches (in unbreakable box) always filled.

Don't allow kodaks. They can be used artistically, but are generally a substitute for seeing. They create a mechanical, artificial atmosphere. One sketch, inadequate though it may be, is more valuable to the girl than an album of snapshots. "There be those who, with eyes of great showing, walk abroad in staring blindness."

Because of our many high dry camps, washing day cannot come very often. Girls, who have never done their own laundry work, especially need to do it. With a fire by a lake or stream, canvas tubs to tramp the clothes out in, barefoot, great smooth rocks to rub them on, it is easy to make a little festival out of it. We never pollute a stream or lake by using it as a tub for our bodies or garments. They like to read the story of *Nausicaä* from the Odyssey, on wash-days.

I hate prizes. If we can't get on without promise of reward, or without competition, I'd rather chuck the whole show. For one short summer let the girls be in a place where there are no "marks."

The first month goes in organizing. By the end of the second month they have pretty well forgotten there is any outside world. Midsummer mail rather emphasizes our remoteness. At first they arrive as school-girls, all largely standardized, no matter what part of the country they come from. Here they individualize quickly. Then at a later stage they become associated in a new little social group. Must take careful notes on this.

Books are secondary things out here: useful for reference, occasionally for inspiration. We never need pastimes. Time passes all too quickly. I'm inclined to think games only grow up where work gets turned into drudgery. I suppose our whole summer is one great glorious Play in one sense of that word. Anyhow, I've yet to see any girl want games of any sort out here.

Remember: color is important. Girls get it at home in clothes. Our sober little beasts and the general old-campaigner aspect of our packs call for color: hence scarlet harness and saddle-bags and gay numdas and blankets. A scarlet Hudson Bay blanket spread on the rocks to sun all day keeps the whole camp warm o' heart.

I must learn to play a flageolet this winter. No other instrument fits in the picture, save only pipes. Bess's piping last summer was a constant delight, as Santa Clara's singing has been this. Music is a necessity, not a luxury. *Why* are all girls taught to play a huge instrument that can't be carried about?

Must find out what the red snow is: looks like a lichen on the snow under the ten-power glass. *My* character will go to pot if I let another winter pass without finding that out. If I live out-of-doors half the year, I must know such things. Mere emotional enjoyment is all right for a casual vacationist, but mountain-dwellers must use their minds.

APPENDIX B

EVOLUTIONARY SKETCH OF THREE-CORNER ROUND COOKING

The Three-Corner Round nucleus was formed in January, 1919—the Sahib, the Quarter-Mistress, and five burros: Tom, Pat, Bird, Nigger, and Shrimp. The Sahib at first did all the cooking, gradually teaching the Quarter-Mistress the ways of camp-fires.

In July arrived the First Boy, and the donkeys became a dozen.

In September the first real expedition was organized, with three boys, an assistant packer, a cook, a teacher, and thirty-one burros. Hired cooks proving productive of hunger rather than of food, good old Joe Healy came to the rescue, cooking for love, not for money. Joe was a Dutch oven artist. We lived well under his régime, and when he “hit the trail,” we vowed we would never again be subject to hireling cooking. From that day to this we have done our own. Jim’s soup, Ray’s bacon, Alice’s cookies, Bill’s potatoes-and-onions of that first year live forever in our memory.

The expedition of 1920 saw us equipped with Dutches, besides the hitherto little-used fireless cookers, which latter we had taken in order to keep bread in critical rising stages at even temperatures. That year the Dutch gave way slowly to the fireless. The Dutch requires a wood-chopper, a stoker, and a blast-furnaceman as well as a baker to operate it—to say nothing of a forest wood supply. The fireless

can be handled, unassisted, by women and children. The slow, fireless baking produces bread more crusty and toothsome than the more dramatic Dutch's best. The vanquished Dutches were abandoned high on a great rock in the Le Conte Basin. The fireless, re-enforced by the steam pressure, we will never be without. But a glamour yet lingers about the Dutches, and as all our boys ought to know how to use them, I pause here to give a few hints:

The Dutch is a heavy flat-bottomed cast-iron pot with three legs, and a cover, with a raised rim, to hold coals. It should be greased well inside for baking, and at the latter stage of cooking more heat should be applied on top than below. You need iron hooks to lift cover from time to time to know what is going on within, in order to regulate the heat. It takes two irons to prevent live coals spilling into the pots. In replacing the cover, you must be careful to twist it till you get a tight joint. Bread, meat, potatoes, fruit, beans—practically everything can be deliciously cooked in the Dutch. We have used a light sheet-iron substitute successfully, but it is much harder to get results. We have had rather unsatisfactory experience with reflector bakers.

Our experience has gone to show that by nature all boys are good cooks. Succeeding years have confirmed this conclusion. Given proper ingredients, all out-of-doors, and *time enough*, any boy can cook anything, and make it delicious.

In 1920 there was no cook-book. Charley and Harlan invented Fruit Flop-Overs and deduced Cinnamon Rolls. Odo created delicacies and substantials.

By 1921 we had laid in a stock of cook-books. The Quarter-Mistress, taught hitherto by her all-wise Sahib, became suddenly inspired by Elmer's desire to learn Cooking and nothing but Cooking. Notes were made of our successes.

In 1922 "our own" cook-book had developed to an authority, having a kind of odor of sanctity about it, emphasized by splashes of eggs, smears of butter, chocolate stains, and marks of smutty fingers. Now its barely legible pages are here transcribed, unharmonized as to language, the recipes following roughly the order of the camps where they were first successes. They were gleaned from Kephart, Miss Farmer, the Toledo Fireless cook-book, the Sechrist and National Pressure cook-books, the Oriental cook-book, and our own imaginations, adapted at many points to meet our special conditions.

We used no canned goods. Our cooking milk was klim. (Goat's milk was too precious for cooking.) Our only flour was whole wheat: the incomparable Franklin Mills for bread, a less expensive California brand for cakes and minor stuff. We used brown sugar, or maple, or honey for sweetening. Our dried fruits were all unsulphured. Our rice was Carque's "natural." Our eggs were not dried. Our cheese was a fresh skim-milk variety. The spices we liked best are J. P. Smith's. For vitamins we depended on milk, butter, eggs, onions, unpolished rice, whole wheat, oranges, and comb honey.

Most of our cooking was done at very high altitudes: above eleven thousand feet. None of it was done below four thousand. The quantities in the recipes are for nine people with appetites.

GENERAL RULES

1. Cook must thoroughly wash his hands before beginning to operate. Else the product is fed to the donkeys.
2. Cook may lick his own dish (or his fingers) or delegate the privilege.
3. All cooking dishes must be washed by the cook.

EFFICIENCY HINTS

The ideal fire is either a bright flame or intense coals. Smoky fires mean inefficient builders or tenders.

Heating cook-stones may take all day, or can be done in short order. Concentrated mental energy is quite as necessary for the latter accomplishment as wood fuel.

A recipe should be studied before the making of the dish begins: all ingredients gathered, to prevent last-minute searches and many trips; preliminary processes should precede rather than follow final stages.

Cooking dishes should not be allowed to accumulate. A bread-mixing pan is readily cleaned at a certain moment and frightfully resistant if postponed. Good cooks, who co-ordinate and get several dishes ready at stated intervals, must use odd minutes and not "get behind."

All this is put in, just to sound natural to you all—with no real hope that you have yet exchanged your precious sense of eternity for a sense of time, or the glacial rate of movement with which Nature endows boys for the rapid transit pace of men.

EGG NOGG

Beat egg till it will not stay on the fork when you lift it out. Add milk to fill cup, and two teaspoonfuls of sugar, with sprinkling of spice.

FRUIT NOTES

Indian Joe's apples, with a few raisins, a few prunes, and cinnamon. Apple sauce with lemon or ginger. Apricots with peaches and honey. Spices galore. Chop up fruits to mix juices. Taste frequently while spicing. If you are not using the pressure, dried fruit must be soaked a long while in cold water, and then simmered rather than boiled.

BREAD

Sponge: At sunrise: 3 packages (15 cakes) of dry yeast, dissolved in 5 cups of tepid water, with 2 large spoonfuls of sugar, and 3 cups of Franklin Mills Fine Flour of the entire wheat. (If set the night before, even if not kept warm, we always found the sponge ready to use at sunrise.)

Soak: 3 cups oatmeal and 1 cup seedless raisins.

Mix: When sponge is bubbling bravely, divide it into three parts, adding each to 6 cups of flour with 3 tablespoonfuls of salt. Divide the oatmeal evenly among the three loaves, and put the raisins into one. Mix thoroughly, rather wetly.

Let Rise: To double its bulk. Cover to prevent a crust forming. Mount guard to keep goats from tasting or stepping into dough at this stage.

Knead: Long and vigorously, singing the while.

Let Rise: Again, in buttered pots this time. Sometimes this rising may be done safely in the sun, but usually it is best, after kneading, to place pots directly into cooker, with two stones heated to 600 underneath. When loaf is risen to double its bulk, add top stone, also 600.

Bake: 5 or 6 hours.

SOUP NOTES

Basis: Meat bones or Knorr's pea soup.

Seasonings: S. F. uses a ballad refrain of "marjoram, sage, and thyme," re-enforced in '22 by chili powder. L. T. once used those three with paprika, red and black pepper, pickling spice, mace, cloves and salt, successfully. J. C. adds curry. Q. M. once put in a half-bottle of tomato ketchup and served hot milk with it. Left-overs of oatmeal, bean-water, corn-water, or onions are acceptable.

Concomitants: Rice or noodles.

Warnings: Soup gets more peppery toward the bottom, and the longer it stands. And pepper is hard to take out.

Rice should be added late, else starch results instead of soup.

Dumplings are too precarious to try.

SUDELI YUTMOURA

Into cold mess-pan pour $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of cold milk. Add two slightly beaten eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, a sliced orange, and pepper and salt. Cook over slow fire till egg "sets." Only one person, so far, has failed to like it.

GOLDEN PUDDING

(Devised to trick Stu into a liking for bread pudding.) 3 cups of bread crumbs; 4 cups of hot milk; 2 beaten eggs; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar; 1 tablespoonful of butter; raisins, figs, dates, salt, cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg in profusion; juice and peel of one orange. Boil all these till they become somewhat homogeneous. Arrange slices of orange on top and spread a little butter and cinnamon on the top for a final flourish. Bake for an hour with two stones at 400.

LIMA BEANS

Soak over night, though this is not necessary with that magical pressure. Cook in pressure 40 minutes at 20 lb. Add butter, salt, pepper. Dip out "goo" to save for use in soup. Fry beans till crisp in individual mess-pans. Even Pat liked them (once) when thus prepared.

SAUCE FOR CRUSTY PUDDING

Thin orange marmalade with hot water. Add lemon juice.

FRIED DATES

Fry dates slightly in olive oil or butter. They burn very easily. This is a favorite Arab dish.

LENTIL CHOWDER

1 cup of lentils and 1 cup sliced onions soaked over night. Cook in pressure with 1 cup of hardtack crumbs soaked in 2 cups of hot milk. Add butter, savory, sage, curry.

LEFT-OVER NOTES

Fry cold rice with apricots. Eat with orange jelly.

Fry cold rice with cheese. Eat with a fried egg on top.

Boil old bread crusts in milk, with butter, salt, and pepper.

Left-over pancakes are good next day if baked and eaten hot.

SOFT-SUGAR GINGERBREAD

Beat 2 eggs till light. Add gradually 1 cup sugar. Mix $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups of flour, 3 teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonfuls of ginger. Mix these and add alternately with two thirds of a cup of milk (and a mite of butter) to the eggs and sugar. Bake in buttered tins 30 minutes with two stones at 400.

SCHASLICK

Cut tender bits of mutton or venison about an inch square and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. Cut similar pieces of fat or bacon. Skewer alternately meat and fat on long peeled sticks, about a dozen pieces on a stick. Season. Broil over very hot coals, continuously turning to keep juices in.

BAKED BEANS

2 cups navy or pea beans and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lentils. Preferably soak over night. Parboil with pinch of soda. Drain. Cover with water in pressure, adding cubes of bacon (quite a lot) and a mixture of everything tasty you can think of, salt, mustard, sugar, curry, ginger, onion. After an hour's

cooking at 20 pounds, the beans are thoroughly cooked and ready to be browned in oven. Even after that we fry them crisp in individual mess-pans before eating. And no one has yet been able to cloak the beany flavorlessness and unpleasant texture sufficiently to make the Sahib like them.

CHOCOLATE FROSTING

(Deduced by Dave and Q. M.) Melt Baker's Dot Sweet Chocolate. Thin with hot milk. Spread on cake filling up irregularities of surface. Let harden. It sometimes gets too hard like the original chocolate, but there is a perfect stage.

MACARONI (OR RICE) WITH CHEESE

6 cups of macaroni, broken into small bits, added to a gallon of boiling salted water. When soft, drain, and place in buttered pans, alternating with layers of diced cheese. Pour $1\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls of hot klim over each dish, and add a little butter. Bake one hour, with two stones at 520. Rice may be treated similarly.

PUNCH

Oranges, grape-juice, lemons, vichy, spices, especially ginger, and no water. Appreciated at a forced dry camp.

BANNOCK

4 cups of flour; 8 teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, 1 teaspoonful of salt; 1 teaspoonful of sugar; small amount of water. Knead hard. Roll flat into sheets finger-thick. Press two strips of bacon into bottom of bannock, and put into frying-pan, bacon side down. Hold over fire till stiff. Then stand up steeply beside fire to brown top. When stiff enough to stand by itself, let it do so, freeing the pan to make another. Give them plenty of time to bake through.

BACON NOTES

Slice paper thin. Parboil before frying. Broiling is a pleasant change, and so is dipping in flour before frying. Boil a whole side of bacon at a time. Boiled bacon, fried, is good.

CHIPATTIS

Build a stone back to fire-place or use a back-log about a foot high, and as wide as four aluminium plates. Build a good fire of hardwood. Have four stones in row in front of fire, at proper distance to lean plates against. Mix salt in flour in top of flour-sack. Make a hollow in the middle. Pour in a little water. Mix the flour into a stiff dough. Keep on pouring in water, a little at a time, till you get a lump of dough as big as you want it. Spread a little flour on a tarpaulin. Place dough on this. Take out of flour-sack any little shreds of dough that may have peeled off the main lump. Knead hard for a full half hour. Take a piece of kneaded dough and roll or pat it very thin. Make it the circumference of an aluminium plate. If dough is too dry to stick to plate, stick it with a half-drop of water in one place. Set it up against one of the stones facing the fire. Fill four plates in the same way. By the time the fourth plate is ready, the first chipatti will be baked brown and stiff on one side. Pick the plate up with a gloved hand, loosen chipatti with cake turner, turn it over, stand it up against the plate or stone, without sticking this time. You will find they bake so fast that two people can be kept busy, one shaping them and one baking them. They are really good and keep any number of days, still as good as when fresh. In India they make the same thing, using a horizontal piece of sheet iron without grease over the fire.

ANOTHER KIND OF "ONE-ELEVEN" BREAD

Build hot fire. Throw into it 6 smooth stones (not granite) that won't split with heat, more or less spherical in shape, four or five inches in diameter. Mix dough as for chipattis. Knead a half hour hard. Roll or pat out into sheets, finger-thick, each big enough to wrap completely around one of the heating stones. Wrap dough around stone, pinching together tightly. Set it in front of fire, near enough to brown outside. Keep turning as it browns. When well done on the outside, it will be cooked all through, as the inner stone has been cooking it, too, from within. Very palatable, and good for several days. We associate this with Abyssinia and also with the Six Inch Outfit in the San Jacinto Mountains.

WILD NOTES

Wild onions are good in soup.

Miner's lettuce is good in soup, or straight in salad, or boiled in salted water.

Mint and mustard are both edible.

Gooseberries, elderberries, blueberries, all make good drinks boiled down with sugar.

FIG OAT-CAKES

1 cup oatmeal soaked four hours; 2 cups flour; 2 tablespoonfuls of baking-powder; 2 teaspoonfuls of salt; 1 cup of chopped figs. Water to make batter. Fry like ordinary pancakes.

TROUT

Catch! Kill. Clean. Wipe. Cut backbone in two or three places, so it will not curl up. Fry in very hot olive oil, sprinkling slightly with pepper and salt as color turns.

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Don't over-cook. Golden trout are so delicate that it is a crime to cloak them in meal.

ONIONS

Fried or boiled or in soup.

With White Sauce, see p. 296.

Indian Joe ate them raw.

MRS. SHARP'S PIE CRUST

Mix 3 cups of flour with a teaspoonful of baking-powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of salt. Stir into boiling water to which has been added $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of olive oil. Roll out. Bake an hour with two stones at 400.

(Notice to brides: Perhaps you had better let Himself make this, or send for Mrs. Sharp. Q. M. got a strange article when she tried it!)

CURRY SALAD DRESSING

Mix in order: $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoonful of salt; $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of curry powder; $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of pepper; 5 tablespoonfuls olive oil; 3 tablespoonfuls vinegar.

SALTED ALMONDS

Blanch almonds. Heat $\frac{1}{3}$ cup olive oil (or half lard and clarified butter). Put in almonds, stirring all the time. Fry until brown. Remove almonds, spread on brown paper, and sprinkle with salt.

RIPSNORTERS

Thin bread dough with water to proper batter consistency. Fry (as we do all griddle cakes) on iron discs. No "colic" consequences.

OATMEAL

Steel-cut oatmeal, not soaked, may be cooked thoroughly in a short time in the pressure. Stir it gradually with a wooden spoon into boiling salted water. Fasten cover down and cook for 25 minutes at 20 pounds.

DOUGHNUTS

Make batter of 4 cups of flour, 1 teaspoonful of salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonfuls of baking-powder, 2 cups of sugar, a good supply of nutmeg, 4 tablespoonfuls of klim, 4 beaten eggs, and water. Beat thoroughly, and add flour to make dough of the consistency you remember seeing it when your mother makes doughnuts. Roll. Cut. Shape. Fry in deep olive oil, very hot. Drain on paper.

CURRY RISOTTO

Put into a pot as much butter as you can spare, say one-sixth of a pound. Boil. Add one cup of rice (previously well washed, and soaked for an hour). Stir to keep from burning, for several minutes. Add 1 cup of soaked seedless raisins, 3 cups of boiling salted water, and a little curry. Stir curry all through. Cook with two stones at 650, for 20 minutes, or till done dry. Test at 15 minutes.

HARD SAUCE

$2\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonfuls of butter and $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups of sugar, creamed, with lemon juice and nutmeg.

THREE-CORNER ROUND CAKE

1 cup of sugar creamed with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of butter; 2 eggs; 1 cup of cooked fruit (if acid, add a teaspoonful of soda); $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of flour, with 2 teaspoonfuls of baking-powder; 2 teaspoonfuls each of cinnamon and cloves; 1 cup of nut meats if con-

venient. Bake 2 hours with two stones at 450. Delicate things like cake should not be baked close to the stones. A wide rack above and one below give plenty of room for rising and prevent burning.

GOULASH

Cut cold lamb into cubes. Salt them and sprinkle with flour. Put a tablespoonful of grease into each mess-pan and an onion sliced fine. When onion is cooked, add lamb. Season with paprika. Cover and bake.

CORN-MEAL MUSH

2½ cups of corn meal stirred slowly with wooden spoon into a gallon of boiling salted water in pressure. Add raisins or small cubes of bacon. Cook, with cover on, and pressure at 20 pounds, for 45 minutes. Cool till it is firm. Then slice thin and fry.

CUSTARD

Into one pint of lukewarm milk put a little salt and nutmeg. Beat 6 eggs with ½ cup sugar. Combine milk and sugar gradually, still beating. Cook slowly with only one stone, below, at about 450, for two hours. Dates can be used interestingly, in place of the sugar.

COLIC

3 cups of flour; 1½ tablespoonfuls baking-powder; 1 teaspoonful of salt; ¼ cup of sugar; 2 cups of milk; 1 egg; 2 tablespoonfuls melted butter. Mix dry. Beat egg. Add milk, and pour slowly on mixture. Beat and add butter. Fry as usual. Delectable but deadly.

KEPHART CREAMED BEEF

Shave a cupful of dried beef. Pour boiling water over. Drain. Heat tablespoonful of butter in mess-pan gradually,

very hot. Put beef in, and stir for two minutes. Mix cup of klim, 1 teaspoonful of flour, pinch of salt, and an egg. Pour mixture over beef. Cover and cook for three minutes.

WHITE SAUCE FOR ONIONS, ETC.

A tablespoonful of butter in mess-pan. When bubbling, put in a little flour mixed with pepper and salt. Then pour in slowly a cup of hot milk.

EGG FLUFF

Mix $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of klim and 2 eggs in a cup. Heat tablespoonful of butter in a mess-pan to bubbling. Slip in mixture. As it sets, keep scraping bottom and sides of pan. When fully fluffed, add salt and paprika, and eat straightway. Fried onions are good to add. The whole operation must be performed quickly. Sometimes the thing curdles, for reasons we have not yet discerned.

COCOA

This is a highly contentious dish. It has never been made really well yet in any of our camps. It is our belief at present that it may be successful if the method of mixing the ingredients is copied from the recipe below. The amounts most nearly satisfactory so far appear to be: For 24 cups: 24 cups of water, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound can of Baker's cocoa and a little larger amount of sugar (maple being particularly good), 3 cups of klim, and a pinch of salt.

CHOCOLATE MALTED MILK

To make 24 cups: Put 24 cups of water on to boil. Mix $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups of malted milk (if you have so much) with a can of Baker's cocoa, dry. Add a teaspoonful of salt. Mix 2 cups of sugar with the dry milk and cocoa thoroughly, and then add just enough boiling water to make a thick paste,

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beating it until smooth. Stir the paste steadily and rapidly into the boiling water. Immerse the mixing dish repeatedly to get all the paste out of it, and into the water. Boil ten minutes.

HAM

Wash. Cover with cold water in pressure. Cook $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours at 15 lbs. Skin. Brush with brown sugar, and stick in whole cloves. Bake in fireless with two stones at 550 for one hour.

APRICOT RUFF

Line dish with slightly sweetened apricots, previously cooked under pressure till soft, after pouring off juice, then cover with following custard mixture:

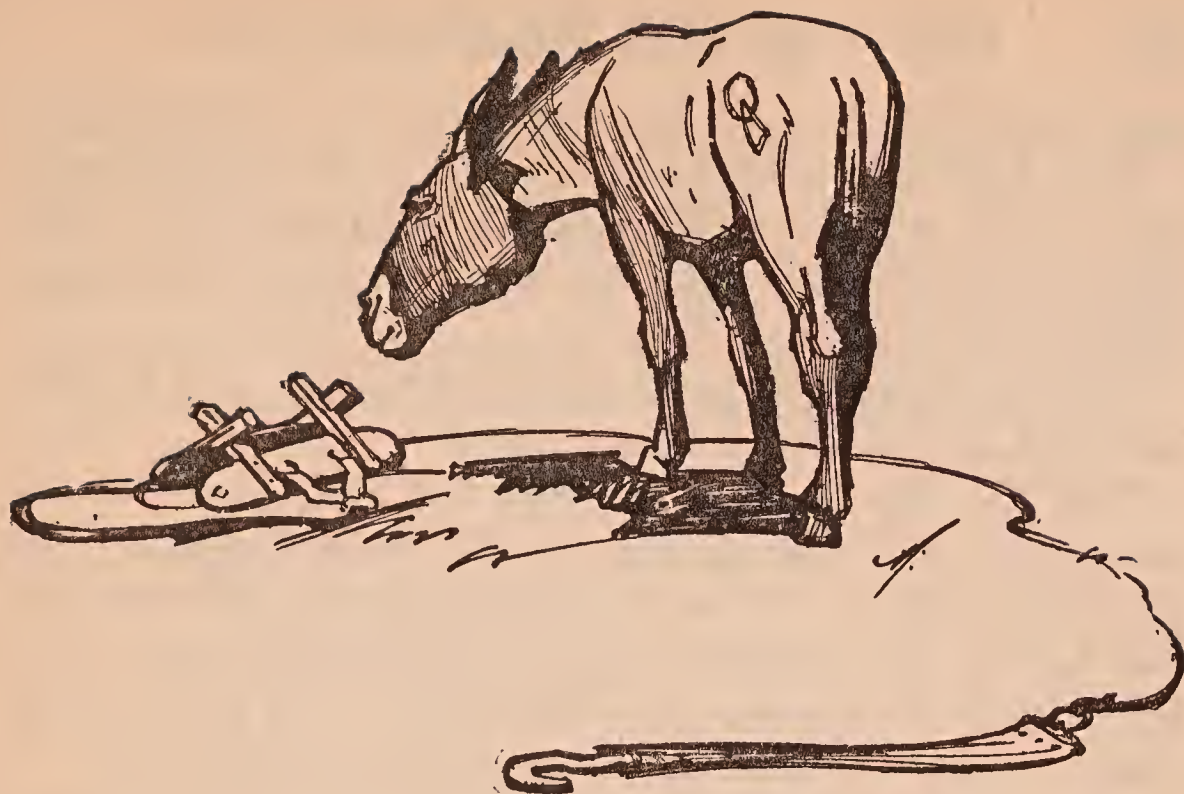
Melt 3 tablespoons butter, add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour, then, gradually, hot milk. Bring to a boil, then pour onto the yolks of 4 eggs beaten until thick and already mixed with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Cool. Then cut and fold in the whites of 4 eggs beaten stiff. After pouring over apricot fruit bake 35 to 40 minutes in oven.

RICE

Put 3 cups of water into bottom of pressure. 1 cup of washed and soaked Carque natural rice with 1 cup of salted water in each inset. Cook with pressure at 20 for ten minutes. This cooks the rice dry as all folk who use rice habitually cook it. The recipes accompanying the pressures give a goo-ey mess.

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APPENDIX C

OUR BROTHER THE ASS

KESAR'S KYANG

Done out of the Tibetan into German by A. H. Francke of the Moravian Mission of Ladak. Put into English by K. E. B.

Now while Kesar the king lay asleep came his heavenly aunt Ane Kur Manmo and troubled his dreams, saying: "Get thee up and fight the fiend Curulugu, for this year the signs are auspicious." Now when Brugma the crystal queen consort heard of her lord's departing she put all the maids in a bustle. Food they heaped like snow on the mountains. Drink as deep as Lake Maphang. Yak flesh and flesh of fat she-yak aplenty—goat flesh, tender and melting, and a fine young sheep well nourished.

And sweet lamenting songs she sang him. A month long he tarried by her. Then in his dreams came Ane Kur Manmo. He awoke in the gray of the dawntide, restless

and troubled, and sought his wild ass in the marigold garden.

He saddled and bridled him, and put on the saddle a grass mat, woven, which Ane Kur Manmo had given him. Then came Queen Brugma with all her maidens, and all the neighboring maidens—

Burning incense of cedar twigs came they, and bearing beer-jugs decked with flowers of butter.

Half the day Brugma followed her lord, then turning homewards half the day Kesar followed Brugma. The sun was low when a dzomo, sharp of horn, jostled rudely the foal Kyang god dyerpa. Then waxed Kesar wroth. An arrow he shot: a quiver of arrows, but none touched the dzomo. And Kur Manmo—came to hasten her parting.

Upon a pass they slept that night, man and beast amid great terrors: wolves howling, foxes wailing, and round dung dancing.

No food had King Kesar, save a nutshell of meal and a nutshell of beer, the which Ane Kur Manmo gave him. In his hunger he looked with scorn on these small things and slept, eating nothing.

All night long "tschurum tschurum" went the ass, munching his straw. When the dawn came, Kesar lifted his head and saw the ass, fat and peaceful, the grass mat as if not eaten, and much dung, wet and heavy.

"Who knoweth?" quoth Kesar. "Mayhap will the nutshells nourish me likewise after this fashion." And ate and drank, and most toothsome found the food and refreshing the liquor.

Now when they came to Curulugu's castle, Kesar slew that king of the demons, and thereafter loitered, enticed by Curulugu's fiend wife for three full years, pitching of quoits and shooting arrows.

There came on a day a pigeon flying from Kesar's homeland, bearing news of enemies and dangers. Now was

Kesar affrighted, and aroused him, and sought his Kyang god dyerpa.

Three mountains high he sought him, and three valleys low, ere he found him by the edge of a glacier, standing, piteous thin, with sore wounds, so that Kesar wept to see him.

Then came the Kyang to his master, and spoke, saying:

“Ah forgetful King Kesar
Once dwelt I at home with Brugma.
For breakfast gave she meal and butter
For supper gave she cake and sugar.
When she went up she kissed my long ears.
When she went down she stroked my muzzle,
Saying always, ‘Ass, my ass, too thin thou art.’
Three years at the friend’s door stood I.
For breakfast gave she wood, wood only.
For supper gave she sand, sand only.
When she went up, she kicked me soundly.
When she went down, a blow she struck me.
Saying always: ‘Ass, thou ass, thou art much too fat!’
Then wept I, Kyang, thy wild ass.”

And Kesar made answer: “’tis true. Me, too, hath the fiend queen cozened. Now homeward go we; but alas! thy poor back!” Then said the ass: “In my right ear is good medicine hidden. My mother Brugma put it there. In my left ear a lancet lieth. Now wash me, Master, in milk and nectar. Cut with the knife and give me the lotion.” Even so did Kesar, and the ass became more full of fire than ever.

Now yet remained one sorrow. The fiend queen would follow Kesar. But Kyang the ass gave counsel: “Let her sit behind thee on my back, trust to me. Kesar did as the shrewd ass counselled. When they were come into the midst of a wide river, Kyang lifted his rear part and heaved the woman back to the bank that they had come from. So was Kesar the king free of hindrance.

From the Encyclopædia Britannica—Ninth Edition.

Ass, The Domestic—*asinus vulgaris*, Gray—differs chiefly from the horse in its smaller size, in the presence of long hair, forming a tuft, only at the extremity of the tail, and in the absence of warts on its hind legs. Its fur, usually of a gray color, is characteristically marked with a longitudinal dorsal streak of a darker hue, with a similar streak across the shoulders, but white and black varieties also occur. The ass has been from time immemorial under the dominion of man, and it is doubtful whether the original wild stock is anywhere to be found at the present day,—the specimens that have been described as wild being probably the descendants of individuals that have escaped from the domestic state. A wild variety of ass (*Asinus taeniopus*), found in Abyssinia, has the long acute ears and the bray peculiar to the domestic kinds. It is said also to have cross bands on its legs, a feature occasionally met with in our tame breeds; and this fact has led Darwin and others to conclude that in the wild ass of Abyssinia the original of the domestic animal is to be found; the stripes which occasionally appear on the legs of the latter being regarded as instances of reversion to the ancestral type (*Proceedings of Zoöl. Society*, 1862). The marked aversion of the domestic ass to cross the smallest streamlet, an aversion which it shares with the camel, and the evident delight with which it rolls itself in the dust, seem to point to arid deserts as its original home. The ass has generally been the object of neglect and ill treatment; and attempts have seldom been made to improve the breed by selecting and matching the finer specimens. It has thus gradually sunk into the dull and obstinate creature which we are accustomed to see. Its reputation for stupidity is not, however, of recent origin. The ancient Egyptians hated it, and symbolized an ignorant person by the head and ears, and the Romans thought it a bad omen to meet an ass

(*Fosbrooke's Antiquities*). In the Middle Ages the Germans of Westphalia made the ass the symbol of St. Thomas, the unbelieving apostle; and the boy who was last to enter the school on St. Thomas' day was called the "Ass Thomas" (*Gubernatis's Zoölogical Mythology*, vol. i., p. 362). That the ass possesses qualities, which, if developed by careful selection and humane treatment, would make it a worthy companion of the horse as the servant of man, is seen in the too rare instances in which it has received proper attention. In Southern Europe—especially in Spain, Italy, and Malta—the ass is carefully bred, and has thus been greatly improved. No less than £200, it is said, is sometimes paid in Spain for a stallion ass. In the state of Kentucky, where mules are in great request as beasts of burden, asses, imported from the south of Europe, are reared with scrupulous care, and with such success, that from an average height of fourteen hands the Kentuckians have raised these animals to fifteen and even sixteen hands. That the diminutive size of the ass in cold countries is due as much to neglect as to rigor of climate seems proved by the fact, that in the north of India, where it is used by the lowest castes, the ass does not attain a height greater than that of a Newfoundland dog. It is, however, among the southwestern nations of Asia and in Egypt that the ass has received that attention usually bestowed in this country on the horse, and it is there that it is to be seen in greatest perfection. The Arabs and Persians know the pedigrees of their asses, and by careful selection and interbreeding they have formed and perpetuate many useful races. Thus in Syria, according to Darwin, there are four distinct breeds:—"a light and graceful animal with agreeable gait used by ladies, an Arab breed reserved exclusively for the saddle, a stouter animal used for plowing and various purposes, and the large Damascus breed with peculiarly long body and ears."

The ass, there is little doubt, was first domesticated in Asia,—probably prior to the domestication of the horse,—whence it passed at a comparatively late period into Europe, for in the time of Aristotle it was not found in Thrace. In England there is evidence of its presence so early as the time of the Saxon Ethelred, but it does not appear to have been common till after the time of Queen Elizabeth. The koulan, or wild ass (*Asinus Onager*, Gray), differs from the domestic species in its shorter and more rounded ears, and in the greater length and finer form of its limbs. Its fur shows the dark streak along the back, but the streak across the shoulders does not appear to be a constant character. It is chiefly to be met with in the plains of Mesopotamia, in Persia, in Cutch, on the shores of the Indus, and in the Panjab, congregating in herds under a leader, and migrating southwards on the approach of winter. The adults are exceedingly shy, so that it is difficult to get within rifle range of them. According to Layard, who had ample opportunity for observing them during his researches around Nineveh, “they equal the gazelle in fleetness, and to match them is a feat which only one or two of the most celebrated mares have been known to accomplish.” In the same region, over 2,000 years ago, Xenophon, during the famous expedition of Cyrus, observed herds of wild asses so “fleet that the horsemen could only take them by dividing themselves into relays, and succeeding one another in the chase.” The young are sometimes caught during spring by the Arabs, who feed them with milk in their tents. They are hunted chiefly by the Arabs and Persians, by whom their flesh is esteemed a delicacy. Their food, according to Dr. Shaw, consists mainly of saline or bitter and lactescent plants; they are also fond of salt or brackish water. The leather known as shagreen, from the Turkish term *sagri*, is made from the skin of the ass; the ingrained aspect which it bears is not,

however, natural to it, but is produced by a chemical process described by Pallas. The milk of the ass, containing more sugar and less caseine than that of the cow, closely resembles woman's milk, and has long been valued as a nutritious diet where the digestive organs are weak.

LIFE OF MAHOMET, by Washington Irving.

Among the Arab princes who professed the Christian faith, and refused to pay homage to Mahomet, was Okaïder Ibn Malec of the tribe of Kenda. He resided in a castle at the foot of a mountain in the midst of his domain. Khaled (Mahomet's captain) was sent with a troop of horse to bring him to terms. Seeing the castle was too strong to be carried by assault, he had recourse to stratagem.

One moonlight night, as Okaïder and his wife were enjoying the fresh air on the terraced roof of the castle, they beheld an animal grazing, which they supposed to be a wild ass from the neighboring mountains.

Okaïder, who was a keen huntsman, ordered horse and lance and sallied forth to the chase, accompanied by his brother Hassan and several of his people. The wild ass proved to be a decoy. They had not ridden far before Khaled and his men rushed from ambush and attacked them. They were too lightly armed to make much resistance. Hassan was killed on the spot and Okaïder taken prisoner; the rest fled back to the castle, which, however, was soon surrendered.

The governor of Egypt sent presents to Mahomet, of precious jewels; garments of Egyptian linen; exquisite honey and butter; a white she-ass called Yabur; a white mule called Daldal, and a fleet horse called Lazlos, or the Prancer.

KORAN

Of all voices, the most ungrateful is that of the ass.

THE EPIC OF RAMA, PRINCE OF INDIA (The Everyman Library)

VII *Ravan's Triumph*

Vain her threat and soft entreaty, Ravan held her in his wrath,
As the planet Budha captures fair Rohini in his path,

By his left-hand tremor-shaken, Ravan held her streaming hair,
By his right the ruthless Raksha lifted up the fainting fair!

Unseen dwellers of the woodlands watched the dismal deed of shame,
Marked the mighty-armed Raksha lift the poor and helpless dame,

Seat her on his car celestial yoked with asses winged with speed,
Golden in its shape and radiance, fleet as Indra's heavenly steed!

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Genesis: 23.

And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him, and Isaac his son, and clave the wood for the burnt offering, and rose up and went unto the place of which God had told him.

Chapter 43.

And the man brought the men into Joseph's house, and gave them water, and they washed their feet; and he gave their asses provender.

I Samuel: 16.

Wherefore Saul sent messengers unto Jesse, and said, Send me David, thy son, which is with the sheep.

And Jesse took an ass laden with bread, and a bottle of wine, and a kid, and sent them by David his son unto Saul.

And David came to Saul and stood before him; and he loved him greatly, and he became his armor-bearer.

Exodus: 34.

All that openeth the matrix is mine; and every firstling among thy cattle, whether ox or sheep that is male.

But the firstling of an ass thou shalt redeem with a lamb, and if thou redeem him not, thou shalt break his neck.

Deuteronomy: 5.

The seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy manservant, nor thy maidservant nor thine ox nor thine ass . . .

* * * * *

Neither shalt thou covet thy neighbor's wife, neither shalt thou covet thy neighbor's house, his field, or his manservant, or his maidservant, his ox, or his ass, or anything that is thy neighbor's.

Chapter 22.

Thou shalt not see thy brother's ass or his ox fall down by the way, and hide thyself from them; thou shalt surely help him to lift them up again.

Judges: 5.

Speak, ye that ride on white asses, ye that sit in judgment, and walk by the way.

I Samuel: 25.

Then Abigail made haste, and took two hundred loaves, and two bottles of wine, and five sheep ready dressed, and five measures of parched corn, and an hundred clusters of raisins, and two hundred cakes of figs and laid them on asses.

And she said unto her servants, Go on before me; behold I come after you. But she told not her husband Nabal.

And it was so, as she rode on the ass, that she came down

by the covert of the hill, and, behold, David and his men came down against her; and she met them.

Numbers: 22.

And Balaam rose up in the morning, and saddled his ass, and went with the princes of Moab.

And God's anger was kindled because he went: and the angel of the Lord stood in the way for an adversary against him. Now he was riding upon his ass, and his two servants were with him.

And the ass saw the angel of the Lord standing in the way, and his sword drawn in his hand: and the ass turned aside out of the way, and went into the field: and Balaam smote the ass, to turn her into the way.

But the angel of the Lord stood in a path of the vineyards, a wall being on this side, and a wall on that side.

And when the ass saw the angel of the Lord, she thrust herself into the wall, and crushed Balaam's foot against the wall, and Balaam smote her again.

And the angel of the Lord went further, and stood in a narrow place, where was no way to turn either to the right hand or to the left.

And when the ass saw the angel of the Lord, she fell down under Balaam: and Balaam's anger was kindled, and he smote the ass with a staff.

And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass, and she said unto Balaam, What have I done unto thee, that thou hast smitten me these three times?

And Balaam said unto the ass, Because thou hast mocked me: I would there were a sword in mine hand, for now would I kill thee.

And the ass said unto Balaam, Am not I thine ass, upon which thou hast ridden ever since I was thine unto this day? was I wont to do so unto thee? And he said, Nay.

Then the Lord opened the eyes of Balaam, and he saw the angel of the Lord standing in the way, and his sword drawn in his hand: and he bowed down his head, and fell flat on his face.

And the angel of the Lord said unto him, Wherefore hast thou smitten thine ass these three times? behold I went out to withstand thee, because thy way is perverse before me:

And the ass saw me, and turned from me these three times: unless she had turned from me, surely now also I had slain thee, and saved her alive.

And Balaam said unto the angel of the Lord, I have sinned; for I knew not that thou stoodest in the way against me: now therefore, if it displease thee, I will get me back again.

And the angel of the Lord said unto Balaam, Go with the men: but only the word that I shall speak unto thee, that thou shalt speak. So Balaam went with the princes of Balak.

I Samuel: 9, 10.

. . . Saul, a choice young man and a goodly: and there was not among the children of Israel a goodlier person than he: from his shoulders and upward he was higher than any of the people.

And the asses of Kish, Saul's father, were lost. And Kish said to Saul his son, Take now one of the servants with thee and arise, go seek the asses.

And he passed through Mount Ephraim and passed through the land of Shalisha, but they found them not: then they passed through the land of Shalim, and there they were not; and he passed through the land of the Benjaminites, but they found them not.

And when they were come to the land of Zuph, Saul said to the servant that was with him, Come and let us return: lest my father leave caring for the asses, and take thought for us.

And he said unto him, Behold now, there is in this city a man of God, and he is an honorable man; all that he saith cometh surely to pass: now let us go thither; peradventure he can shew us our way that we should go.

Then said Saul to his servant, But, behold, if we go, what shall we bring the man? For the bread is spent in our vessels, and there is not a present to bring to the man of God: what have we?

And the servant answered Saul again, and said, Behold, I have here at hand the fourth part of a shekel of silver: that will I give to the man of God, to tell us our way.

. . . And they went up into the city; and when they were come into the city behold, Samuel came out against them, for to go up to the high place.

. . . Then Saul drew near to Samuel in the gate, and said, Tell me, I pray thee, where the seer's house is.

And Samuel answered Saul and said, I am the seer . . . I will tell thee all that is in thine heart.

And as for thine asses that were lost three days ago, set not thy mind on them, for they are found. And on whom is all the desire of Israel? Is it not on thee?

. . . Then Samuel took a vial of oil, and poured it upon his head, and kissed him, and said, Is it not because the Lord hath anointed thee to be captain over his inheritance?

When thou art departed from me to-day, then thou shalt find two men by Rachel's sepulchre; and they will say unto thee, The asses which thou wentest to seek are found; and lo, thy father hath left the care of the asses, and sorroweth for you, saying, What shall I do for my son?

Judges: 15.

Then the Philistines went up and pitched in Judah, and spread themselves in Lehi.

And the men of Judah said, Why are ye come up against us? And they answered, To find Samson are we come up, to do to him as he hath done to us.

Then three thousand men of Judah went to the top of the rock Etam . . . and said to Samson, We are come down to bind thee, that we may deliver thee into the hand of the Philistines. And Samson said unto them, Swear unto me, that ye will not fall upon me yourselves.

. . . And they bound him with two new cords, and brought him up from the rock.

And when he came unto Lehi, the Philistines shouted against him: and the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and the cords that were upon his arms became as flax that was burnt with fire, and his bands loosed from off his hands.

And he found a new jawbone of an ass, and put forth his hand, and took it and slew a thousand men therewith.

And Samson said, With the jawbone of an ass, heaps upon heaps, with the jaw of an ass have I slain a thousand men.

And it came to pass, when he had made an end of speaking, that he cast away the jawbone out of his hand. . . .

And he was sore athirst and called on the Lord and said, Thou hast given this great deliverance into the hand of thy servant: and now shall I die of thirst?

But God clave an hollow place that was in the jaw and there came water thereout; and when he had drunk, his spirit came again and he revived.

Job: 39.

Who hath sent out the wild ass free? Or who hath loosed the bands of the wild ass?

Whose house I have made the wilderness, and the barren land his dwellings.

He scorneth the multitude of the city, neither regardeth he the crying of the driver.

The range of the mountains is his pasture, and he searcheth after every green thing.

Matthew: 21.

And when they drew nigh unto Jerusalem,—then sent Jesus two disciples.

Saying unto them, Go into the village over against you, and straightway ye shall find an ass tied and a colt with her: loose them and bring them unto me.

And if any man say aught unto you, ye shall say, The Lord hath need of them; and straightway he will send them.

All this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, saying,

Tell ye the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy King cometh unto thee, meek, and sitting upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass.

And the disciples went, and did as Jesus commanded them,

And brought the ass, and the colt, and put on them their clothes, and they set him thereon,

And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way; others cut down branches from the trees and strewed them in the way,

And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

Notes from *The Ass in Semitic Mythology*, a learned article by the Reverend C. J. Ball, M. A., in the Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archæology, February, 1910.

Now considering that AN is the Sumerian word for “Heaven” and the God of Heaven (Šamû; Anum), and that the Sumerian for “ass” is AN-SHU, with the variants

AN-SHI, AN-SHE, we have hardly need to look further for a reason why the primitive Sumerian people, and the Semites after them, might have associated the Ass with deity and, in particular, with the god(s) AN, Anum, Antum, i.e., Heaven and his female counterpart. . . . It is hard to determine the original significance of the terms AN-SHU, AN-SHI, AN-SHE, because both members of these compounds have more than one meaning as distinct words; but the popular mind would almost inevitably think of Heaven in connection with the sound AN. In fact, AN-SHU might suggest *Heaven-covered* (protected?, treasured?); AN-SHI, Heaven-regarded; and AN-SHE, Heaven-favoured; so that all alike confirm the idea of the sacredness of the creature.

Of course the implied etymologies might be only popular inferences from similarity of sound. The compound term AN-SHU might conceivably mean "Creature of the Waste" . . . (cf. AN, *sêru*, "desert," and SHU- *bašû*, . . .; or SHU -*abâlu*, whence *bûlu*); or it might perhaps denote the "high-eared", the animal with erect ears—the ears being the most salient feature of the ass (AN, *šaqû*, "high"; SHI, *uznu*, "ear", which may imply a SHU, "ear"). AN-SHI might be "Heaven's soul," or "living creature." (SHI-*napistu*)

* * * * * *

This writing of the word (AN-SHI) is interesting in connexion with another Old Testament narrative, that of Balaam's ass. The Sumerian character for AN is, as already mentioned, the symbol (originally an eight-rayed star) which stands for Heaven, god, or any divine being; while the character which we read SHI is the symbol for the eye (of which it was originally a rude outline) and denotes, among other things, to see (*amâru*, *naplusu*). That this value of the sign, which is polyphonic, meant *to see* is rendered probable by the Chinese *shi*, "to see"; but even if this were not so,

the writing of the word AN-SHI with the symbols for *Heaven* and *eye* (or god and see) might easily have suggested the idea that the ass is an animal which sees gods or spirits (cf. Num. xxii 23 ff.). It seems to be a matter of course in the Biblical story that the ass should see the Angel of Jahwah at once; whereas the prophet only sees him when Jahwah has opened his eyes (verse 31). Prof. Giles refers to Balaam's ass in connection with the Chinese belief that the ass is not alarmed at the sight of a spirit as a horse would be (Chinese-Eng. Dict. p. 667, col. 1). It is also perhaps worth notice that, according to a story in the Talmud, Libyan asses can find their way in the dark—a faculty much to be envied by most other investigators.

The animal figure which is the ideogram of Set in Egyptian writing is used as a determinative in the sense of "ass."

ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE, by Miguel de Cervantes.

Book III Chapter 15

Wherein is related the unfortunate adventure which befell Don Quixote, in meeting with certain Yanguesians.

"Have done with this, and gather strength out of weakness, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "for so I purpose to do; and let us see how Rozinante does, for it seems to me that not the least part of our misfortune has fallen to the share of this poor animal."

"That is not at all strange," answered Sancho, "since he also belongs to a knight-errant; but what I wonder at is that my ass should come off scot-free where we have paid so dear."

"Fortune always leaves some door open in misfortune to admit a remedy," said Don Quixote: "this I say because thy beast may now supply the want of Rozinante, by carrying me hence to some castle, where I may be cured of my wounds. Nor do I account it dishonorable to be so mounted;

for I remember to have read that the good old Silenus, governor and tutor of the merry god of laughter, when he made his entry into the city of the hundred gates, was mounted, much to his satisfaction, on a most beautiful ass."

"It is likely he rode, as your worship says," answered Sancho; "but there is a main difference between riding, and lying athwart like a sack of rubbish."

"The wounds received in battle," said Don Quixote, "rather give honor than take it away; therefore, friend Panza, answer me no more, but as I said before, raise me up as well as thou canst, and place me as it may best please thee upon thy ass, that we may get hence before night overtakes us in this uninhabited place!"

ART OF TRAVEL, by John Galton.

Asses

Notwithstanding his inveterate obstinacy, the ass is an excellent and sober little beast, far too much despised by us. He is not only the most enduring, but also one of the quickest walkers among cattle, being usually promoted to the leadership of a caravan. He is nearly equal to the camel in enduring thirst, and thrives on the poorest pasture, suffers from few diseases, and is unscathed by African distemper. The long desert-roads and pilgrim-tracts of North Africa are largely travelled over by means of asses.

Asses taught not to kick

Mungo Park says that the negroes, where he travelled, taught their asses as follows: They cut a forked stick and put the forked part in the ass's mouth, like the bit of a bridle; they then tied the two smaller parts together above his head, leaving the lower part of sufficient length to strike against the ground if the ass should attempt to put his head down. It always proved effectual.

Not to bray

Messrs. Huc and Gabet, who were distracted by the continual braying of one of their asses throughout the night, appealed to their muleteer; he put a speedy close to the nuisance by what appears to be a customary contrivance in China, viz., by lashing a heavy stone to the beast's tail. It appears that when an ass wants to bray he elevates his tail, and if his tail be weighted down, he has not the heart to bray. In hostile neighborhoods, where silence and concealment are sought, it may be well to adopt this rather absurd treatment. An ass who was being schooled according to the method of this and the preceding paragraph, both at the same time, would be worthy of an artist's sketch.

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

The Man, the Boy, and the Donkey

A Man and his son were once going with their Donkey to market. As they were walking along by its side a countryman passed them and said: "You fools, what is a Donkey for but to ride upon?"

So the Man put the Boy on the Donkey and they went on their way. But soon they passed a group of men, one of whom said: "See that lazy youngster, he lets his father walk while he rides."

So the Man ordered his Boy to get off, and got on himself. But they hadn't gone far when they passed two women, one of whom said to the other: "Shame on that lazy lout to let his poor little son trudge along."

Well, the Man didn't know what to do, but at last he took his Boy up before him on the Donkey. By this time, they had come to the town, and the passersby began to jeer and point at them. The Man stopped and asked what they were scoffing at. The men said: "Aren't you ashamed of

yourself for overloading that poor Donkey of yours—you and your hulking son?"

The Man and the Boy got off and tried to think what to do. They thought and they thought, till at last they cut down a pole, tied the Donkey's feet to it, and raised the pole and the Donkey to their shoulders. They went along amid the laughter of all who met them till they came to Market Bridge, when the Donkey, getting one of his feet loose, kicked out and caused the Boy to drop his end of the pole. In the struggle the Donkey fell over the bridge, and his fore-feet being tied together he was drowned.

"That will teach you," said an old man who had followed them: "*Please all and you will please none.*"

DAVID COPPERFIELD, by Charles Dickens.

Janet had gone away to get the bath ready, when my aunt, to my great alarm, became in one moment rigid with indignation, and had hardly voice to cry out, "Janet! Donkeys!"

Upon which, Janet came running up the stairs as if the house were in flames, darted out on a little piece of green in front, and warned off two saddle donkeys, lady-ridden, that had presumed to set hoof upon it; while my aunt, rushing out of the house, seized the bridle of a third animal laden with a bestriding child, turned him, led him forth from these sacred precincts, and boxed the ears of the unlucky urchin in attendance who had dared to profane that hallowed ground.

To this hour, I don't know whether my aunt had any lawful right of way over that patch of green; but she had settled it in her own mind that she had, and it was all the same to her. The one great outrage of her life, demanding to be constantly avenged, was the passage of a donkey over that immaculate spot. In whatever occupation she was

engaged, however interesting to her the conversation in which she was taking part, a donkey turned the current of her ideas in a moment, and she was upon him straight. Jugs of water, and watering pots, were kept in secret places ready to be discharged on the offending boys; sticks were laid in ambush behind the door; sallies were made at all hours; and incessant war prevailed. Perhaps this was an agreeable excitement to the donkey-boys; or perhaps the more sagacious of the donkeys, understanding how the case stood, delighted with constitutional obstinacy in coming that way. I know that there were three alarms before the bath was ready; and that on the occasion of the last and most desperate of all, I saw my aunt engage, single handed, with a sandy-headed lad of fifteen, and bump his sandy head against her own gate, before he seemed to comprehend what was the matter. These interruptions were the more ridiculous to me, because she was giving me broth out of a table-spoon at the time (having firmly persuaded herself that I was actually starving, and must receive nourishment at first in very small quantities), and, while my mouth was yet open to receive the spoon, she would put it back into the basin, cry, "Janet! Donkeys!" and go out to the assault.

My Burro

I've a little pet burro as tame as can be,
And nobody loves him and rides him but me:
He's a tuft on his tail and a cross on his back
That shows on his grayness because it is black.

He's hard to get started as all burros are:
Of course in the garden we can't travel far,
And Pablo will laugh at us, whether or no,
No matter how nicely I get him to go.

His legs are so shaggy, I've named him for Pan,
Who is half of him furry and half of him man
And all of him god. This is hard to see through,
Though I have every reason to think it is true.

Most burros are beaten and kicked all day long
And the weak have to carry as much as the strong:
But the tasks set my burro are little or none
Save to eat his alfalfa and doze in the sun.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING.

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TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY, by Robert Louis Stevenson.

Father Adam had a cart, and to draw the cart a diminutive she-ass, not much bigger than a dog, the colour of a mouse, with a kindly eye and a determined under-jaw. There was something neat and high-bred, a quakerish elegance, about the rogue that hit my fancy on the spot. Our first interview was in Monastier market-place. To prove her good temper one child after another was set upon her back to ride, and one after another went head over heels into the air; until a want of confidence began to reign in youthful bosoms, and the experiment was discontinued from a dearth of subjects. I was already backed by a deputation of my friends; but as if this were not enough, all the buyers and sellers came round and helped me in the bargain; and the ass and I and Father Adam were the centre of a hubbub for near half an hour. At length she passed into my service for the consideration of sixty-five francs and a glass of brandy. The sack had already cost eighty francs and two glasses of beer; so that Modestine, as I instantly baptised her, was upon all accounts the cheaper article. Indeed, that was as it should be; for she was only an appurtenance of my mattress, or self-acting bedstead on four castors.

I had a last interview with Father Adam in a billiard-room at the witching hour of dawn, when I administered the

brandy. He professed himself greatly touched by the separation, and declared he had often bought white bread for the donkey when he had been content with black bread for himself; but this, according to the best authorities, must have been a flight of fancy. He had a name in the village for brutally misusing the ass; yet it is certain that he shed a tear, and the tear made a clean mark down one cheek.

The bell of Monastier was just striking nine as I got quit of these preliminary troubles and descended the hill through the common. As long as I was within sight of the windows, a secret shame and the fear of some laughable defeat withheld me from tampering with Modestine. She tripped along upon her four small hoofs with a sober daintiness of gait; from time to time she shook her ears or her tail, and she looked so small under the bundle that my mind misgave me. We got across the ford without difficulty—there was no doubt about the matter, she was docility itself—and once on the other bank, where the road begins to mount through pine-woods, I took in my right hand the unhallowed staff, and with quaking spirit applied it to the donkey. Modestine brisked up her pace for perhaps three steps, and then relapsed into her former minuet. Another application had the same effect, and so with the third. I am worthy the name of an Englishman, and it goes against my conscience to lay my hand rudely on a female. I desisted, and looked her all over from head to foot, the poor brute's knees were trembling and her breathing distressed, it was plain that she could go no faster on a hill. God forbid, thought I, that I should brutalise this innocent creature; let her go at her own pace, and let me patiently follow.

What that pace was, there is no word mean enough to describe; it was something as much slower than a walk as a walk is slower than a run; it kept me hanging on each foot for an incredible length of time; in five minutes it exhausted

the spirit and set up a fever in all the muscles of the leg. And yet I had to keep close at hand and measure my advance exactly upon hers; for if I dropped a few yards into the rear, or went on a few yards ahead, Modestine came instantly to a halt and began to browse. The thought that this was to last from here to Alais nearly broke my heart. Of all conceivable journeys, this promised to be the most tedious. I tried to tell myself it was a lovely day; I tried to charm my foreboding spirit with tobacco; but I had a vision ever present to me of the long, long roads, up hill and down dale, and a pair of figures ever infinitesimally moving, foot by foot, a yard to the minute, and, like things enchanted in a nightmare, approaching no nearer to the goal.

In the meantime there came up behind us a tall peasant, perhaps forty years of age, of an ironical snuffy countenance, and arrayed in the green tailcoat of the country. He overtook us hand over hand, and stopped to consider our pitiful advance.

“Your donkey,” says he, “is very old?”

I told him, I believed not.

Then, he supposed, we had come far.

I told him, we had but newly left Monastier.

“*Et vous marchez comme ça!*” cried he; and, throwing back his head, he laughed long and heartily. I watched him, half prepared to feel offended, until he had satisfied his mirth; and then, “You must have no pity on these animals,” said he; and, plucking a switch out of a thicket, he began to lace Modestine about the stern-works, uttering a cry. The rogue pricked up her ears and broke into a good round pace, which she kept up without flagging, and without exhibiting the least symptom of distress, as long as the peasant kept beside us. Her former panting and shaking had been, I regret to say, a piece of comedy.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, June, 1921.

LITTLE BRIGHT ANGEL, THE MASCOT OF THE GRAND CANYON
BRIDGE

We climbed the bed of Bright Angel Creek, which here enters the Colorado, to the clump of cottonwoods still called "the Roosevelt camp." Here we discovered the bridge mascot, Little Bright Angel, a gray burro who lives in Elysian Fields, with clear water, plenty of grass, and a care-free life. We fed him pancakes sent by the cook, his favorite dish.

There are 113 crossings of the creek on the trail up Bright Angel Canyon to the north rim, and the little burro knows every one of them. Not long ago he guided the foreman of the bridge-crew up to the plateau, showing him just where to cross the stream.

I had heard that a distinguished American from Philadelphia, an enthusiast over the Grand Canyon, was to be the first to cross the Grand Canyon bridge; but the foreman told me, somewhat confidentially, that Little Bright Angel would be the first fellow across.

"You see," he said, "Bright Angel has stood so long on the north shore hoping to get across the big river!"

Letter from Mrs. Loomis, of Loomis' Ranch in the Sierra Madre, California.

"We have been having rather a wild time of it the past two weeks. January the 22nd a lion killed our 'Mandy', our best milch cow. The cows had all gone up the North Fork the day before. All the rest came rushing down and the Captain went right up and found Mandy dead and frightfully torn, about three miles from the ranch. We went right back with traps and the next morning had the

old bird. He sure was a whopper, his skin is 8 feet 4 inches and he weighed 143 pounds.—As I knew that the Captain couldn't stand to carry him that far, I came down for Johnny our old burro. When we met the Captain he took Johnny up to the lion and said: 'Well, Johnny, what do you think of the old fellow?' Old Johnny kept getting a little closer all the time and all at once he quivered all over and I thought he was going to bolt and run, but he just jumped three feet in the air and came down with all four on the lion and grabbed him with his teeth. Of course I yelled that the skin was gone. The Captain had to jump in and kick and beat Johnny off and then he turned on Dad and for a time we sure had some excitement, but Johnny packed the lion down all right."

SUR LES PENTES DU PAMIR, by M. Heim.

Nous voilà tout à coup au milieu d'une cinquantaine de paires d'oreilles noires, qui se balancent et qui pointent, tandis que d'innombrables petits sabots crissent sur les cailloux et martèlent à coups précipités la terre durcie. Une caravane d'ânes. . . Les intelligents et gracieux animaux nous évitent avec précaution, pour ne pas nous heurter de leurs ballots, mais nos chevaux, surpris, s'arrêtent hésitants parmi cette marée qui déferle. Il faut user des jambes et de la nagaïka pour les rappeler à la réalité.

SONGS OF THE TRAIL, by Henry Herbert Knibbs.

BURRO

Beloved burro of the ample ear,
Philosopher, gray hobo of the dunes,
Delight of children, thistle-chewing seer,
From Lebanon and eld, how many moons?

GIRLS IN THE HIGH SIERRAS

Muse of Mañana sturdy foe of haste;
True to yourself in every attitude;
A statue of dejection, shaggy-faced,
Or plodding with your pack of cedar-wood;

Stopping to turn about, with motion stiff,
As though you half imagined something wrong:
Wondering if you were there complete, or if
The other half forgot to come along.

What melancholy thoughts bestir your heart
When, like an ancient pump, you lift a tone,
Lose it and lift another—with an art
Bequeathed to none on earth, save you alone?

Your melody means something deep, unseen;
Desert contralto you are called: perchance
An ear attuned to mysteries might glean
More from your song than simple assonance.

You sing the truth, without a touch of guile:
And truth were sad enough—yet your fond guise
Of bland sincerity provokes a smile,
And so the world is richer—burro-wise.

Thus do you serve two-fold, in that you please
That subtle sense that loves the ludicrous
Nor scorns affection. Oh, Demosthenes
Of Andalusia, left to preach to us!

Dogging the shadows of some empty street,
Content with what your indolence may find,
You let the world roll on, and keep your feet,
Or let it run, and still you stray behind.

SKETCHES FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF "THE LADY OF THE BURROS"

Southern France

The colors were as crude as a railway holiday poster, that day, on the white cliff-top below the turquoise sky, beside the azure sea: Côte d'Azur in verity. And we turned from the glitter of unshaded emphasis to the village street behind us, empty in the noon hour, before the door of each pink or white stuccoed house a black cat dozing.

The cry of a vendor met us as we turned the first corner. We saw her in the Square: a great, blonde, huge-hipped woman calling her wares: scarlet, crimson, green and yellow of vegetables displayed on a broad low cart. And in the shafts, an ass, so minute, so gentle, we paused to salute him with respect.

The great blonde laughed. Two or three other women appeared: dark-haired, dark-skinned these, pigmented by that blazing sun.

"You will buy my ass, M'sieu? Anglais, hein? Come, buy my ass and marry my pretty daughter!"

The twinkling blue eyes and grave beard made answer:

"Not English, no. From farther far than that. And as for buying your ass, j'en ai déjà quarante!"

"Forty asses! You own already!" Shrieks of incredulous delight. "Then, M'sieu, you shall marry *me*, and take me and my ass and my daughter and all these my friends to your far country!"

Gravely we inspected the midget standing so calmly with that manner of aloofness in the midst of human chatter and screaming.

"But, Madame, he has no cross on his back. All true asses bear the cross."

"The cross? Tiens! M'sieu' 'tis himself is my cross, and on my back I bear him."

Italy

I

A high razor-back ridge by Camaldoli. On one side great forest, free from undergrowth, a white-robed monk moving in its shadows. On the other desolate crags and gorges.

Wisps of mist flying level across the ridge.

We mounted on a thing so small it disappeared under me. Only the two long ears in front to assure me of its actual presence.

Out of the mist another, emerging, seeing mine afar, greets him with a long view halloa.

Mine, stopping dead, long ears laid back; then as from my own entrails issuing a most dreadful wailing bray, despairing, endless. I blush to hear. To his friend he utters his lament: "Alack! Oh woe! Behold what bestrides me? Did ever fate so cruel beset asino innocent?"

II

We were well up the mountain. I had walked so far, happily. We had had milk from a great jar in a tiny cottage where a fire smoked on a chimney-less hearth. We had had rye bread and cacio cavallo (mare's milk cheese).

Now I felt inclined to ride the rest of the way up the little mountain behind La Stella d'Oro where we had passed the night. From the top we hoped to see the whole plain of the Piave, and Venice, and the sea.

The donkeyman and donkey had followed us so far, working no more than to gather me forget-me-nots and wild hyacinths.

Now I mounted and we moved along a few hundred yards.

Came a slightly bad bit in the trail. The donkeyman and the donkey halted.

"He can go no farther, Your Excellency. His death would result. It is a place of grave danger."

"Danger! Rubbish! A horse could go there—a cavallo! It is safe, I tell you."

"Pericoloso, Signor."

"Pericoloso nothing. It is safe. It is easy. It was for such as this that I hired you in the village. Come. I demand it."

My lord hauling at the donkey's halter, the donkey's lord hauling backwards at the donkey's tail. Four little hoofs squarely planted.

Curses from the front: "Even a cavallo could go here!"

Wails from the rear: "For the love of God, Your Highness! Have mercy! My wife, my seven children! This ass is their sole support! For the love of God, Sir, remember the poor! Have mercy!"

England
Sevenoaks

Char-à-bancs filled the quaint street from side to side.
Motor-buses shook the earth.

Whizzing and tearing, cycles shot by.

Behind the house, down the hill a bit, knee-deep in emerald munching on buttercups, rusty-brown Neddy mused in the sun.

America

Corner of Main Street and First Street North, City of the Angels: pawnshops, movies, newsstands, trolley-tracks.

Suddenly a little cart, a white-bearded man seated, driving, a span of tidy burros.

The seeker after burros darts out into the street to hail the driver.

He draws up his team across the tracks.

"Why, hello, *Jones!*" he shouts in drunken welcome.

A motorman clangs his gong in amusement. Idlers gather.

The seeker suggests moving on a bit to let the trolley pass.

"Oh leave 'em wait"—grandly.

"Will you sell the team?"

"Fifty apiece. Not a penny less. Only that, because I've got to start for Nevada to-morrow."

The gong clanging furiously.

"Fifty! Ten at the outside!"

Clang! Clang!

"Come along, Jones. Time to be moving. Fifty apiece, sir. Cheap, dirt cheap."

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

ACT 4

SCENE I. The Same. Lysander, Demetrius, Helena, and Hermia lying asleep.

Enter Titania and Bottom; Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseed, and other fairies attending: Oberon behind unseen.

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peaseblossom?

Pease. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peaseblossom,—Where's Moun-
sieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get you your
weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped hum-
ble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good mounsieur,

bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, mounsieur; and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior.—Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neaf, Mounsieur Mustardseed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good mounsieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's have the tongs and the bones.

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

* * * * *

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—

[*Awak-* my next is, "Most fair Pyramus.—" Heigh-ho!—

ing] Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling!—God's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he

go about to expound this dream. Methought I was,—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was,—and methought I had,—but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke. . . .

THE DEMI-GODS, by James Stephens.

Chapter 18.

The ass stood quietly where he had been left.

Rain was pouring from him as though he were the father of rivers and supplied the world with running water. It dashed off his flanks; it leaped down his tail; it foamed over his forehead to his nose, and hit the ground from there with a thump.

"I'm very wet," said the ass to himself, "and I wish I wasn't."

His eyes were fixed on a brown stone that had a knob on its back. Every drop of rain that hit the stone jumped twice and then spattered to the ground. After a moment he spoke to himself again:

"I don't care whether it stops raining or not, for I can't be any wetter than I am, however it goes."

Having said this, he dismissed the weather and settled himself to think. He hung his head slightly and fixed his eyes afar off, and he stared distantly like that without seeing anything while he gathered and revolved his thoughts.

The first thing he thought about was carrots.

He thought of their shape, their color, and the way they looked in a bucket. Some would have the thick end stuck up, and some would have the other end stuck up, and there were always bits of clay sticking to one end or the other. Some would be lying on their sides as though they had slipped quietly to sleep, and some would be standing in a slanting way as though they were leaning their backs against a wall and couldn't make up their minds what to do next. But, however they looked in the bucket, they all tasted alike and they all tasted well. They are a companionable food; they make a pleasant, crunching noise when they are bitten, and so, when one is eating carrots, one can listen to the sound of one's eating and make a story from it.

Thistles make a swishing noise when they are bitten; they have their taste.

Grass does not make any noise at all; it slips dumbly to the sepulchre, and makes no sign.

Bread makes no sound when it is eaten by an ass; it has an interesting taste, and it clings about one's teeth for a long time.

Apples have a good smell and a joyful crunch, but the taste of sugar lasts longer in the mouth, and can be remembered for longer than anything else; it has a short, sharp crunch that is like a curse, and instantly it blesses you with the taste of it.

Hay can be eaten in great mouthfuls. It has a chip and a crack at the first bite, and then it says no more. It sticks out of one's mouth like whiskers, and you can watch it with your eye while it moves to and fro according as your mouth moves. It is a friendly food, and very good for the hungry.

Oats are not a food; they are a great blessing; they are debauch; they make you proud, so that you want to kick the front out of a cart, and climb a tree, and bite a cow, and chase chickens.

Mary came running and unyoked him from the cart. She embraced him on the streaming nose. "You poor thing, you!" said she, and she took a large paper bag from the cart and held it to his muzzle. There was soft sugar in the bag, and half a pound of it clove to his tongue at the first lick.

As she went back to the house with the bundle of food the ass regarded her.

"You are a good girl," said the ass.

He shook himself and dissipated his thoughts; then he trotted briskly here and there on the path to see if there was anything worth looking for.

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THE DONKEY

When fishes flew and forests walked
And figs grew upon thorn,
Some moment when the moon was blood
Then surely I was born;

With monstrous head and sickening cry
And ears like errant wings,
The devil's walking parody
On all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,
Of ancient crooked will;
Starve, scourge, deride me: I am dumb,
I keep my secret still.

Fools! For I also had my hour;
One far fierce hour and sweet:
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms before my feet.

—G. K. Chesterton.

From *THE WILD KNIGHT*, by G. K. Chesterton. Published by E. P. Dutton & Company.

BRIXHAM TOWN

All ye that love to hear
Music performed in air;
Pray listen and give ear
 To what we shall perpend,
Concerning music who'd
If rightly understood,
Not find 'twould do him good
 To hearken and attend.

In Brixham Town so rare,
For singing, sweet and fair,
None can with us compare,
 We bear away the bell.
Extollèd up and down
By men of high renown,
We go from town to town,
 And none can us excel.

There's a man in Brixham Town,
Of office, and in gown,
Strove to put singing down,
 Which most of men adore.
For house of God unmeet,
The voice and organ sweet,
When pious folk do meet
 To praise their Lord before.

Go question Holy Writ,
And you will find in it
That seemly 'tis and fit
 To praise and hymn the Lord.
On cymbal and on lute,
On organ, harp, and flute,
With voices sweet that suit
 All in a fair concord.

GIRLS IN THE HIGH SIERRAS

In Samuel you may read
How one was trouble-ed,
Was trouble-ed indeed
Who crown and sceptre bore.
An evil spirit lay
On his heart both night and day,
That would not go away,
And vexed him very sore.

Then up and uttered one,
Said: "Jesse hath a son,
Of singers next to none,
David his name they say.
Go send for David fleet
To make me music sweet,
That the devil may retreat
And go from me away."

Now when that David he
King Saul had come to see
And playèd merrily
Upon his stringèd harp,
The devil in all speed
With music ill agreed,
From Saul the King, he fled
Impatient to depart.

Now there be creatures three
As you shall plainly see,
With music can't agree,
Upon this very earth:
The fool, the knave, the Ass—
And so we let it pass,
And sing, oh Lord, thy praise
While we have breath.

So now, good friends, adieu;
We hope that all of you
Will pull most strong and true
In strains to serve the Lord.
God prosper us that we
Like angels may agree
In singing merrily
In time and in accord.

Music and song published by the H. W. Grey Company.

A BALLAD

I

Within a friendly stable
Made warm by cattle's breath,
A babe came forth from Mary's womb
The cross to be his death.

The oxen grave regarded,
And eke the wee gray ass,
The miracle of human birth
Thus sweetly come to pass.

II

Upon a donkey seated,
While royal anger raved,
The maiden mother, warned of God,
One child of hundreds saved.

III

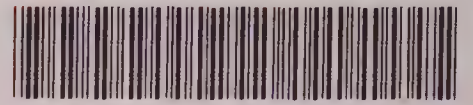
"Hosanna to the Highest!"
Before a pacing ass
The multitude its garments strews,
Bowing for Christ to pass.

IV

Amid the mocking soldiers,
The grisly skull-place toward,
An ass bore on his patient back
The cross to slay our Lord.

THE END

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